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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

It has been so often repeated that the life of a literary man is unproductive of incident, that we seem disposed to credit it; but although this may soothe the indolence or allay the apprehensions of a biographer, it is by no means borne out by the fact. The professors of literature have always been too ready to pay their homage to the world, and to assent to the idea that nothing is deserving of notice but the affairs of states, and the great events and transactions of public life; but it is not for these that we look in the history of a man of genius. We have a different object in view, and his life is as full of interest and information in that after which we inquire, as that of a soldier in his battles, or a politician in his schemes. In human affairs, every thing is permanent in proportion as it is connected with intellect; and whilst the common events of life weary by repetition, and the memory of them perishes through neglect, the productions of the mind

preserve their lustre, and even shine brighter from age to age. Under such circumstances, nothing that relates to a favourite author or his writings can be indifferent to us. Though he be dead, he yet speaketh; his influence is with us, and around us; we feel him breathing in his works; and our minds are formed, and our characters modified, by a master-spirit that survives alike the attacks of envy, and the efforts of time.

On this account, it is not surprising that a great degree of earnestness has always been displayed as to the lives and characters of those, who, by their writings, have attracted a high degree of public approbation; and this earnestness has been manifested in a peculiar manner respecting POPE. In fact, there is scarcely a circumstance or an incident relating to him, from the time of his birth to that of his death, that has not been the subject of examination and doubt, and frequently of keen and angry controversy. His family origin—his person, his temper, and disposition—his talents and acquirements—his sincerity in his friendships—his religious belief and moral conduct—and above all, the character and merit of his writings, have given rise to disputes which seem rather to increase

than diminish with time; and whilst they occupy the public attention in a manner scarcely inferior to the events of the passing day, have occasionally been carried to an extreme of contention and animosity, not exceeded by any of those in which the author himself was in his lifetime engaged.

Although the life of Pope has frequently been professedly written, yet it may be asserted, without much hazard of contradiction, that this has never been done in a manner adequate to its importance, or with a due attention to the peculiarities of his character, and to the various circumstances in which he was placed. Of these attempts, some are of too brief and cursory a nature to admit of any thing like a sufficient inquiry into subjects of a difficult and controverted kind. Even in those more extensive works which are devoted to this object, a very limited portion is occupied in impartial and diligent inquiries into the events of his life; the far greater part being employed in criticisms on his writings, or in extracting, for the use and instruction of the uninformed, such passages from his works as the biographer most admires. This mode of composition is scarcely dealing fairly with the reader. If we wish to know

the merits of an author, we can have recourse to his works; but in his life we expect to find a faithful representation of his character, manners, and endowments, of the situations in which he was placed, and the circumstances under which his works were produced, of the friends with whom he associated, the controversies in which he was engaged, and whatever else may tend to gratify that natural curiosity which we entertain respecting a person to whom we feel so deeply indebted, or which may throw a collateral light on his works.

The first attempt for this purpose which has occurred to my notice, appeared in a small piece of about seventy pages, in octavo, published in the same year in which Pope died, intitled, *The Life of Alexander Pope, Esq., with remarks on his works; to which is added his Last Will. Printed for Weaver Bickerton, in the Temple Exchange-passage, in Fleet-street,* 1744.—One of those hasty effusions that usually follow the loss of a person of eminence, which serve only to excite and to disappoint the public curiosity; as it contains not a single fact before unknown, and scarcely a single remark deserving of attention.

Soon afterwards a publication on a larger scale made its appearance, intitled, *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope, Esq., with critical observations, by William Ayre, Esq., in 2 vols. octavo.* This work was published for the author in 1745, the year after the death of Pope, and is inscribed to his surviving friends, Lords Bolingbroke, Burlington, Marchmont, and Bathurst. Of the author very little is known; yet it is probable that he was acquainted with Pope; as in the poem of Gay, commemorating Pope's supposed return from Greece, on the finishing his translation of the Iliad, we find amongst his friends who come to welcome him, the name of AYRS. The work itself displays no great share either of talent or of industry, being chiefly made up of extracts from Pope, and various other writers, many of whom have little or no connexion with him, and of translations by the author, from the Italian poets, with whom he appears to have had some acquaintance. There are however some anecdotes related, and some observations occasionally introduced, which are deserving of attention; and as it exhibits in general, a candid and impartial spirit, it will be occasionally referred to in the ensuing narrative.

In the same year a pamphlet appeared, intitled, *Remarks on 'Squire Ayre's Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Pope, in a letter to Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller, with authentic Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the said E. C. Printed for M. Cooper, Paternoster-Row,* 1745, *octavo:* the writer of which subscribes his initials at the close, J. H. The purpose of these remarks is to shew, that there is no such person as *William Ayre, Esq.* and that the *Memoirs* were really written by *Curll,* who had assumed the name of *Ayre* on this occasion, as he had before that of *Egerton,* in his Memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield. It is not easy to discover, nor is it worth while to inquire further as to the object of this writer; who, whilst he attacks Curll, inserts a copy of scurrilous verses on Pope, and whilst he criticises the work of Ayre, writes worse, if possible, than Ayre himself.

In the year 1759, a small volume in duodecimo was published, called, *The Life of Alexander Pope, Esq., with a view of his writings, and many curious anecdotes of his noble patrons, as well as of his cotemporary wits, friends, and foes, by W. H. Dilworth.* This is little more than an abridgment of, or selection from, the volumes of Ayre, and contains

not a single incident or remark which throws any additional light on the subject.

These feeble attempts to give to the public the circumstances attending the life of Pope, were followed by a more decisive effort. The first general collection of the writings of Pope was published in 1751, by Dr. Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, who in his preface to the first edition (in a passage omitted in the subsequent ones) thus announces his intention of giving a life of Pope. "The author's life deserves a just volume, and the editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first poets in the world is but his second praise. He was in a higher class; he was one of the noblest works of God; he was an honest man; a man who alone possessed more real virtue, than, in very corrupt times needing a satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life will be contained a large account of his writings, a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his genius, exemplified from these writings, and a vindication of his moral character, exemplified by his more distinguished virtues; his filial piety, his disinterested friendship, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his

love and admiration of virtue, and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of vice, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the Deity, and above all, his sincere belief in revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed; it is not for the interest of his virtues that they should; nor indeed could they be concealed if we were so minded; for they shine through his virtues, no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his panegyrist but his historian; and may I, when envy and calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for while I live I will freely trust it to my life to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame, as I have been of his!" Whether Warburton had in this prospectus held out more than he found himself able to accomplish, or whether his ecclesiastical and episcopal duties engrossed in his later years the whole of his attention and time, certain it is that these promises were never performed by him, at least not under his own name; but in the year 1769, whilst he was yet living, a Life of Pope was published by Owen Ruffhead, Esq., a gentleman of the bar, and per-

haps more generally known as the editor of *The Statutes at Large;* avowedly with the assistance of "original manuscripts," communicated to him by Warburton, from which, as he informs us, his history was "*chiefly compiled.*" Of this work, which bears decided marks of the frequent interference and style of Warburton, more than three-fourths are occupied with criticisms, extracts, and eulogies of the writings of Pope, as already published. The remainder, containing a very imperfect and desultory account of his life, is accompanied with notes and discussions, in which the name and merits of Dr. Warburton are frequently introduced in the most favourable terms. Upon the whole, this volume, although the most authentic account hitherto published, by no means fulfils the expectations excited, or the promises so ostentatiously held out.

The life of Pope by Dr. Johnson, has been considered as one of the best of that series, which, unfortunately for the memory of our national poets, and the character of our national poetry, he was induced to undertake. Throughout the whole of those lives there appears an assumption of superiority in the biographer over the subjects of his labours,

which diminishes the idea of their talents, and leaves an unfavourable impression on their moral character. It could only be from the representations of Johnson, that so amiable a man as Cowper could thus close his remarks on reading the Lives of the British Poets.* "After all, it is a melancholy observation, which it is impossible not to make, after having run through this series of poetical lives, that where there were such shining talents, there should be so little virtue. These luminaries of our country seem to have been kindled into a brighter blaze than others, only that their spots might be more noticed; so much can nature do for our intellectual part, and so little for our moral. What vanity, what petulance in POPE! how painfully sensible of censure, and yet how restless in provocation! To what mean artifices could ADDISON stoop, in hopes of injuring the reputation of his friend! SAVAGE, how sordidly vicious! and the more condemned for the pains that are taken to palliate his vices! offensive as they appear through a veil, how would they disgust without one. What a sycophant to the

* See Cowper's Letters lately published by the Rev. J. Johnson.

public taste was DRYDEN! sinning against his feelings, lewd in his writings, though chaste in his conversation. *I know not but one might search these eight volumes with a candle, as the prophet says, to find a* MAN, *and not find* ONE, *unless, perhaps,* ARBUTHNOT *were he.*" Can this have been said in the country of SPENSER, of SHAKSPEARE, of SIDNEY, and of MILTON? of DONNE, of CORBET, of HALL, of MARVEL, and of COWLEY? of ROSCOMMON, of GARTH, of CONGREVE, of PARNELLE, of ROWE, and of GAY? of THOMSON, of LYTTELTON, and of YOUNG? of SHENSTONE, of AKENSIDE, of COLLINS, of GOLDSMITH, of MASON, and of GRAY?

> "Unspotted names! and memorable long,
> If there be force in virtue or in song!"

The lustre of which, as well as of many others that might be adduced, can never be obscured, either by the most morbid malignity, or by the darkest fanaticism.

Of the unfavourable and degrading tendency of the biographical writings of Johnson, his Life of Pope exhibits too many instances. Brief yet decisive, superficial yet sententious, he seems neither to know, nor to be very anxious to inquire into the various circumstances which have given rise to so much con-

troversy; and whilst he is too indolent to investigate the truth of the numerous imputations that have been cast on the moral character of Pope, unjustly attributes to his philosophical doctrines the most unfounded and dangerous consequences. Those subjects respecting Pope which seem to have attracted his more particular inquiry, are such as relate to his personal defects and infirmities, the weakness of his constitution, and the irritability of his temper. Whoever wishes to be acquainted with these, need resort to no other source. We may there be informed of the economy of his dressing-room, to the minutest particulars; and of his "petty peculiarities," as communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, "who knew him perhaps after the middle of life," and shall doubtless be gratified to find (what it will be difficult to meet with elsewhere), "that the indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man." It must also be observed, that the work of Johnson, like those before adverted to, is in a great part occupied in criticisms on the poetry of Pope, in which it is scarcely necessary to observe, that amongst much un-

just and illiberal censure, there are many judicious and excellent remarks, expressed in the peculiar and forcible style of the author. Johnson has not, however, adhered to his own maxim, where he says, "the purpose of a writer is to be read; and the criticism that would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside." How is this to be reconciled with his harsh, and perhaps cavilling critique on the Essay on Man, on the Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, and on the Epitaphs?

The Life of Pope, prefixed to the edition of his works, by Dr. Warton, in 1797, neither is, nor affects to be, any extraordinary effort of biographical industry. It is indeed chiefly founded on that of Johnson; enlarging on a few minuter literary subjects, which more particularly attracted the Doctor's notice. Unfortunately for Pope, Dr. Warton entered upon his task of editor with certain preconceived opinions of the poetical character of his author, which he had already brought before the public in his well known and entertaining *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope;* in which he has endeavoured to erect a standard of poetic excellence, by which it would appear that Pope was entitled to

take his station only in a secondary rank of poets; and this idea he has continually kept in view, and endeavoured to enforce and expand throughout the whole of his editorial labours; which consist in a great degree of his Essay, apportioned into notes, and may be considered as calculated rather to establish and confirm his own opinions, than as illustrating and recommending the writings of Pope.

For this, as well as for other causes, Dr. Warton has been severely animadverted upon by a powerful writer,* whose high admiration of the character of Pope has induced him solemnly to impeach his editor before his country for having admitted pieces offensive to decency and good morals, which have either been falsely attributed to Pope, or excluded by him from the authentic editions of his works—a charge which I am sorry to observe it would have been difficult for the learned editor to repel.

It now only remains to advert to the Life of Pope by Mr. Bowles, prefixed to his edition of the works of that author, published in 1806. That we are not to expect much novelty from this attempt, may be inferred from

* The Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

the declaration of the biographer, that "as the life of this distinguished poet has been already written, by persons so eminent for literary talents and critical acumen as Johnson and Warton, all further attempts to illustrate the incidents of his fortune, or the character of his mind, must appear superfluous." He also observes, that "charity might seem to suggest, that when so many years have passed since the grave closed over his virtues and his infirmities, that we should now

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode!"

Under these impressions it might have been expected that Mr. Bowles would either not have engaged in the undertaking, or that if he had devoted himself to it, he would have been cautious not to offend against his own precepts. Yet if we were implicitly to receive our impressions of the character of Pope from the representations of Mr. Bowles, we should be compelled to admit that the highest endowments of genius may be united, not only with failings and weaknesses that obscure their lustre, but with vices and propensities for which no intellectual accomplishments can compensate. These imputations on the moral character of Pope, have been accom-

panied by an apparent disposition on the part of Mr. Bowles to detract also from his estimation as a poet; and that not merely by enforcing the opinions of Warton, but by attempting to establish new rules of criticism, by which the poetical productions of Pope are tried, and found wanting in the higher characteristics of poetry. It is not to be supposed that an attack of this kind, on the memory and works of a writer who has long been considered as an honour to his age and country, and that attack sanctioned under the sacred duty of an editor, would be suffered to pass without animadversion. Accordingly the insults on departed genius have been felt by the living, and the vindication of the fame of Pope has proceeded from those quarters where it was most to be expected; from those who have maintained, amidst the aberrations of public taste, the true principles of poetic composition, and exemplified in their own imperishable productions the sentiments they have advanced.* The defence of the

* See Mr. Campbell's critical observations on the poetical character of Pope, in his Specimens of the British Poets, and Lord Byron's Letter to * * * * * * * * * on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope. A very able defence of Pope may also be found in "A Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, in reply to

moral as well as the poetical character of Pope has also been undertaken by several writers of distinguished ability, who have combated the opinions and refuted the charges of Mr. Bowles, in a manner that must carry conviction to every impartial mind.* By such efforts, the attacks upon the memory of the great poet have been successfully repelled, and Pope yet stands before his countrymen, not only as a proper object of literary inquiry and consideration, but as intitled, by his moral and social endowments, to rank with the best and wisest men that this country has produced.

In adverting to the sources from which we may be supposed to derive information respecting the life and character of an author, we must naturally resort to his own works. Of his abilities and genius these are decisive; of his social and moral character they afford

his Letter to Thomas Campbell, Esq. and to his two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, containing a Vindication of their Defence of the poetical Character of Pope, &c. By Martin M'Dermot. Lond. 1822."

* See a Review of Spence's Anecdotes of Men and Books, in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxiii. p. 400; and the late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist's First, Second, and Third Letters to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, published in 1820 and 1821. The early death of Mr. Gilchrist must be considered as an irreparable loss to British literature.

strong indications on which to form a correct opinion. In this point of view the writings of Pope would almost furnish his history. Not only are we continually presented with the picture of his mind, under the different lights and circumstances in which it is placed; not only are we informed of his sentiments and feelings, whenever an opportunity is afforded for the display of them, but almost all the incidents of his life are touched upon in such a manner, as to enable us to form to ourselves a complete idea of his genius, temper, and character. It would not indeed be too much to assert, that this representation of himself in his works, was one of the chief objects which he perpetually kept in view. "Many of them," says he, in speaking of himself and his letters in the preface to his correspondence, "having been written on the most trying occurrences, and in all the openness of friendship, are a proof what were his real sentiments as they flowed warm from the heart, and fresh from the occasion. Had he sat down with a design to draw his own picture, he could not have done it so truly; for whoever sits for it (whether to himself or another), will inevitably find the features more composed than his appear in these letters."

It is therefore to the writings of Pope, and particularly to his correspondence with his friends, that we are to look, if we wish to become acquainted with the individual in the most important transactions and the most deliberate and serious concerns of his life. At the same time we must not forget to make due allowance for those feelings of partiality and of self-attachment which are inseparable from every human being, and which will not only appear in his writings, but will sometimes give to them a grace and an interest which they could not derive from any other source.

It must however be observed, that the most eminent of Pope's biographers has not only omitted to avail himself of this immense fund of information, but has objected to the letters of Pope being considered as the real indication of his sentiments, or as intitled to the credit of the reader. Dr. Johnson, indeed, admits, that "if an estimate of Pope's social qualities were to be made from his letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; that they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular fondness, and that there is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tender-

ness." He also observes, that "it has been so long said, as to be generally believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open to him;" "but," he adds, "the truth is, that such were the friendships of the golden age, and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open even to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and certainly what we hide from ourselves we do not shew to our friends."

Are we then to believe that affection and sincerity are banished from the earth? or are only to be found in the friendships of children? And are we to discard those memorials which have handed down to us that which is most worthy of preservation in the greatest, the wisest, and the best of our predecessors, the very form and pressure of their minds? Happily, to his own objections, Johnson has himself furnished a reply. "To charge those favourable representations," says he, "which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly

believes himself." And on another occasion he has observed, that "in a man's letters his soul lies naked; they are only the mirror of his breast; whatever passes within him is shewn undisguised in its natural process; nothing is inverted, nothing distorted; systems appear in their elements, actions are discovered in their motives." An opinion which seems to be carried to as great an extreme one way as that before advanced is the other.

Another authentic source to which we may resort for information, is found in the letters of many of the contemporaries and friends of Pope, which are inserted not only in his own works, but in various other collections. It is true, this evidence must also be received with caution, on account of the partiality of friendship; but it must at the same time be acknowledged, that this partiality is seldom obtained without being deserved. At all events, the same discretion which ought to be exercised on his own productions will be applicable also to those of his friends; and it cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting to examine and compare the sentiments of so many eminent individuals, who not only acted a conspicuous part both in the

political and literary history of their own times, but are intimately known to posterity; and whose writings, whilst they serve to elucidate the character of their friend, throw no inconsiderable light upon their own.

To these original sources of information we may, in the third place, add the various narratives and anecdotes handed down from his own times to the present, and to which important additions have recently been made. Of these, by far the most valuable are the anecdotes of Pope, by the Rev. Joseph Spence,—a work which introduces us to the Poet in his most confidential and familiar hours, and enables us to estimate his character, disposition, and acquirements, and to review the judgment he had formed of the excellences and defects of other authors. Spence was an amiable and excellent man, and in 1728, was appointed professor of poetry, at Oxford. His acquaintance with Pope commenced in the preceding year, and the unassuming mildness and candour of his disposition, seem to have induced the Poet to unbosom himself to him on subjects of taste and literature, at greater extent, and with more confidence than to any other of his associates.

For the authenticity of these anecdotes,

independent of their internal evidence, the following account (which has been given to the public by Mr. Singer, the editor of the most complete edition), is conclusive:—

"The original copy of Spence's Anecdotes, with all the other papers of Mr. Spence, remained in the hands of Dr. Lowth,* and were by him, some time previous to his decease, given to the late Mr. Forster, (his private secretary) *from whose representatives they have been obtained,* and will form the materials of this publication." These manuscripts were purchased by Mr. Carpenter the bookseller, from the nephew of Mr. Forster, but now belong to Mr. Singer, to whom I am indebted for this particular information respecting them.

It must, however, be observed, that notwithstanding the information afforded by these and other sources for the life of Pope, there are many parts of it which have long been, and perhaps will still remain, subjects of a controversial nature; and that however desirous his biographer might now be, of laying before the public a plain and impartial narrative, he will probably find himself impeded by innumerable obstacles, thrown in the way

* One of the executors of Mr. Spence.

by his predecessors, which, in order to do justice to the subject, it will be absolutely necessary for him to examine, and if improperly placed there, to remove. If, in the performance of this indispensable duty, he should be under the necessity of controverting the opinions, or rejecting the conclusions of others, he will only exercise the same privilege which they have themselves exercised before him; and will, at all events, endeavour to keep within those bounds of civility and literary courtesy, which are due to those against whom he can have no personal feeling, and consequently no motives either of resentment or disrespect.

In the present edition of the works of Pope, it has been thought advisable to adhere principally to that of Warburton, in preference to those that have since been published; such edition having in a great degree been prepared and corrected by the author himself, who furnished many of the notes; and the commentaries and remarks of Warburton, as far as completed in the lifetime of Pope, having received his decided approbation.

At the same time, the estimation in which the literary character, and the labours of Dr. Warton are deservedly held, is such, that

it would be unjust to deprive the present edition of the advantages which it must derive from his acknowledged erudition, talents, and taste. I have, therefore, endeavoured to unite as far as practicable, his various and extensive notes and observations in the same edition with those of Warburton, with the omission, however, of such of those of Warton, as appeared to have no immediate relation to the writings of Pope.

That the annotations and remarks of Mr. Bowles, in his edition, should not all be included in the present work, will not be thought surprising by any person who feels himself interested in the character and writings of Pope. Such of them as tend to illustrate the subject, or exhibit a candid and impartial spirit of criticism, are, however, retained. But there is one class of notes to which little indulgence has been extended, from whatever quarter they proceed. These are such as pretend to point out the beauties and the faults, according as they appear to the judgment of the critic. Swift has observed, that "it is the frequent error of those men, otherwise very commendable for their labours, to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and

the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at:"—and Pope has himself remarked, in the preface to his works, that "a bad author deserves upon the whole, better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper."

In performing the difficult task which has devolved upon the present editor, of determining what pieces ought to be admitted into this edition, as constituting "THE WORKS OF POPE," he has endeavoured to keep in view what he conceives to be the chief duty of an editor; viz. to execute an office which the author can no longer perform for himself, in the same manner as he would have performed it, if living; admitting nothing that he would himself have rejected, and rejecting nothing that he would have admitted;—not, however, disregarding the additional considerations suggested by the change which has taken place (so greatly for the better,) in the

sentiments and manners of the present times, and by which it is probable that the author himself would have been equally influenced. On the whole, he has reason to believe, that the differences which would have arisen between the author and himself on this head, would have been very trivial, if any; and that the great variation in this respect will appear between the two last editions of Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles, and the present.

The arrangement of the Letters has been attended with unexpected trouble, as will appear from the preliminary explanations given at the head of some of the series. Important additions have also been made, not only valuable in themselves, but as they illustrate the correspondence before published.

To the criticisms and remarks of his predecessors, the present editor has not found occasion to make any considerable additions. His own observations have chiefly been confined to the estimate of the poetical character of the author, and the preliminary notes to the principal poems, in which, as well as in the few remarks on the text, it has been his object, rather to correct the errors, and obviate the unfounded censures of former commentators, than to increase the great

number of notes, by any additions of his own.

It must not however, be supposed, that in thus presuming to point out the mistakes of his predecessors, the Editor is insensible to his own liability to error; a liability which has been much increased by the distance of his residence from Town, and the consequent want of that opportunity of obtaining instant information on any literary subject, which the metropolis alone can afford. He can however truly say, that his best endeavours have not been wanting to render this edition as correct as possible; although, he is fully conscious that he must in many instances rely on the indulgence of his readers for a favourable construction of those inaccuracies, from which no literary work is wholly exempt.

For any additional information which the editor has been enabled to communicate, by the use of original letters and papers, and consequently for any novelty which the present edition may be found to possess, he has made his particular acknowledgments, wherever such documents are introduced; and to such of his friends as have contributed to the completion of his labours, by furnishing him with early editions, and scarce publications, he avails himself of this opportunity to testify his gratitude and return his thanks.

ARRANGEMENT

OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

VOL. I.

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. II.

EARLY POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

VOL. III.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE

LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

CHAP. I.

1688——1709.

POPE's family descent—Character of his FATHER—*His birth and constitution—His education—Leaves school to reside with his father at Binfield, in Windsor Forest—* ODE TO SOLITUDE—*Verses* TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM INTITLED SUCCESSIO—*Obtains a sight of Dryden, and remarks thereon—Writes Dramatic Pieces and an Epic Poem—Translations from the Latin Authors—Reads the English prose writers—Writes his* PASTORALS—*Visits London—Educates himself, and consequences thereof—Unfavourable effect of study on his health—His susceptible and affectionate disposition—His irritable temper and talents for satire—Forms an acquaintance with* SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL—*With* MR. WYCHERLEY—*Criticises Wycherley's Poems—*MR. WALSH—IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS—JANUARY AND MAY—THE WIFE OF BATH—*Visits London and frequents Will's Coffee-house—Acquaintance and correspondence with* MR. CROMWELL—*Writes his* ESSAY ON CRITICISM—*Publishes his Pastorals and other Pieces in Tonson's Miscellanies, and remarks thereon.*

THE

LIFE OF POPE.

CHAP. I.

The family of Pope has only been distinctly traced to the grandfather of the poet, a clergyman of the Church of England, settled in Hampshire.* He had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, being intended for a mercantile life, was sent to reside with a family at Lisbon, where he became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. On his return he engaged in business, and married Editha, one of the daughters of William Turner, Esq. of York. Of this marriage Pope was the only offspring.

Before her union with Pope's father, his mother had been married to a Mr. Rackett, by whom she had a son named Charles. The wife of this half brother of Pope, was the sister Rackett, so frequently mentioned by him, and who with her sons became possessed of the chief part of his property, as residuary devisees in his will.†

The advantages of birth are seldom despised

* From the information of Mr. Pottinger, a relation of Pope, to Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle: *v.* Warton's edition of Pope, vol. iv. p. 53.

† A sister of Pope's mother married Samuel Cooper, the cele-

by those who are entitled to them. Pope has advanced his claim to them in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

> " ——Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
> Whilst yet in Britain honour had applause)
> Each parent sprung"——

And in a note on the same Epistle we are informed that "Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. She had three brothers: one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained, after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family."*

This account has not been suffered to remain uncontroverted. Dr. Warton informs us, that "when Mr. Pope published the notes on the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, observed, that his cousin Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himself of their being related to the Earls of Downe; and what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great

brated miniature painter, which has given rise to an opinion that Pope's mother was the daughter of Cooper; and this error has been inscribed under her engraved portrait.

* Note on Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in Pope's works, fol. ed. vol. ii. 1735.

genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance; on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known any thing of it. The burial place and monuments of the family of Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, in Oxfordshire. The Earl of Guildford had seen and examined the pedigree and descents of that family, and was sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left who could be descended from that family."* In addition to which, the last biographer of Pope assures us, "that from the most authentic intelligence, obtained at the Herald's office, it appears that the pedigree which Pope made out for himself, was *as much fabricated as Mr. Ireland's descent from Shakespear.*"† Mr. Ireland, it must be observed, had traced a regular series of ancestors from Shakespear to himself, and had afterwards acknowledged it to be a deliberate falsehood. Pope has made out no pedigree whatever, and has only mentioned what he had doubtless heard of an indefinite relationship between the families; which, whether well founded or not, is a matter of little importance, as such relationship would have conferred a greater honour on that family than he could possibly have derived from it.

Pope lived at a time when the advantages of birth were perhaps somewhat more highly appreciated than they are at present; the consequence of which was, that amongst the various attempts

* Note on Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot: v. Warton's ed. vol. iv. p. 53.

† Bowles, Life of Pope, p. 17.

to degrade him, the supposed meanness of his origin was not unfrequently mentioned. To this subject Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey have condescended to allude in their verses to the Imitator of Horace:

> "Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
> Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure."

Respecting which we shall not perhaps greatly err, if we judge of the candour of the last line, by the justice of the first.

It may be proper to attend to what Pope has himself said to Lord Hervey in reply to these lines:

"As to the obscurity of my birth, I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption, as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's; but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was *a younger brother*. He did not think it indeed a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed."—"As to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic, neither a hatter, nor, what might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler, but in truth, of *a very tolerable family*; and my mother of *an ancient one*; as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children;* whose merit, beauty, and vivacity, if

* Mary Lepel, daughter of General Nicholas Lepel, Maid of Honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales, and a woman of great beauty and uncommon accomplishments. She lived till the year

transmitted to your posterity, will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother on whom I never was obliged so far to reflect, as to say, *she spoiled me*;* and a father who never found himself obliged to say, that *he disapproved my conduct.* In a word, my lord, I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."†

Dismissing these acrimonious contests, it may be sufficient to observe, that Alexander Pope, the father of the poet, having engaged in the business of a linen-merchant in Lombard-street, acquired thereby an independent property, that he retired first to Kensington‡ and afterwards to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he had purchased a house and about twenty acres of land, and where he resided until he removed to his son's house at Twickenham, a short time before his death. His character is drawn by his son in the following lines:

> Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
> Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
> Stranger to civil and religious rage,
> The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age;
> No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
> Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
>
> Unlearn'd

1768. Since her death, a collection of some of her letters has been published, which do honour both to her talents and her heart.

* Alluding to what Lord Hervey has said of himself in another attack upon Pope, intitled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity.*

† Letter to a Noble Lord.

‡ In the deed by which his estate at Kensington, when sold, was conveyed, he is intitled Alexander Pope, merchant, of Kensington. *Bowles's Life of Pope*, p. 18.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart;
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
Prol. to the Satires.

Alexander Pope, the Son, the most harmonious, correct, and popular of English poets, was born in Lombard-street, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year of the revolution, 1688.* From his earliest infancy he was of a weak and delicate frame of body, and although he lived somewhat beyond the middle period of life, he never enjoyed a vigorous and uninterrupted state of health; insomuch that he has himself denominated it "a long disease." In his person he resembled his father, who is said to have been crooked. His constitution he probably derived from his mother, who was much afflicted with head-aches; circumstances to which he has alluded in some lines rejected by him from the Prologue to his Satires:

"But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll admire,
Came, not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother, not the muse:
Happy, if he in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind!"

The infirm state of his health rendered him peculiarly dependant on the kindness and assistance of others, and united with a temper which is said

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 10. Spence's Anec. p. 259. Singer's ed. But Johnson and Warton place it on the 22d of that month.

to have been remarkably mild and engaging, undoubtedly contributed to endear him to his parents and friends.* "The weakness of his body," says Johnson, "continued through life; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood." This can scarcely be truly said of a person whose attention was uniformly devoted to the tenderest domestic duties, to which he has alluded in lines never to be forgotten:

"Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky."

Prol. to the Satires.

Nor can such a remark justly be applied to one, whose warm attachment and affectionate devotion to his friends, amongst whom were some of the noblest and best, of both sexes, of the age in which he lived, formed the most distinguishing feature of his character.

Most persons can relate some dangers of their youth, from which they have escaped with difficulty. An accident which happened to Pope, when young, had nearly deprived the world of the pleasure his writings have afforded. A cow that was

* A picture was painted of him when he was about ten years of age, in which his face was round, plump, pretty, and of a fresh complexion; but the perpetual application he fell into about two years afterwards probably changed his features and injured his constitution. This picture was once in the possession of Jervas, who painted in it a branch of laurel. *Spence's Anec.* p. 26. *Singer's ed.*

driven by the place where he was at play, struck at him with her horns, beat him down, and wounded him in the throat, but without any further alarming consequences.*

For his earliest instructions in reading he was indebted to an aunt, probably a sister of his mother. His voice was so melodious, that he was called "the little nightingale." At seven or eight years of age, he had acquired an uncommon relish for reading, and he learned to write by imitating print; an art which he retained through life, and practised with great correctness.† His usual handwriting exhibited also some indications of its origin, and though formal, was distinct and legible; characteristics, the acquisition of which, as it is in the power of every one to attain them, ought to be considered as a kind of moral duty.

When eight years old, he was placed under the tuition of the family priest, whose name was Banister, from whom he acquired the rudiments of Greek and Latin, which he began to study together, as is said to have been customary in the schools of the Jesuits, and which he thought a good method.‡

* Spence's Anec. p. 5. Singer's ed.

† I had learned very early to read, and delighted extremely in it; and taught myself to write, very early too, by copying from printed books; with which I used to divert myself, as other children do, with scrawling out pictures. *Spence's Anec.* p. 283. *Singer's ed.*

‡ Ruffhead, Johnson, Warton, and Bowles, have all given to Pope's first instructor the name of *Taverner*, but he is repeatedly

Having made some proficiency under this tutor, he was removed to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, a pleasant village on the banks of the Itchin, near Winchester; a circumstance that used frequently to be mentioned by the scholars of the neighbouring college in their youthful compositions.* Whilst here, he read Ogilby's Homer with avidity and pleasure, although it did not obtain the praise of his riper judgment. Sandys's translation of Ovid was more fortunate; and he has declared in his notes to the Iliad, that English versification owed much of its beauty to that writer.†

At Twyford, Pope was guilty of the unpardonable offence of writing a lampoon on his master,‡ for which he was visited, as might be expected, by a severe corporal punishment. In consequence of this, he was sent to another school, under a Mr. Deane, at Mary-le-bone, but who afterwards removed to Hyde Park Corner, whither Pope accompanied him. Having, whilst here, been occasionally permitted to attend the theatre, and imbibed a taste for the drama, he undertook to compose a play from the Iliad, by tacking together some of the speeches from Ogilby's translation, with verses

mentioned in Spence, as *Banister*, the family priest; and on one occasion Pope observed "he was living about two years before at Sir Harry Tichburne's." *Spence's Anec.* pp. 259, 283. *Singer's ed.*

* Warton's Life of Pope, p. 10. † Ruffhead, p. 12.

‡ Mr. Pope was but a little while under his master at Twyford. He wrote extremely young; and amongst other things, a satire on that gentleman, for some faults he had discovered in him. *Spence's Anec.* p. 25. *Singer's ed.* *Ruffhead*, p. 12.

of his own. This piece was represented by some of his schoolfellows, his master's gardener having performed the part of Ajax.*

The disposition of Pope was not suited to compulsory modes of instruction, and he lost at these schools much of what he had gained under the tuition of his first master. In fact, the business of early years seems to be rather to inspire a desire and relish for learning, than to inculcate positive acquirements, at the risk of exciting resentment and disgust. Where a wish is felt for improvement, there is sufficient time in riper years to gratify it to its full extent. But where this is destroyed, as is generally the case where severity is resorted to, the actual acquisition is of little importance, and will be dismissed from the memory with all practicable speed. "It was our family priest, Banister," says Pope, "who taught me the figures, accidence, and first part of grammar. If it had not been for that, I should never have got any language; for I never learned any thing at the little schools I was at afterwards, and never should have followed any thing that I could not follow with pleasure."† When he came from the last of these schools, all the acquisition he had made was to be able to construe a little of Tully's Offices.‡

Soon after the age of twelve, Pope quitted school and went to reside with his father, who had now retired to Binfield, "consoling himself," as one

* Ruffhead, p. 13. † Spence's Anec. p. 283. Singer's ed.
‡ Spence's Anec. p. 260. Singer's ed.

of Pope's biographers has chosen to express it, "like other great patriots, that as the world was not such as it ought to be, it was best to leave it."* The manner in which it appears Pope's father consoled himself, was by cultivating a small garden:

> "Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
> The earliest melons of the year."

The unjust and impolitic restrictions of the times, whilst they subjected him, as a Papist, to double taxes, prevented him from placing out his property on real securities; and he was therefore compelled to live upon the principal, till it was very considerably diminished. To this circumstance Pope has referred in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

> "For right hereditary tax'd and fined,
> He stuck to poverty with peace of mind."

On Pope's coming to reside at Binfield, he was placed under the instruction of another priest; but this continued only for a few months, after which he determined to become his own instructor.† To the proficiency which he made, we find occasional references in his conversations with Mr. Spence. "My next period," says he, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for some years. I was between twelve

* Bowles, Life of Pope, p. 19.

† "This," says Pope, "was all the teaching I ever had, and God knows that it extended a very little way." *Spence's Anec.* p. 193. *Singer's ed.*

and thirteen when I first went thither, and continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French, or Greek; and in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation."

It is to this early period of his life that Pope refers in the lines:

> "As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
> I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

He frequently said that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. On which Johnson observes, that "in the style of fiction, it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that when he lay in the cradle, the bees swarmed about his mouth." His propensity to poetry was fortunately encouraged by his father, who not only suggested subjects for his pen, but corrected his verses, till he observed of them, "these are good rhymes." *

One of the very few pieces that remain of these his early productions, is his *Ode to Solitude*, written doubtless as well with a reference to his own feelings as to his father's situation at Binfield. Though this Ode, written at twelve years of age,

* Mr. Pope's father, (who was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands wholesale), was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased, and often used to send him back to new turn them. "These are not good rhymes;" for that was my husband's word for verses. *Mr. Pope's Mother: Spence's Anec.* p. 8. *Singer's ed.*

is said to be his earliest production, yet Dodsley, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of a still earlier date. He may therefore justly be enumerated amongst those, in whom the display of early powers has been the indication of superior genius, as observable in Michelagnolo, Torquato Tasso, Milton, and Cowley.

Not long afterwards he produced his satirical lines, addressed *To the Author of a Poem intitled Successio*, or Elkanah Settle, against whom he seems to have inherited all the enmity of his predecessor Dryden. This poem was published in a volume of Lintot's Miscellanies; but having been rejected by the author from his general collection of 1717, has not hitherto been inserted in any edition of his works. It bears the strongest internal evidence of being the production of Pope, and affords a striking proof of his early talents and sarcastic temperament. To which it may be added, that it is expressly recognized by Warburton as the work of Pope in a note on the Dunciad, (book i. line 181,) and on other occasions. It is therefore inserted in the present edition.*

The immediate consequence of his release from school discipline was, that it enabled him to devote more of his time to reading; for which, as he informs us, he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a few

* If any external evidence of its authenticity were wanting, it has been amply supplied by Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. ii. p. 55.

years he had dipped into a great number of English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek authors. This he did without any design but that of pleasing himself, and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets he read, rather than read the books to get the languages. "I followed," says he, "every where, as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields just as they fell in my way, and these five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life."*

The writings of Dryden soon, however, attracted his notice, and became the more particular object of his admiration. He attentively examined his style and turn of thought, observed the construction of his periods, and endeavoured to discover the art and mystery of his versification, so superior in richness, variety, and harmony, to all that had preceded it. What the result was, appears in his own writings, where the spirit of his master is combined with his own more correct, condensed, and chastened style.†

* Spence's Anec. p. 19. Malone's ed.

† "I learned versification wholly from Dryden's works; who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets, and would probably have brought it to perfection, had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste." *Pope. Spence's Anec.* p. 281. *Singer's ed.*

How finely has Pope characterized his great prototype in his imitation of the first Epistle of the second book of Horace!

> Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march and energy divine.

Imitated

From admiring the works of Dryden, he became desirous of seeing their author, for which purpose he prevailed upon a friend to accompany him to town, and introduce him to Will's coffee-house, which Dryden then frequented.* This circumstance must have occurred when Pope was about twelve years of age, as Dryden died in 1700. He has himself referred to it in his first letter to Mr. Wycherley: "It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend, Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him. *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him, for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical; notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him. I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party, but

Imitated in a still higher strain of poetry, but perhaps not with greater dignity and effect, by Gray:

> But see where Dryden's less presumptuous car
> Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
> Two coursers of ethereal race,
> With necks in thunder cloth'd and long resounding pace.

* Ruffhead, p. 23.—The friend here alluded to was probably Sir Charles Wogan. See a letter from him in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, vol. xviii. p. 21, where he says: "I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the Forest of Windsor, to dress *à la mode*, and introduce at Will's coffee-house."

it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame; and those scribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting." How remarkable is it, that the youthful poet, in pouring out this enthusiastic tribute to the memory of his illustrious predecessor, should so nearly have described his own character, and his own fate!

His partiality for dramatic subjects seems still to have continued; as his next productions were a comedy, and a tragedy; the latter of which was founded on the story of St. Geneviève. Of the subject of the former, no account has been preserved.*

These dramatic pieces were followed by an epic poem, called Alcander, consisting of four books of about one thousand lines each. "Alcander was a prince of Rhodes, driven from his crown by Deucalion, father of Minos. In this poem Alcander displayed all the virtues of suffering, like Ulysses, and all the courage of Æneas. Apollo, as the patron of Rhodes, was his great protector, and Cybele was his great enemy, as being patroness of Deucalion and Crete. She raises a storm against him, as June does against Æneas; he is cast away and swims to shore, as Ulysses did to the island of

* Ruffhead, Life of Pope, pp. 23, 24.

Phæacia."* Hence it appears that the young poet was desirous of displaying his learning in collecting the beauties of such preceding epic writers as he was acquainted with, and adding to them from the stores of his own imagination.† This attempt he afterwards considered in its true light, and thus expressed himself respecting it: "I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and I thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret these delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever.‡

It is not however improbable that this poem contained some passages deserving of commendation; as the author, whose judgment respecting his own works seldom failed him, communicated it, many years afterwards, to Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, by whose advice, it has been said, he committed it to the flames. In fact the bishop in one of his letters expresses his approbation of that step, although he seems not to have been previously acquainted with it. "I am not sorry," says

* Ruffhead, p. 25.

† I wrote things, I am ashamed to say how soon—part of an epic poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands, and the poem opened under water, with a description of the court of Neptune.—*Spence's Anec.* 24. *Singer's ed.*

‡ Spence's Anec. Singer's ed.

he, "your Alcander is burnt. *Had I known your intentions,* I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities."

That Pope retained a partiality for some passages in this early production, is evident from the impression they had left upon his memory, which enabled him to repeat them at times for the amusement of his friends; in consequence of which a few of them have been preserved.* Among these are the following lines, in which the sound is made an echo to the sense:

"Shields, helms, and swords, all jangle as they hang,
And sound formidinous with angry clang."

There are also some couplets, which he afterwards inserted in others of his works, with little or no variation, as in his Essay on Criticism:

"Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow."

And the following in the Dunciad:

"As man's meanders to the vital spring,
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring."

Other parts of this poem are said to have furnished him with examples of "the art of sinking in poetry," and to have been given there under the title of verses by an anonymous.

Whilst he was engaged in reading the English poets, he was accustomed, whenever he met with a passage or story that pleased him more than

* Spence's Anec. p. 48. Malone's ed.

common, to endeavour to imitate it.* "My first taking to imitating," says he, "was not out of vanity but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others." This was the cause of his Imitations, published a long time afterwards. He also translated the treatise of Cicero, *De Senectute*, a copy of which translation is said to have been preserved in Lord Oxford's library, but has never been published. To these may be added, about a fourth part of the *Metamorphoses*, and that part of Statius which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Mr. Walsh.†

Nor was Pope inattentive to the works of our English prose writers, though he found it more difficult to enter into their merits or to avail himself of the advantages of a regular course of reading. When Locke first fell in his way, he confessed that his Essay was quite insipid to him.‡ On a further acquaintance, however, he not only approved, but highly admired that immortal work; and there is reason to believe, that the study of it contributed to that precision of thought and accuracy of composition by which he is so eminently distinguished. He is also known to have read Sir William Temple's writings; but whenever there was any thing political in them, he had no manner

* Spence's Anec. p. 19. Malone's ed.
† Spence's Anec. p. 278. Singer's ed.
‡ Ruffhead, p. 17.

of feeling for it.* "I believe," said Mrs. Rackett, "nobody ever studied so hard as my brother did in his youth. He did nothing but write and read."†

As his judgment ripened he became less ambitious in his subjects. He had at one time intended to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece; there was to be Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. But his epic and dramatic attempts were shortly succeeded by his Pastorals, written at the age of sixteen; as was also the first portion of his Windsor Forest, although that poem was not completed till 1712. There is a tradition that Pope wrote this poem under a beech-tree in Windsor Forest, which being decayed, Lady Gower had an inscription carved upon another tree near it: "HERE POPE SANG." In adverting to the course of his poetical studies, he applied to himself with great propriety the lines of the Roman poet:‡

> "Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
> Vellit et admonuit."

Although his Pastorals were not published till some years after they were written, yet, having been shewn to his friends, they soon attracted the notice of several persons distinguished by their rank, their

* Spence's Anec. p. 23. Malone's ed.
† Spence's Anec. p. 38. Malone's ed.
‡ Ruffhead, p. 28.

talents, and their taste, who vied with each other in expressing their admiration of them. From this early period he may therefore be said to have been introduced into public life; but before we enter upon the history of these connexions, it may not be improper to advert to what little further can now be known respecting the course of his youthful studies.

When about fifteen years of age, he determined to pay a visit to London, expressly for the purpose of acquiring the French and Italian languages. He had already begun to study them, but was not satisfied with his instructors. His friends discountenanced this project, and regarded it as "a wildish sort of resolution,"* as his health would not permit him to go abroad;† but he succeeded in his object to a certain extent; although it does not appear that he was ever as conversant with the Italian writers as the French. Voltaire said that "Pope could *hardly* read French, and spoke not one syllable of the language." The speaking a language is seldom acquired without long practice, or a residence in the country where it is spoken. M. Menage, who wrote beautiful Italian poetry, was so sensible of this, that he never could be induced to pronounce a word of the language. That Pope however read French, and was well ac-

* Spence's Anec. p. 8. Singer's ed.

† He should have travelled, had it not been for his ill health, and on every occasion that offered, had a desire to travel, to the very end of his life. *Spence's Anec. p.* 8. *Singer's ed.*

quainted with the best French authors, is apparent from many passages in his writings.

Of the extent of his classical acquirements some idea may be formed by the many pieces which he translated from the ancient authors. Amongst these was the *Thebais* of Statius, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. "He must have been at this time," says Johnson, "if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue."

The translation of the *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*, from Ovid, is attributed to the same period. This Epistle was also published, and is yet retained in his works.

With respect to his proficiency in Greek, he has said of himself in his Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace;

> "Bred up at home, full early I begun
> To *read in Greek* the wrath of Peleus' son."

On which it has been observed,* that "this ascertains an attempt only, without any intimation of proficiency." But Pope's assertion is, that he had begun to read, not that he had merely attempted to read, and justifies the following remark of Warburton upon it. "He at length thought fit to become his own master; so that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for knowledge, and an equal passion for poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And what was more extraordinary, his impatience of restraint in the usual forms, did not hinder his

* Wakefield's General Observations on Homer and his Translator, prefixed to his edition of the Iliad, vol. i. p. cclv.

subjecting himself, now that he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his grammar and lexicon."

"Pope thought himself the better in some respects for not having had a regular education. He read, originally, for the sense; whereas we are taught for so many years to read only for the words."—"This he frequently mentioned as his great reading period; in which he went through all the best critics, almost all the English, French, and Latin poets of any name; the minor poets; Homer, and some of the greater Greek poets *in the original*, and Tasso and Ariosto *in translations*. I even then, says he, liked Tasso better than Ariosto, as I do still; and Statius, of all the Latin poets, by much, next to Virgil."* Pope may therefore properly be ranked among that class of remarkable persons who have been their own instructors; a circumstance which, whilst it expanded his powers to a wider range than the limits of a college would perhaps have admitted, has been attended with some disadvantages to him; as it has induced his more regularly educated editors to depreciate his acquirements, and to dwell upon trivial and unimportant errors. In fact, the experience of Pope at public schools, had given him a dislike to the usual modes of education, which continued through life. "Had I chanced," says he, "to be of the religion of the country I was born in, and bred at the usual places of education, I should pro-

* Spence's Anec. p. 278. Singer's ed.

bably have written something on that subject, and against the methods now used there, and I believe I might have been more useful that way than any other. Bacon and Locke did not follow the common paths, but beat out new ones; and you see what good they have done; but much more is wanting. Aldrich did a great deal of good too, in his way. There should be such people in the universities; but nothing can be done effectually till the government takes it in hand to encourage and animate such a reformation."*

The assiduous application of Pope to his studies had, as might be expected, an unfavourable effect on his health, which was now reduced to so bad a state, that "after trying physicians for a long time in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper, and sat down calmly, in a full expectation of death in a short time." Under this idea he wrote letters to take a last farewell of his more particular friends, and, among the rest, to the Abbé Southcote in London. Fortunately the Abbé went immediately to Dr. Ratcliffe, told him Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down himself to Pope, then at a friend's house, a hundred miles from town. The chief thing the Doctor ordered him was to apply less, and to ride every day, and his compliance with this advice soon restored him to

* Spence's Anec. p. 280. Singer's ed. It is well understood that much has been done in our Universities since the time of Pope to remedy those defects and abuses, to which he probably meant to allude.

health. Upwards of twenty years afterwards, Pope had an opportunity of rendering in return an important service to Mr. Southcote, by obtaining for him, through the means of Sir Robert Walpole, the nomination to an abbey near Avignon; an incident which shews he was not less mindful of benefits conferred upon him than of injuries received.*

But independent of any advantages which Pope could derive from his early studies and acquirements, he possessed from nature some endowments which are essential to the poetical character, and which neither industry nor learning can bestow. The most important of these was, an ardent, susceptible, and affectionate mind, which rendered him capable of participating in the feelings, and interesting himself in the happiness of others, and without which it would have been impossible for him to have embodied in his writings those touching sentiments of tenderness and passion, which proceeding from the impulses of his own heart, strike immediately upon that of the reader. It is asserted by Mrs. Blount that "she had often seen him weep, in reading very tender and melancholy subjects;"† and he has himself informed us, that he was always particularly struck with that passage in Homer, where he makes Priam's grief for the loss of Hector break out into anger against his attendants and sons; and could never read it, with-

* Spence's Anec. p. 7. Singer's ed.

† Spence's Anec. p. 34. Malone's ed.

out weeping for the distress of that unfortunate old prince.

This sensibility of disposition, which appears so frequently in his poems and letters, was however accompanied by another propensity of a very different kind, which rendered him no less an object of fear, and perhaps of respect to his enemies, than the former did, of esteem and attachment to his friends. This appeared in a quick and irritable temper, liable to take offence at whatever seemed intended to injure or degrade him, either in his character or writings, and was accompanied by a deep penetration into the peculiarities, faults, and weaknesses of others, and a keen, sarcastic vein of wit, which enabled him to describe them in such a manner that all the world acknowledged the likeness. This disposition, as has already been observed, was apparent even in his childhood, and was cultivated or indulged by him through life, not only as his surest defence against insult and abuse, but as his readiest weapon of attack whenever he conceived there was occasion for his interference. That this was the light in which he himself considered it, is apparent from various passages in his works, in which he has hung it up for the notice of both friends and foes. Hence we are plainly told, that

> "*Whoe'er offends* at some unlucky time,
> Slides into verse, or hitches in a rhyme."

Nor was this resentment of offence confined merely to himself. Conscious of the dignity of his

office, and the importance of his own powers, he considered every flagrant violation of public order, justice, and decency, as entitling him to mark it with his severest reprehension; nor is it without reason that he has congratulated himself in those exulting lines:

> Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see
> Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
> Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

Such were the acquirements, talents, and dispositions, with which Pope entered upon the great theatre of the world, and into the literary circles of the times; a brief statement of which seemed requisite to enable us to judge of the use he made of them, and to determine whether he applied them properly in the course of his future life.

One of the earliest of those literary friends to whom Pope attached himself during his residence in Windsor-forest, was Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, and was afterwards, in the year 1691, appointed one of the secretaries of state to King William, with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned in 1697, and retired to East-Hamstead, the place of his nativity, near Binfield.* As Sir William was an excellent scholar, and particularly devoted to the study of the classic authors, it was not long before he and Pope became acquainted; and notwithstanding the disparity of their years, a

* Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 5.

friendship was established between them, which only the death of Sir William dissolved. During their early intimacy they were accustomed not only to read together, and converse on the Roman writers in Sir William's retirement, but to take a ride together three or four days in the week, and at last almost every day; and when they were separated, an epistolary correspondence subsisted between them, which throws considerable light on the characters of both.

This correspondence appears, from the works of Pope, to have commenced in October, 1705, on the 19th of which month, a letter is given from Sir William to his young friend, from which we find that their literary pursuits were not confined to the classic authors, but were extended to the best writers of their own country. It further appears that Pope had at this early age been delighted with the minor poems of Milton; and had sent a small volume (containing the Allegro, Penseroso, Lycidas, and the Masque of Comus) to Sir William, who it seems had not before read them; a clear proof, as Dr. Warton justly observes, how little they were known or regarded in general. After thanking Pope for the book, and declaring, that next to enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing was to hear from him, Sir William adds: "I expected to find what I have met with, an admirable genius in those poems, not only because they were Milton's, or were approved by Sir Henry Wooton, but be-

cause you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know nobody so like to equal him as yourself. Only do not afford more cause of complaints against you that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, in which wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your best friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend. I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity, but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a style of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous."

In the year 1704 Pope had been introduced by Sir William Trumbull to Mr. Wycherley, who was then nearly seventy years of age; but the character of the parties was not to be determined by their time of life, and in temper and disposition Wycherley was perhaps the younger of the two. He had lived an irregular and dissipated life, and had injured his fortunes by an imprudent marriage with the Countess of Drogheda. On her death he was thrown into the Fleet prison, from which he was only released by the performance of his Plain Dealer, at which the king (James II.) attended. His reputation was still, however, considerable; and Pope at that early period of his life thought himself honoured by the acquaintance of a man, who ranked amongst the first writers of the age. The love of literature, and particularly of poetry, became the

bond of their union, and a sincere and friendly attachment appears to have subsisted between them. One of Pope's biographers informs us, "that during this intercourse, the applause and compliments which they mutually bestowed on each other, were no less ridiculous, than a friendship between a sentimental libertine and a young man perfectly ignorant of the world, was unnatural." On this we may be allowed to observe, that with respect to a friendship between two persons, at such different periods of life, Pope has himself exercised his wit and good sense, in demonstrating that it has its advantages over more equal attachments. "I know," says he to Mr. Wycherley, (April 30, 1705,) "it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted between persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine in opposition to that opinion. In the first place, it is observable that the love we bear to our friends, is generally caused by our finding the same dispositions in them which we feel in ourselves. This is but self-love at the bottom, whereas the affection between persons of different ages cannot well be so; the inclination of such, being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure, or voluptuousness; each being desirous for his own sake, of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit,

lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself has, or should have, less of self-love; so the friendship between them is more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to please the young one, and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments of the possibility of this. One alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate," &c.

That the friendship between Wycherley and Pope was cemented by an interchange of good offices there is every reason to believe; nor was it wholly deprived of those advantages to which Pope has so freely alluded in the foregoing passage, as may appear from the following extract from a letter of Wycherley.* "As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and sorry, for the report. In the first place glad, that it was not true; and in the next, sorry that it should give you any disturbance or concern, more than ordi-

* Feb. 28, 1707-8.

nary, for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well being in life, I think myself most eternally obliged to you; assuring your concern for either, will make me more careful of both. Yet, for your sake, I love this life so well, that I shall the less think of the other; but it is in your power to ensure my happiness in one and the other, both by your society and good example; so not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter."

The advantages which Pope derived from this intercourse were of the highest importance to him, and opened the path in which he found his early and substantial fame. At the request of their author, he undertook the correction of Wycherley's fugitive poems, in the execution of which he displayed a bold, correct, and manly style of criticism; neither servilely commending their beauties, nor sparing their defects. "I have done," says he,* "all that I thought could be of advantage to them. Some I have contracted, as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force; some I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry. The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse. You may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than sparks, lighted up by your fire." Dr. Warton has observed, that several of Pope's

* April 10, 1706.

lines, very easy to be distinguished, may be found in the posthumous editions of Wycherley's Poems; particularly in those "*on Solitude*," "*on the Public*," and "*on the mixed Life*."

The critiques and emendations of Pope were for some time received with the warmest approbation by Wycherley, who expressed his gratitude to Pope in a Copy of Verses which the latter has prefixed to his works, and which do no discredit either to him or their author; but as this task was continued for several years, and as Wycherley, from a very defective memory, the consequence of a severe illness, continued to send pieces to Pope, in which the same ideas were perpetually repeated, Pope found it necessary to apprize him of this circumstance, and accordingly, in a letter dated April 15, 1710, he says: "Upon comparison with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagined, as well as in the present volume; which, if (as you told me last) you would have me dash over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that I fear may displease you. I have every where marked in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part; but if you order me not to cross the lines, or would any way else limit my commission, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once fearful of sparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction." To this, Wycherley, on the 27th of the same month, replies:

"You give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another of that bundle you have in your hands; amongst which, you say, you find numerous repetitions of the same thoughts and subjects; all which, I must confess, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing; since, of all figures, that of tautology is the last I would use, at least forgive myself for. But seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies or books of my damned miscellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourself more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the world, in writing upon new subjects of your own; whereby you will much better entertain yourself and others." "As to what you call freedom with me (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assured I would not forgive you, unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your plainness an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation, which I shall always acknowledge with all sort of gratitude for it."

The reply of Pope to this letter, which termi-

nated his critical labours on the poems of Wycherley, and which is highly creditable to his temper and conduct, is the last of their correspondence; but it sufficiently appears, from other circumstances, that even before this time some impressions unfavourable to their friendship had been made on the mind of Wycherley, which Pope did not, however, attribute to the freedoms he had taken with his poems, but to the malice of some person, "who had not been wanting in insinuating malicious untruths of him to Mr. Wycherley." What these were, we have not been informed; but whatever they may have been, they did not extinguish in the breast of Pope his attachment to his friend, of whom he always spoke with the greatest attachment and kindness, as appears from his letters to Mr. Cromwell, in one of which he says: "Be assured that gentleman (Wycherley) shall never, by any alteration in me, discover any knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours. And I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship, more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of:

"Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores
Abstulit! ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro."

From this it appears, that Pope, in his acquaintance with Wycherley, acted throughout the part of a sincere and constant friend; having not only criticized the poems submitted to him with freedom and judgment, but having thereby rendered the author an essential service, of which he seems to have been truly sensible. When some degree of jealousy or distrust appears to have been excited between them, Pope still conducts himself as a person conscious of his own integrity, and still retaining the most friendly attachment, as is evinced by his continuing to visit Wycherley occasionally to the time of his death, in December, 1715, and by the manner in which he always spoke of him afterwards. Yet, upon this connexion, the last editor of Pope has thought proper to remark, that "the whole transaction brings to our recollection the character and language of *Trissotin*, in the inimitable comedy of Molière, the *Femmes Savantes!*"*

The literary connexions of Pope now began rapidly to extend, and with them the number of his correspondents. Early in the year 1705, Mr. Wycherley had sent a copy of the Pastorals to Mr. Walsh,† who had distinguished himself as the author of several poems, and in the opinion of Dryden was the best critic of his time. In his reply,

* Bowles's Pope, vol. vii. p. 57.

† William Walsh, Esq. of Abberley, in Worcestershire, Gentleman of the Horse in Queen Anne's reign.

dated April 20, 1705, that gentleman expresses a most favourable opinion of these early productions. "I have read them over several times," says he, "with great satisfaction. The preface is very judicious and very learned, and the verses very tender and easy. The author seems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my house, I shall be very glad to read the verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can do well in this letter."

This attention on the part of Mr. Walsh led, as might be expected, to an immediate interview between him and Pope, which terminated in their mutual esteem and friendship, and Pope spent a good part of the summer of 1705 with Mr. Walsh, at his seat at Abberley.* A correspondence afterwards took place between them, which is in many respects highly interesting. From this, Walsh appears to have been a general and elegant scholar, and to have been well acquainted with the Italian

* Spence's Anec. p. 20. Malone's ed.

poets. So particularly delighted was he with their numerous authors of Pastoral Comedy, that he recommended to Pope to write an English one on the same model. The answer of Pope is a masterpiece of just criticism, and displays, even at that early age, the rare faculty of a sound and discriminating judgment. "I have not attempted," says he, "any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects and in all places, not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit; insomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as from the lowest; and forbid it to the epic no less than to the pastoral." A still more decisive instance of the proficiency which Pope had made in his studies, and particularly in the niceties of English versification, may be found in another letter to Mr. Walsh, of the 22d October, 1706, which contains many observations never before made on that subject, and may be considered in some respects as the prototype of the Essay on Criticism. This is the last letter that appears in their correspondence,* Mr. Walsh having died in 1708, at

* It seems probable that Pope paid a second visit to Mr. Walsh in the summer of 1707, as a letter of Walsh appears of the

forty-nine years of age. That the society and correspondence of Walsh were of essential service to Pope, not only by encouraging him to persevere in the studies to which he was devoted, but by suggesting to him many valuable observations, may sufficiently appear from the beautiful lines in which Pope has celebrated his memory, at the close of his Essay on Criticism:

> "Such late was Walsh, the Muses' judge and friend,
> Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
> To failings mild, but jealous for desert,
> The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
> —This humble praise, lamented shade, receive,
> This praise, at least, a grateful Muse may give;
> The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
> Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
> Her guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
> But in low murmurs short excursions tries."

The year 1706 appears to have been passed by Pope in leisure and tranquillity under his paternal roof at Binfield; but although this period affords but few memorials either of his occupations or correspondence, it is sufficiently apparent that he availed himself of this opportunity for extending his knowledge, improving his taste, and exercising his intellectual powers. "Whenever," says he, "in my rambles through the poets, I met with a passage or story that pleased me more than ordinary, I used to endeavour to imitate it, or trans-

21st July of that year, in which he says he expects to see him before the end of the month, and waits his commands to send a coach and horses for him to Worcester.

late it into English; and this was the cause of my Imitations, published so long after." These *Imitations*, so well known to his readers, some of which were written as early as fourteen, or fifteen years of age, exhibit a surprising specimen not only of the quickness of his apprehension and the susceptibility of his mind, but of his powers of expression, and of the readiness with which he could, as it were, think in the manner and style of other writers. The authors thus imitated were Chaucer, Spenser, Waller, Cowley, the Earl of Rochester, the Earl of Dorset, and Dr. Swift. Of these Dr. Warton conceives that "those of Waller and Cowley are the best;" but that "in his imitation of Rochester he discovers a fund of good sense and just observation on vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a person so extremely young as he was at the time of composing it."

To nearly the same period of his life we may also refer his versification, or rather imitation of Chaucer's *January and May*, which he has himself informed us was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age; and this was followed shortly afterwards by the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*. These pieces are executed with a degree of freedom, ease, and spirit, and at the same time with a judgment and delicacy, which not only far exceed what might have been expected from so young a writer, but which leave nothing to be wished for in the mind of the reader. The humour of Chaucer is

transfused into the lines of Pope, almost without suffering any evaporation.

Dr. Johnson informs us, that "Pope having declared himself a poet, and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began, at seventeen, to frequent Will's coffee-house, on the north side of Russell-street, in Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside." This, however, could only have been on Pope's occasional visits to London; although it is not improbable, that as he advanced in years and in reputation, these visits were more frequent. It was probably on one of these occasions that he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Henry Cromwell, a gentleman, who to a strong disposition towards gallantry and fashionable life, united some share of learning and a taste for polite literature. Of Cromwell, Johnson could only discover, "that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig;" to which important information the last editor of Pope has added a line from Gay, which characteristically describes him as—

"Honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,"

and remarks, "that he was an old beau, very ambitious of being thought a successful gallant and general favourite with the ladies—a man of singularity—a quaint compound of the beau and the pedant." He also observes, that "Pope early

caught the manners of his tutor, and something of his affectation, particularly in regard to the ladies, of whose acquaintance Cromwell was superlatively vain." If, however, we examine the correspondence which soon afterwards took place between Cromwell and Pope, we shall find, that although there are some occasional references to what may be called subjects of gallantry, and a few letters which ought to have been suppressed, from the consideration of their having been written confidentially, at so early a period of life, yet the general purport of the correspondence is literary discussion and criticism; and it cannot be denied that the letters contain many excellent remarks on a variety of subjects highly interesting to every reader of taste. It may also be observed, that Cromwell was the first of Pope's correspondents, to whom he could write on terms of freedom and equality; on which account his letters will be found to furnish some traits of his temper and character, and some account of his studies and occupations, not to be derived from any other quarter. That he was gratified by the society he met with in the metropolis, and that he now enlarged his knowledge of the world by participating in its society and amusements, is certain; yet it does not appear that this in any degree diminished his attachment to the country, or prevented his returning to his retirement at Binfield, with those feelings which are incident to a mind conscious of

its own resources. In a letter to Mr. Cromwell, of the 18th March, 1708, he says: "I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it; for I do not know one thing for which I can envy London but for your continuing there."——"If you have any curiosity to know how I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same. It has the same business, which is poetry, and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier."

Whilst Pope was engaged in his Imitations of the English Poets—an employment which, without the effort of original composition, accustomed him to every nicety and refinement of language, and every variety of expression, he still continued to study the principles of the art to which he had devoted himself; and by the perusal of Quintilian, who is said to have been "an old favourite author with him," and the aid of the critical works of Rapin and Bossu, prepared himself for the greater task which had for some time employed his thoughts, and which he now accomplished in such a manner as to establish his character for solidity of judg-

ment and critical taste, no less than he had before done for poetical powers and lively imagination. If we may rely on Ruffhead, the Essay on Criticism was written before he had attained his twentieth year, but in the title of the printed copies it is said to have been written in 1709, at which time Pope was twenty-one years of age.* It is however not improbable that he had meditated this work for several years, and that some part of it had even been seen by Walsh, who died in 1708.† He is said to have laid the plan, and digested all the matter in prose, and then to have turned it into verse with great rapidity.‡ His general rule in composition was to write freely, and to correct with deliberation; and in the two years during which this poem lay by him before publication, it probably received great improvement; nor would it even then have been given to the public had not the solicitations of his friends overpowered that reluctance, which was occasioned by an apprehension lest he should offer to them any thing that might be unworthy of their acceptance.

But, although none of the writings of Pope

* Mr. Bowles informs us, in his Life of Pope, p. 27, that Pope "wrote the Essay on Criticism at the age of *nineteen;* but in the ensuing page he says, "it was written in 1709."

† In Spence's Anecdotes, Pope says, "he shewed Mr. Walsh his Essay on Criticism in 1706. *Malone's ed.* p. 20.—But at p. 15, he says, "my Essay on Criticism was written in 1709, and published in 1711; which is as little a time as ever I let any thing of mine lie by me."

‡ Ruffhead, p. 67.

had as yet been published, his Pastorals had been known and admired for some time, and had already introduced him to the acquaintance of many of the most distinguished persons of the age, among whom were George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Garth, Mr. Congreve, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and many others. By their recommendation he was at length induced to appear in the character of an author. This determination was probably confirmed by an application from Tonson the bookseller, who was then collecting a Miscellany, and was desirous of ornamenting it with pieces which had already obtained such great celebrity.* The Pastorals accordingly made their appearance in the sixth volume of Tonson's Miscellanies in 1709, which opened with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of Pope. The principal inducement of Pope to prefer this mode, to that of printing them in a separate publication, seems to have been, that they might be less obnoxious to the severity of criticism. On the 1st of November,

* The following is the letter written by Tonson to Pope on this occasion:

"Sir,

"I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hand, which is extremely fine, and is approved by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir, &c."

1708, he writes to Cromwell: "But now I talk of these critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you should congratulate with me. It is, that beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been most mercifully reprieved by the sovereign power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public punishment; and respited from time to time from the hands of those barbarous executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens that guilty poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaimed, deliver themselves into the hands of justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their disadvantage, and not out of any ambition to spread their fame by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of short continuance. That poet were a happy man that could but obtain a grant to preserve his for ninety-nine years; for those names rarely last so many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonson's, or in the ordinary of Newgate's Miscellanies."

Besides the Pastorals, this volume of Miscellanies contained some others of Pope's early works, amongst which were versions of some parts of Homer and of Chaucer. The reception of these pieces by the public at large, confirmed the opinion that had been given of them by his friends. "I must thank you," says Wycherley, "for a volume of your Miscellanies, which Tonson sent me, I suppose by your order; and all I can tell you of

it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the public than *your part of it*. You have only displeased the critics, by pleasing them too well; having not left them a word to say for themselves against you and your performances; so that now your hand is in, you must persevere till my prophecies of you be fulfilled. In earnest, all the best judges of good sense or poetry are admirers of yours, and like your part of the book so well, that the rest is liked the worse." This information given by Wycherley as a matter of fact, and not of opinion, must have contributed to allay the anxiety and to gratify the feelings of a youthful poet, on his first publication. Pope, in his reply, whilst he declines the commendation bestowed on him, evinces by his sprightliness and his wit, the satisfaction he felt on this occasion. "I am glad," says he, "you received the Miscellany, if it were only to shew you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your servant. As to the success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you was pleased to say of me to the world; which you do well to call your prophecy, since whatever is said in my favour must be a prediction of things *that are not yet*. You, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than I ever can perform. My pastoral Muse, like other country girls, is but put out of countenance by what you courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young scribbler's vanity needs no recruits from

abroad; for nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly takes care to supply her sons with as much of their own as is necessary to their satisfaction. If my verses should meet with a few flying commendations, Virgil has taught me that a young author has not too much reason to be pleased with them, when he considers that the natural consequence of praise is envy and calumny:

> "—— si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

In this anticipation of the vexations which an author is doomed to experience, and perhaps the more so, because he is successful, Pope was not mistaken; and these were aggravated in no small degree by a spirit of political party, which at this period existed in the country, and not only extended itself into every department of literature, but influenced, in a very particular manner, the circumstances, the conduct, the friendships, and the writings of Pope.

CHAP. II.

1710——1713.

STATE of political parties—Establishment of the Tory administration — Swift's political pamphlets — Kit-Kat Club—October Club—Tatlers and Spectators—Pope's illness in London—He finishes his translation of STATIUS *—Publishes his* ESSAY ON CRITICISM*—Remarks upon it by Dennis and others—Commended by Addison—*WINDSOR FOREST—RAPE OF THE LOCK; *Dennis abuses it—*KEY TO THE LOCK*—Pope's acquaintance with Steele and Addison—Supposed jealousy between Addison and Pope —Correspondence between Pope and Steele—*THE MESSIAH*—Translation of* VERSES BY THE EMPEROR ADRIAN *—The* DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL—ODE FOR MUSIC —TEMPLE OF FAME—ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY*—Pope's* PROLOGUE TO CATO— NARRATIVE OF THE FRENZY OF JOHN DENNIS*—Conduct of Addison, and Remarks thereon—Pope's acquaintance with Gay—Quarrel between Pope and Ambrose Philips, and remarks—Pope's early acquaintance with the two Miss Blounts.*

CHAP. II.

ALTHOUGH upwards of twenty years had now elapsed, since the liberties of the country had been successfully asserted and secured by the Revolution, yet the nation was by no means restored to a state of internal tranquillity. The friends and promoters of that great measure had, indeed, during the life of King William, maintained an ascendancy in the councils of the country; they had been strengthened after his death by the accession of some of the more moderate Tories, and particularly of Godolphin and Marlborough, by whose powerful co-operation they had carried on a successful war, in which the ambition of the French monarch had been humbled, and this kingdom raised to its highest degree of credit and of glory; yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, a powerful party still remained, which, although they who composed it acted upon principles and with views very different from each other, was firmly united in opposition to the existing administration. Amongst these were many who adhered both in politics and religion to the cause of the Stuarts, and who maintained by their agents a secret correspondence, and constant intercourse with that family. Another portion consisted of such as professed themselves adherents to the Church of England,

but who having adopted the ideas of divine right, and the indefeasible claims of sovereigns, endeavoured to effect the restoration of the Stuarts, vainly flattering themselves that religious liberty was compatible with political servitude; whilst a third party, including a great portion of the country gentlemen, averse to the war, which, as they contended, had impoverished the country and aggrandized our allies, united its efforts with those from whom in other respects it was so widely separated. To this it must be added, that Queen Anne, although a sincere Protestant, was actuated by high monarchical principles, and perhaps was justly suspected not to be indisposed towards any efforts, which might be likely, eventually, to restore the line of succession in the individuals of her own more immediate family.

Although this opposition had exerted itself for several years to overthrow the administration, it was not till 1710, that its leaders were enabled to accomplish their purpose. The ability and patriotism of Somers and of Halifax, the integrity and industry of Godolphin, and even the victories and successful negociations of the immortal Marlborough, were insufficient to form a barrier against the attack of their opponents; who having gained an ascendancy with the queen, and excited amongst the people a distrust of ministers, and an aversion to the continuance of the war, accomplished their object, and in the month of October, in the last

mentioned year, succeeded to the direction of public affairs.

Of the manner in which this great change was effected, we have a most extraordinary and particular account by a person who acted a very important part in its completion, and will frequently appear in the course of our narrative. This was the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, who was born in the year 1667, and was consequently upwards of twenty years older than Pope. He had already distinguished himself by several of his most celebrated works, and in particular by his History of the Civil Discords of Athens and Rome, intended to serve the cause of his political friends, when called in question for their conduct in the Partition Treaty in 1701. At that period Swift avowed himself a Whig, although a high-churchman in principle; but circumstances occurred at this period, which induced him to attach himself to the opposite party, of which he became the most decided and efficient champion.

About the time this great change in the administration took place, Swift made an excursion to England, where he was already well known to Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Pembroke, and other persons of rank, as well as to Steele, Addison, Philips, and the other literary characters of the time. His ostensible object was to solicit the remission of the first-fruits and tenths in Ireland, to which office he had been appointed by the eler-

gy of that kingdom, in conjunction with the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe; but it appears pretty evidently from his own writings, that a principal motive of his journey was the expectation of obtaining preferment. He arrived in London in September, 1710, when the influence of the Whig ministry was manifestly on the decline, and with them, under such circumstances, he appears to have taken little pains to maintain a friendly intercourse. This indifference was on his part soon converted into hostility, as a cause for which, he alleged the neglect with which he had so long been treated, and before a month had elapsed he had formed an intimate acquaintance with Harley and St. John (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke); who after having been excluded from the administration of which they had for a time formed a part, had now obtained a decided superiority, and were delighted to find in their former opponent, an associate no less qualified by his abilities, than inclined by his resentment, to espouse their cause. The pamphlets which Swift produced on this occasion were written in the strength of his talents, and were as close and argumentative in their matter, as they were keen and sarcastic in their manner, towards his former friends. The characters of Lord Somers, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Sunderland, Lord Wharton, Lord Cowper, and the Earl of Nottingham, are portraits in which truth and fiction are so artfully mingled as to present a more

disgusting picture than even falsehood itself could have produced. If however we wish to obtain an intimate acquaintance with the secret springs and causes of one of the most important political events that has occurred in the history of our country, we must have recourse to his *Journal to Stella;* the most extraordinary instance of egotism, ability, shrewdness, and humour, that ever was offered to the surprise, the information, and the amusement of mankind.

During the continuance of the Whig administration, an association, or society, had been formed, consisting of noblemen and gentlemen of rank, who were zealously attached to the Protestant succession, which was known by the name of the Kit-Kat Club, from a person named Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, at whose house in Shire-lane they met and dined together. Amongst the members were the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston, Lords Halifax and Somers, Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Mainwaring, Pulteney, and many other persons distinguished as well by their talents as their rank.* The objects of the society were not confined to politics, but

* Of this society, Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was secretary, and employed Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint for him the portraits of the members, of a size which admitted of representing the hands, and which has since been called the Kit-Kat size.

extended to subjects of literature, and it is recorded that on one occasion a sum of 400 guineas was subscribed for the encouragement of good comedies.

This club, which continued its meetings after the change in administration had taken place, seems to have given rise to an opposition club, which was established between Swift and the principal members of the new administration, under the name of the October club, alluding to the month in which the great alteration in the ministry took place. Although rather of a political than of a literary nature, this society was composed of several persons of rank and ability, who were looked up to as some of the principal patrons of the taste and literature of the times. Amongst its members were Harley, Lord Treasurer and Earl of Oxford, St. John Lord Bolingbroke, Secretary of State, Mr. afterwards Lord Masham, Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurst, Dr. Arbuthnot, Swift, and other persons of rank and celebrity.

In this society, the members of which always addressed each other by the name of brothers, Swift seems to have enjoyed himself at his ease, and to have exercised great authority in the rejection or admission of its members. Here all new publications, whether of a political or literary kind, were generally brought and discussed, and the countenance and encouragement of the society was liberally afforded to all such persons of ability as en-

deavoured by their writings to promote the political views of the members, and opposed themselves to the numerous and powerful band of writers, who still continued to advocate, with undiminished zeal, the principles of the Revolution, and the cause of civil and religious liberty.

The members and advocates of the new administration were indeed as loud in their professions of attachment to the liberties of their country and the succession of the House of Brunswick, as the Whigs themselves; and affected, in many instances, to keep up that friendly intercourse which had formerly subsisted between them. To these impressions Swift appears not to have been insensible; and if we may credit his own testimony, he conducted himself not only with forbearance but with kindness towards the Whigs. In his Journal to Stella, he says: "I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendation. I set Addison so right at first that he might have been employed, and I have partly secured him the place

he has; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man."

But whatever might be the animosity or the attachment of the eminent literary characters of the age towards each other, certain it is, that the political struggles of the times did not prevent or impede that rapid progress towards improvement which was then taking place, and which shortly afterwards arrived at its highest degree of elevation. Whether this is to be attributed to the rivalship between the different parties in genius as well as in politics, or merely to the additional vigour which the human faculties derive from being exercised in the transactions of public life, may perhaps be doubted, but the effect produced upon the character of the age is apparent and indisputable. Were we curiously to inquire to which of the two contending parties we are most indebted for so great an accession to our national literature, we might perhaps be allowed to give the precedency to the Whigs; but this by no means proves, that if political circumstances had been reversed, their opponents might not have had the pre-eminence. Suddenly divested of those public situations which had occupied their talents and their time, the literary adherents to the principles of the Revolution, neither overwhelmed nor disheartened by the change which had taken place, applied their abilities towards new objects, and looking beyond the temporary struggles of the day, produced works which were destined to direct the taste and

influence the literature and the manners of future ages; whilst the high or Tory party, now in full possession of office and power, were sufficiently employed in their new occupations, or if they devoted any portion of their time to literary efforts, it was only for the purpose of securing the authority they had obtained, and repelling those attacks, which, from the known talents of their opponents, they could never cease to dread. Thus whilst Bolingbroke, Swift, and Prior, were principally known as political writers and party pamphleteers, Steele, Garth, Addison, Rowe, Tickel, Congreve, Vanburgh, and several others, eagerly engaged in different branches of literature, and have enabled us to enjoy the benefits of their labours to the present day. One of the first of their efforts was the establishment of the paper entitled *The Tatler*, which was commenced early in 1709, and which is thus noticed by Wycherley, in his letter to Pope of the 17th of May in that year: "Hitherto your Miscellanies have run the gauntlet through all the coffee-houses; which are now entertained with a whimsical new newspaper called *The Tatler*, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the peace, which now (most people say) is drawing to such a conclusion as all Europe is, or must be satisfied with," &c.—This paper, which at first united some portions of the political news of the day with other subjects, was succeeded by

those yet more celebrated productions the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*, from which all political discussions were sedulously excluded, and which from the temper and spirit with which they were conducted, have contributed more perhaps than any other works in the English language, to soften the animosities, correct the judgment, improve the manners, and refine the taste of the age in which they were produced.

With most of the eminent persons of both parties, who thus distinguished themselves in the political and literary world, Pope either had already, or soon afterwards formed, connexions of intimacy and friendship. In the early part of 1710 he had visited London, where he experienced a dangerous illness, from which he did not fully recover till some time after his return into the country. Mr. Cromwell had jocularly promised to write an elegy upon him, to which Pope adverts in a letter from Binfield (May 17, 1710), which sufficiently shews that he was then free from any alarming apprehensions: "I should at least have expected you to have finished that elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in London. If you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure."—"In my present living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblitusque meo-*

rum, obliviscendus et illis, but that unluckily I cannot forget my friends and the civilities I received from yourself and some others."—"I am indeed, it must be owned, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damned author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a useless member of the commonwealth." Notwithstanding, however, these lively asseverations of his own non-existence, it is certain his time was closely occupied in his favourite, or rather his sole pursuit, that of cultivating his poetical talents, and rendering the works he had already written still more worthy of public approbation. Amongst these was his early translation of the *Thebais* of Statius, to which he now gave the finishing touches and corrections; at the same time submitting his manuscript to Mr. Cromwell, who made some just remarks upon it, of which Pope availed himself.

Pope was now nearly approaching the highest elevation of his poetical powers, and entering on the career, which placed him, for so long a course of years, at the head of all his contemporaries. The year 1711 was a period of great exertion. He now published his *Essay on Criticism*. To this he was earnestly excited by his friend Sir William Trumbull, who, to some hesitation expressed by Pope on this head, replies: "All I can say is, that if your excess of modesty should hinder you from publishing the Essay, I shall only be sorry I have

no more credit with you to persuade you to oblige the public." Pope did not affix his name to the work, and it has been said that the copies went off very slowly, till Pope, after nearly a month's publication, went to the shop of the bookseller, and in despair tied up a number of the poems, which he addressed to several who had a reputation in town as judges of poetry; that the scheme succeeded, and the poem having reached its proper circle, soon got into request.*

This information cannot however be received without some degree of hesitation. In a letter from Pope to his friend Mr. Craggs (July 19, 1711), speaking of a second edition, he says: "This I think the book will not so soon arrive at, for *Tonson*'s printer told me he drew off a thousand copies in his first impression;" from which it would appear that the Essay was originally printed for Tonson, and that the impression in the same year by Lewis was a subsequent publication.† At all events, it

* This information Mr. D'Israeli had from a descendant of the bookseller, *v. Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 145; and the same circumstance is related by Dr. Warton in his Life of Pope, from the information of old Mr. Lewis himself; with the additional circumstance that twenty copies were so sent, two of which were addressed to Lord Lansdown and the Duke of Buckingham, and in consequence of these presents, and his name being known, the book began to be called for.

† Printed for W. Lewis, in Russell-street, Covent Garden; and sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship, in Paternoster Row; T. Osborne, in Gray's Inn, near the Walks; and J. Graves, in St. James's-street. 1711. Small 4to.

is certain that a fourth edition, accompanied with extracts from Cicero, Quintilian, &c. was published in 1713, two years only after the first appearance of the work.*

In this poem Pope has inserted some lines, describing an angry critic:

> "But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

These lines are acknowledged to have had a reference to John Dennis, author of several dramatic pieces and miscellaneous poems, but better known to the present day by his criticisms on the works of others than by his own. It is said by Ayre, that Dennis, on the 27th March, finding on Lintot's counter, a book called an *Essay on Criticism*, then published, read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these lines:

> "*Some* have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
> Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last;"

he threw down the book in a great rage, and exclaimed,—He means me, by G—."

Dennis, accordingly, lost no time in preparing a violent attack upon the work, which Dr. Johnson has been at the trouble of analyzing in his Life of Pope, and has pointed out some passages in the Essay which he thinks have been justly criticized; but the work of Dennis is so extravagant in its assertions, so revolting in its abuse, and so con-

* Printed for W. Lewis, Russell-street, Covent Garden. 1713. 12mo.

temptible in its manner and style, as to deprive it of all right to serious consideration, and to render it disgraceful only to the author.*

Before these remarks were published, Dennis sent a copy of them to Lintot, by whom they were shewn to Pope, who transmitted them to his friend, the Hon. James Craggs, with some remarks thereon, accompanied by a letter dated June 15, 1711, which will shew with what kind of feelings Pope perused these observations of his earliest critic. "I send you," says he, "Dennis's remarks on the Essay, which equally abound in *just criticisms* and *fine railleries*. The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion, that such a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but *one way* to be properly answered;

* The following may serve as a sufficient specimen:

"His precepts are false, or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd; his numbers harsh and unmusical, without cadence or variety; his rhymes trivial and common. Instead of majesty, we have something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion."

He thus characterizes the author of the Essay: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, affability, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he upbraids them with some defect, which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's, &c."

and that way I would not take, after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by fortune. This I knew not before. If I had, his name had been spared in the Essay for that only reason. I cannot conceive what ground he had for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how those three lines can be called a reflection on his person, which only describe him subject to a little anger on some occasions." "Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reason, and I will alter them in case of another edition. I will make my enemy do me a kindness where he meant me an injury, and so serve instead of a friend."*

In this Essay are contained the following lines:

"A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun."

Which appear to have been objected to by a certain Abbé, (who in other respects was an admirer of the work,) as not being founded on historical fact. From this critique Pope in his last mentioned letter thus attempts his vindication: "The

* The passage referred to was probably the following, which in the first edition stood thus:

"What is this wit?——
Where *wanted* scorn'd, and envied *where acquired*."

"How," says Dennis, "can wit be scorned where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person who *wants* this wit may indeed be scorned; but the *scorn* shews the honour which the contemner has for wit."

In the second edition the last line stands thus:

"The more we give, the more is still required."

only difference between us, in relation to the monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourished among them, and I am of opinion that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by them. He believes that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line, "*A second deluge, &c.*" will be understood of learning in general; and I fancy it will be understood only as it is meant, of polite learning, criticism, poetry, &c.; which is the only learning concerned in the subject of the Essay. It is true that the monks did preserve what learning there was about Nicholas the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depths of barbarism, or at least stood at a stay, whilst others rose from thence; insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbé's zeal in my commendation, and goodness in not concealing what he thinks my error; and his testifying some esteem for the book, just at a time when his brethren raised a clamour against it, is an instance of great generosity and candour, which I shall ever acknowledge."

Notwithstanding these observations, we may very safely conclude that the Abbé was right in his remark: for surely classical learning had begun to revive long before the time of Nicholas V. Nor did any "*second deluge*" of ignorance take place after that period. It therefore cannot be said that those who succeeded fell again into the depths of barbarism. On the contrary, a constant series of

learned men fill up the interval between that period and the time of Leo X., most of whom were ecclesiastics, and these were immediately succeeded by Bembo, Sadoleti, Vida, Casa, Guidiccioni, and many others, who in the purity of their Latin style were not inferior to either of their celebrated contemporaries, Erasmus and Reuchlin; and perhaps in polite learning, criticism, and poetry, "the only learning concerned in the Essay," were their superiors.

The slight and unimportant censures which this Essay incurred, were however amply repaid by the admiration and applause with which it was received by all the acknowledged judges of poetry and true criticism. Amongst the rest, Mr. Addison mentioned it in a paper in the Spectator,* in such a manner as was likely to render it an object of public curiosity, although he asserts that it contains some strokes of ill-nature; an observation which, as might be expected, gave Pope some displeasure. "The Art of Criticism," says Addison, "which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them *uncommon*; but such as the reader must assent to when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity with which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most re-

* No. 258.

ceived, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity." Commendation of such a kind, from such a quarter, undoubtedly contributed towards the success of the work; which was translated into French verse by General Count Hamilton, author of the *Life of the Comte de Grammont*; a circumstance with which Pope was so highly gratified, that he addressed to him a letter, expressing his satisfaction, and highly commending the translation.*

The objections of the Abbé to the Essay on Criticism had been chiefly confined to subjects of literature; but there were others of the author's own profession of faith, who conceived that in praising Erasmus, and depreciating the labours of the monks, he had manifested a disregard to the character and interests of the Roman church, and a partiality and indulgence towards heretics, inconsistent with its doctrines. To this charge he also found it necessary to reply; and the sentiments expressed by him on this subject, whilst they serve to display the candour and moderation of his religious opinions, may also demonstrate how early he had adopted those principles, by which he was invariably actuated throughout his life, and to which it will be necessary hereafter more particularly to refer.

In a letter to Mr. Craggs, who appears to have

* Vide vol. viii. p. 259.

taken an earnest part in his favour on this occasion, he says: "The concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy Vandals have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter, and of setting before you in a clear light the true state of it.

"I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

"Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves, invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a *salvo*, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics) than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our church, we must again subdivide. The Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

"There may be errors, I grant, but I cannot think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind, the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another; therefore I own to you I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charged with; and I hoped a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary, must needs have done good in a nation and time wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

"For the same reason I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may with some reason make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries, which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise; though they are persuaded not to speak against them. I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence; for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, it is too late to hinder our church from being slandered. It is our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they

charge us with. This cannot so well be brought about with serious faces. We must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at with such as deserve it."

The publication of the Essay on Criticism was shortly afterwards followed by that of *The Rape of the Lock*, which made its appearance in the same year, in a volume of Miscellanies, without the name of the author. As Pope has himself left an account of the motives which led to this undertaking, it may be proper to give it in his own words, as related by Mr. Spence.* "The stealing of Miss Bell Fermor's hair was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in friendship before. A common acquaintance, and well wisher to both, desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was with this view that I wrote the Rape of the Lock, which was well received, and had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir George Brown was angry, and he was a good deal so, and for a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. Copies of the poem got about, and it was like to be printed; on which I published the first draught of it, (without the machinery,) in a Miscellany of *Tonson*'s. The machinery was added afterwards, to make it look a little more considerable, and the scheme of adding it was approved by several of

* Spence's Anec. p. 194. Singer's ed.

my friends, and particularly by Dr. Garth: who, as he was one of the best natured men in the world, was very fond of it." Thus trivial were the circumstances which gave rise to one of the most celebrated poems in the English language; and thus unostentatiously did Pope refer to one of his early productions, which contributed, more perhaps than any other, to raise him to that poetical eminence which he has ever since enjoyed.

The foregoing passage gives us also reason to presume that Pope had at this time formed an acquaintance with some of the most distinguished literary characters of the time; although, if we except Mr. Craggs, no letters appear to them, in his correspondence, of so early a date. The common acquaintance and well wisher to both families, at whose request Pope had written the poem, was Mr. Caryl, a gentleman of good family, who had been secretary to Queen Mary, the wife of James II., and was author of the comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations printed in Dryden's Miscellanies.

About this period also commenced Pope's acquaintance with Addison, who was born in the year 1672, and was now in the height of his reputation. Steele was undoubtedly the person who introduced them to each other. In a letter of the 20th Jan. 1711-12, he says to Pope: "I have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with

great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your Essay (on Criticism), I have no pretence to. It was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with; which is the best return I can make to you for your favour." Steele was as good as his word; and Pope himself informs us that his acquaintance with Addison began in 1712;* adding: "I liked him then as well as any man, and was very fond of his conversation." That they continued for some time on an amicable footing is apparent, as well from their correspondence as from many instances of civility and friendship; yet if we are to give implicit credit to the information of Warburton, it was not long before the seeds of jealousy were sown between them. After observing that their friendship began in 1713, and that it was cultivated on both sides with all the marks of a mutual esteem, and a constant intercourse of good offices, Warburton adds: "Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation and superior genius in poetry gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy, and then it was that he encouraged Philips and others in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and under an affected care for the government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust." "But," adds he, "his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself first to Mr. Pope, and not long after to all the world.

* Spence's Anec. p. 195. Singer's ed.

The *Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air, which was done by advancing it into a *mock epic poem.* In order to this it was to have its machinery; which by the happiest invention he took from the *Rosicrucian system.* Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison, who he imagined would be equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly, and even to *advise him against any alteration;* for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and as he expressed it, *merum sal.* Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend, and *then first began to open his eyes to his character.*"

Thus far the account of Warburton; which seems to have been received by the world as a decisive proof of Addison's duplicity, and even to be considered as such by a judicious critic of the present day, whose inquiries have thrown new light on this subject.* It must however be observed, that Pope himself has on no occasion countenanced such an opinion of the treachery of his friend. The poem had been greatly admired, and Addison might be fully justified in supposing that any alteration would be more likely to injure than to improve it. Under this idea he might have given

* See Mr. D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 239.

the opinion before referred to; but that Pope discovered in this opinion the envy and malignity of Addison, is wholly inconsistent with the kindness and interchange of good offices that for some time afterwards continued to subsist between them.

The publication of the Rape of the Lock, with the addition of the machinery, excited again the animadversions of Dennis, who in a series of letters addressed to a friend, entered upon a professed critique of the poem; in which, after comparing it with the *Lutrin* of Boileau, he declares that "the *Rape of the Lock* is a very empty trifle, without any solidity, or sensible meaning; whereas the *Lutrin* is only a trifle in appearance, but under that appearance carries a very grave and important instruction." These Letters, although dated May, 1714,* were not published till the Dunciad made its appearance, in 1728, having, as the author declares in his preface, been kept back "*in terrorem*; which had so good an effect, that he (Pope) endeavoured for a time to counterfeit humility and repentance; and about that time," says Dennis, "I received a letter from him, which I have still by me, in which he acknowledged his offences

* I have not been able to discover any edition of the Rape of the Lock from the year 1711 till it was republished, with the additions, in 1714, by Bernard Lintot, in 8vo., with figures after Du Guernier, and vignettes. The date of the Letter from Pope to Martha Blount, May 25, 1712, (*v.* vol. viii. p. 387,) accompanying the second impression, is therefore probably erroneous, and should be May 25, 1714.

past, and expressed an hypocritical sorrow for them."*

The improved edition of the Rape of the Lock made its appearance at a time when party animosities were at their height, and suspicions were entertained that deep designs and conspiracies were concealed under the veil of literary productions. This induced Pope to write a *Key to the Lock*, in which he ridicules the popular feeling, by pretending to demonstrate that the poem is intended "to spread Popish doctrines, and cover designs detrimental to the public." With this view he supposes that *Belinda* represents Great Britain; *the Baron* who cuts off the Lock, or barrier treaty, the Earl of Oxford; *Clarissa*, who lent the scissars, my Lady Masham; *Thalestris*, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the Lock, or barrier treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough; and *Sir Plume*, Prince Eugene. This idea he has supported with considerable humour, and concludes with desiring the reader to compare this *key* with those upon any other pieces which are supposed to be secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern, as upon *Petronius Arbiter*, *Lucian's True History*, *Barclay's Argenis*, or *Rabelais' Gargantua*; "when," says he, "I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge that the explanations here laid down are de-

* How far the Letter of Pope bears out this assertion, may be seen by reference to it in the present edition, vol. viii. p. 568.

duced as naturally, and with as little force, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars, and are every way as consistent and undeniable, as any of these; and every way as candid as any modern interpretations of either party on the mysterious State treatises of our times."*

The acquaintance between Pope and Steele had, as we have seen, commenced a short time prior to that of Pope and Addison. Steele stood high in the literary world, as well by his own productions as by the publications of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, to which he had himself materially contributed. Pope entertained a very favourable opinion of Steele, who though careless and irregular in his conduct, was generous and sincere; capable of warm attachments, and is acknowledged to have had at least "a love and reverence of virtue." Of all his correspondents, Pope seems to have selected Steele at this period as the person to whom he confided his thoughts and feelings, and on whose judgment he relied for an impartial opinion of his works. In the few letters that passed between them, Pope has recorded some striking circum-

* The piece was published in 1715, by J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane, under the title of "*A Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late Poem intitled the* RAPE OF THE LOCK, *to Religion and Government.* By EDRAS BARNIVELT, APOTH.;" and is preceded in the original edition by an Epistle dedicatory to *Mr. Pope*, not less humorous than the Treatise itself.

stances respecting himself, and exhibited some of the finest traits of his character. The infirmities of his constitution, and the results to which they gave rise, are in none of his writings more delicately touched or more feelingly expressed than in a letter to Steele of the 15th July, 1712. "You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope have received some advantage from it, if what Waller says be true, that

> 'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made.'

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependance upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life, in a gentler and smoother manner than age; it is

like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded me several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever; the flowers smell as sweet; the plants spring as green; the world will proceed in its old course; people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the book of wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day." If these reflections on the state of the author's health do not come recommended to us by any peculiar air of

novelty, it may perhaps be attributed in some degree to the repeated imitations to which they have evidently given rise, and which will readily occur to the recollection of the reader.

About this period Pope completed his Sacred Eclogue of *The Messiah,* "the most animated and sublime," says Dr. Warton, "of all our author's compositions." This piece he communicated to Steele, who appears to have been highly pleased with it. "I have turned to every verse and chapter," says he, "and think you have preserved the sublime heavenly spirit throughout the whole; especially at "*Hark, a glad voice,*" and "*The lamb with wolves shall graze.*" There is but one line which I think is below the original:

"He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes."

You have expressed it with a good and pious, but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet. "*The Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces.*" If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio."

In consequence of the foregoing criticism, Pope altered the line thus:

"From every eye he wipes off every tear,"

which perhaps can scarcely be considered as an improvement. This poem was first published in the Spectator.

Towards the end of the year 1712, Pope hap-

pening to be in company with five or six persons of some learning, a conversation took place on the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian is said to have repeated on his death-bed, which it was generally agreed was a piece of gaiety unbecoming him in those circumstances. Pope was of a different opinion; conceiving it to be a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure. In this sense he had translated the lines, which coincided much with his dispositions and feelings at this period; and he was induced to send a copy of them to Steele, accompanied by some critical remarks, which Steele inserted in the Guardian, with the name of the author, and with some observations of his own. This gave rise to a letter from Pope, in which he vindicates his opinion that the verses were intended to be serious, and not ludicrous; as the diminutives expressive of affection (which, as he observes, give a particular tenderness to the expression) sufficiently testify:

" Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!"

" Ah fleeting spirit, wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast!
Must thou no more this frame inspire,
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah, whither art thou flying?
To what dark undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more!"

A few days afterwards Steele addressed a letter to Pope:

Dec. 14, 1712.

"This is to request of you that you would please to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula Vagula* put into two or three stanzas for music. If you comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige, &c."

To which Pope replies:

"I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c."

This was followed by the lines of the dying Christian to his soul; certainly one of the most beautiful and pathetic pieces in the English language; but for some parts of which Pope undoubtedly stands indebted to his predecessor, Crashaw.

Several of the productions of Pope at this period are to be ascribed to the solicitations of Steele;* and in particular his *Ode for Music*, of which the author speaks with due diffidence in comparison with Dryden's. "Many people," says he, "would

* Steele's note, requesting his assistance, is dated July 2, 1711. Vide vol. viii. p. 181.

like my Ode on Music better, if Dryden had not written on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote mine, and not with any thought of rivalling that great man, whose memory I do, and always have reverenced."*

The *Temple of Fame*, the design of which was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*, was written in 1710, but lay by the author two years for his corrections; when he sent a copy of it to Steele, who was highly delighted with it. "I have read over," says he, (Nov. 12, 1712,) "your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiss, of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand, thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow; after his perusal, I will let you know his thoughts." The reply of Pope strongly marks his diffidence of his own productions, and the respect which he paid to the judgment of the public. "You speak of that poem in a style I neither merit nor expect; but I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties; I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourself should like it on the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take; for I was really so diffident of it, as to let it lie by me these two years, just as you see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance."

To this very active period of the life of Pope

* Spence's Anec. p. 158. Singer's ed. This Ode was first published by Lintot, in 1713, in fol.

we may with confidence also assign the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, one of the most striking productions that ever came from the pen of the author; and which forms an insurmountable obstacle to the opinion of those who contend that Pope is only a poet of a secondary rank, and that he is deficient in pathos and genius. Perhaps a greater display of both was never concentrated in so small compass as in this poem.

After all the inquiries that have been made respecting the history of this lady, it is yet but imperfectly known. It has in fact been intentionally, and for obvious reasons, concealed by the Poet under a mysterious veil, which all the efforts of his commentators have not been able to remove. The account given by Ruffhead* contains little information but what the Elegy itself supplies: that the Lady was distinguished by her rank, fortune, and beauty; that she was committed to the care of an uncle; that being crossed in her affections by her guardian, who opposed her marriage, she went abroad, where from some concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, she terminated her life by *suicide*.

So far the account of the biographer agrees with the poem; but there are other parts of it which are greatly at variance with the statements there contained. Ruffhead represents her lover as *a young gentleman of inferior degree*; but Pope evidently alludes to some person of higher rank than herself. Ruffhead says that *her guardian forced*

* Life of Pope, p. 133.

her abroad; but nothing of this kind appears in the poem; and from a letter of Pope, supposed to be addressed to this lady, it is evident that the act of quitting her country to enter into a monastery was voluntary on her part. "If you are resolved," says he, "in revenge, to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain; for even in a monastery, your devotions cannot carry you so far towards the next world as to make this lose sight of you; but that you will be like a star, that while it is fixed in heaven, shines over all the earth. Wheresoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes; and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant or more silent."*

Warton, who professes to have made many and wide inquiries on this subject, informs us that the name of the lady was *Wainsbury;* that she was as ill-shaped and deformed as our author; and that her death was not by a sword, but, what would less bear to be told poetically, she hanged herself;† circumstances all inconsistent with the poem itself, from which it appears that she was of a noble family; that she was distinguished by her beauty; and that the implement of her destruction was not a halter, but a sword.

That the journey of this lady to the continent was in compliance with her own wishes, appears

* Vide vol. viii. p. 331. † Warton's Pope, vol. i. p. 336.

still more clearly from a short correspondence which took place respecting her between Pope and his friend Craggs; who, in a letter to Pope, of the 23d May, 1712, says: "I have, since I saw you, corresponded with Mrs. W——. I hope she is now with her aunt, and that her journey thither was something facilitated by my writing to that lady as pressingly as possible, not to let any thing whatever obstruct it." The answer of Pope confirms the same idea, and at the same time shews how deeply he was interested in her fate:* "It is not only the disposition I always have of conversing with you, makes me so speedily answer your obliging letter, but the apprehension lest your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair, should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th, with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half discovered countries; utterly ignorant of the disposition of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate, of all people, are the most unfit to be left alone;† yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so; whereas if we took a considerate prospect of the world, the business and study of the happy and easy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near allies of mine

* May 18, 1712. Vide vol. viii. p. 230.

† From this passage it might be inferred, that Pope entertained some apprehension of the sad event that afterwards occurred.

for their conduct of late towards this lady, which has given me a great deal of anger, as well as sorrow. All I shall say to you of them at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months. The consent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tie than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shewn towards me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested in the case of this unhappy lady."

The reserve which Pope always maintained on this mysterious subject is still further evinced by his reluctance to answer the inquiries of his friend Mr. Caryl, who in a letter dated July 16, 1717, says: "Pray, in your next tell me who was the unfortunate Lady you address a copy of verses to? I think you once gave me her history, but it is now quite out of my head." Not receiving an answer to his question, Mr. Caryl writes again on the 18th Aug. following: "You answer not my question, who the unfortunate Lady was that you inscribe a copy of verses to in your book." As this second inquiry seems to have been as fruitless as the first, we may conclude that Pope did not choose to enter on the subject. There appears, however, in his correspondence a letter written upwards of fifteen years afterwards,* which it is probable has a relation to it; and which if we

* Sept. 2, 1732. Vide vol. viii. p. 251.

could ascertain the person to whom it was written, would enable us to discover the friends with whom she was connected, and by whom she was deserted. This letter is addressed to a Mr. C——, who Mr. Bowles thinks was probably Mr. Caryl;* but this is impossible, as we have seen that gentleman was a stranger to her history; nor could it be Mr. Craggs, who had then been dead many years.

From this letter it appears that Pope had been called upon to defend the opinion he had formerly expressed on this subject. His answer is manly and decisive, and shews that he did not shrink from the inquiry. "I assure you," says he, "I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I should have wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is, what you guess. I could not esteem your conduct to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. ——, and I have often hinted it to yourself. The truth is, I cannot *yet* esteem it, for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cause of complaint; for the unhappy Lady

* Bowles's Pope, vol. viii. p. 277.

gives me now no further pain. She is now no longer an object either of yours or my compassion. The hardships done her are lodged in the hands of God; nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concerned in occasioning them."

In the year 1713, Pope published his Windsor Forest, which was chiefly written as early as 1704, but not finished till after the peace of Utrecht, to which he has alluded in terms of high approbation at the close of the poem:

> "At length great Anna said, let discord cease!
> —She said—the world obey'd, and all was *peace*."

This public expression of his opinion on a subject of great political importance, was as disagreeable to the Whigs as it was gratifying to their opponents; who stood in need of every support to vindicate a measure which has been justly characterized as "dishonourable and infamous, and as the principal cause of the miseries that for more than a century afterwards prevailed in Europe."*

During the friendly intercourse which subsisted between them, Addison communicated to Pope the manuscript of his tragedy of Cato, and requested to have his sincere opinion of it, for which purpose he left it with him for three or four days. The answer of Pope was, "that he thought Addison had better not act it, and that he would get reputation enough by only printing it." Pope's reasons, as stated by himself to Mr. Spence,† were

* Coxe's Mem. of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. vi. p. 239.

† Spence's Anec. Singer's ed. p. 196.

that "he thought the lines were well written, but the piece not theatrical enough." This opinion was perhaps not less erroneous than that which Addison had before expressed on the additions to the Rape of the Lock; but this does not appear to have been considered by Addison as a proof of the envy or jealousy of Pope. On the contrary, he professed that "he was of the same opinion, but that some particular friends of his whom he could not disoblige, insisted on its being acted." This determination on the part of Addison was so far from giving offence to Pope, that he wrote a Prologue for the tragedy, which was no less admired than the tragedy itself. He also attended the first representation, of which he has left an account, which shews how deeply he was interested for the author. "Cato," says he,* "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another, may, the most properly in the world, be applied to him on this occasion:

"Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud him most."

"The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; whilst the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case too of the Prologue-

* To Sir Wm. Trumbull, 30 April, 1713. Vide vol. viii. p. 11.

writer, who was clapped into a staunch Whig at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator."*

This piece, which was represented for thirty-five successive nights, and was also performed at Oxford and other provincial towns, roused the resentment of Dennis, who, although a violent Whig, published a long and abusive critique upon it. This afforded Pope an opportunity of giving a further proof of the interest he took in the reputation of his friend by writing his "*Narrative of the Frenzy of J. D.*" in which, under the fictitious name of Dr. Robert Norris, he attacks Dennis in the only way in which those who disgrace a literary discussion by personal insult and scurrilous invectives, deserve to be answered; by wit, irony, and contempt. Warton informs us "that Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis;" and that "Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation, for the narrative was intended to court the favour of Addison by defending his Cato; in which seeming defence Addison was far from thinking our author sincere." Johnson says, "there is reason to believe that Addison gave no encou-

* In allusion to the Duke of Marlborough, who, it was supposed, was at that time endeavouring to obtain the appointment of General-in-chief for life.

ragement to this *disingenuous hostility*;" that "he left the pamphlet to itself, *having disowned it to Dennis*, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness." These observations appear to be founded on an expression of Addison's, alluded to in a letter of Pope, "that he thought the remarks of Dennis should be entirely neglected." But that Pope did not consider this as any striking mark of dissatisfaction with his own conduct, is apparent from his answer,* in which, after alluding to owls and obscene animals, he adds: "What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, who I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable, upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned, only by shining on. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in *that*, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, envy and calumny. To be uncensured, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any *direct* reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. But indeed your opinion, *that it is entirely to be neglected*, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I feel more warmth here, than I did when first I saw his book against myself, though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry. He has written against every thing

* July 20, 1713. Vide vol. viii. p. 195.

the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation."

But the most striking proof that Addison disapproved of the conduct of Pope on this occasion, appears in a letter written by Steele, at the request of Addison, to Lintot, the publisher of the narrative.

"MR. LINTOT, *Aug.* 4, 1713.

"Mr. Addison desired me to tell you, he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of; but when the papers above mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

"RICHARD STEELE."

It is surely very extraordinary that Addison should, at a time when Pope had given him the most decided proof of the sincerity of his attachment, and had taken a step in his defence which he had refused to take in his own, have dictated to Steele an apologetical letter, to assure Dennis that he considered the pamphlet of Pope as inconsistent with the dictates of honour and conscience;

at the same time observing, that although *he had not seen the papers* when offered to be communicated to him, he had refused to be privy to *such a treatment!** It is also not less observable that Steele, who was at this time earnestly soliciting the assistance of Pope in the Spectator, which was so highly enriched by his productions, should have been the instrument of casting such an affront upon him. Lintot, to whom the letter was addressed, must doubtless, as the publisher of Pope's narrative, have communicated the letter to him; but if Pope had been aware of this ungracious return for his services, could he have been silent on such an occasion? Yet no interruption appears to have taken place in the friendly intercourse between them. Addison interested himself with great warmth in favour of Pope's new undertaking,† and Pope "flattered himself that Addison knew him and his thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either!"‡

Amongst the early connexions of Pope, there was none in which he manifested the warmth of his affection, and the sincerity and constancy of his attachment, more fully than in that which subsisted between him and Gay. "Of all Mr. Pope's friends," says Ayre,§ "this may be said to have

* "Addison," says Mr. D'Israeli, "insulted Pope by a letter to Dennis, which Dennis eagerly published as Pope's severest condemnation. An alienation of friendship must have already taken place, but by no overt act on Pope's side." Vide *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 245.

† Addison to Pope, Oct. 26, 1713. Nov. 2, 1713.

‡ Pope to Addison, in reply. § Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 96.

been one of the most dear. He assisted him in his writings; he loved him for his truth, honour, honesty, and wit. A firmer friendship, we believe, is not possible to be contracted; disinterested, both parties equally warm, equally faithful, without interruption or accidental allay; never lessened by distance, by no difference of humour, principles, temper, or religion; about which it was agreed between them never to discourse." Gay was born at Barnstaple in 1688, and was therefore of the same age as Pope. He traced his pedigree from the ancient family of the Le Gays of Oxfordshire and Devonshire, but the decayed circumstances of his father rendered it necessary he should apply himself to business, and he was accordingly apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London. An early attachment to literary pursuits interfered with his occupation, and disgusted him with the business of a shop, and he parted from his master by mutual consent. His acquaintance with Pope commenced as early as 1711, when Gay published his Rural Sports, which he dedicated to his young friend, and which work was well received by the public. A short time afterwards he obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, an event which seems to have given great satisfaction to Pope, who says, in a letter dated Dec. 1712. "It has been my good fortune within this month past to hear more things that have pleased me than, I think, almost in all my time beside. But nothing, upon my word, has

been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself, and you are not in the least mistaken when you congratulate me upon your own good success." "I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and I hope as much of your time as your attendance on the Duchess will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now secretary to this lady, that you are likewise secretary to nine other ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too." Ayre, in his notice of Gay, has recorded a circumstance which seems to be well founded.* "He would fain have made the tour of Europe with Mr. Pope; but, besides that, he (Pope) was unable to leave his parents, his weak body could not support the fatigue; nor had he then leisure enough, or fortune equal to what such a voyage, as they must have lived at great expense, required; for discoursing of these things, their resolution, if they had gone, was to have passed the first summer in *Tuscany*, and the whole winter at *Rome*, where they would have found it time little enough to see only the choicest part of the curiosities, and converse with the learned; but as Mr. Pope could not accompany him, who was chiefly also to have borne the expense, these thoughts were turned another way." It was perhaps no less fortunate for the parties themselves, than for the world at large, that this

* Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 97.

design was relinquished; as the execution of it might have deprived us of some of the most admired productions of the age. One of these was the *Trivia* of Gay, in which he was indebted for several hints to Dr. Swift; and in some parts of which there is great reason to believe that he also derived assistance from the pen of Pope; particularly in the birth of the Shoe-boy; which, both in its spirit and language, strongly reminds us of several passages in the Dunciad.

In the month of April, 1713, there appeared in the Guardian, a series of Essays on Pastoral Poetry, written by Tickell, the intimate friend of Steele and of Addison, in which the palm of precedence amongst the English writers of Pastoral was awarded to Ambrose Philips, as the true successor of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, whose Pastorals had been first printed in the same Miscellany with those of Philips, could not but be sensible to such an attack, and the earnestness with which Steele solicited the assistance of Pope in his publication, afforded him an opportunity of repelling it in the same covert manner in which it was brought forwards. Accordingly an additional Essay appeared in the Guardian of the 17th April, as a continuation of the former papers; in which a direct comparison was instituted between the Pastorals of Philips and of Pope, and the superiority was apparently awarded to Philips, whilst the reasons stated as the grounds of such award, served

only to render the work of Philips ridiculous. This mode of criticism is carried on with singular humour, till at length the writer undertakes to shew that Philips is "the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian." With this view he pretends to have discovered among some old manuscripts, a beautiful pastoral ballad, which for its nature and simplicity may be allowed to be a perfect pastoral, and of which he gives some specimens in the Somersetshire dialect, ridiculous and ludicrous in the highest degree. These he comments on with great gravity, and concludes with observing, that he is "loth to shew his fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral;" but, "I cannot avoid," says he, "making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours."

"The irony of this paper," says Warton,* "was conducted with such delicacy and skill, that the drift of it was not at first perceived. The wits at Button's thought it to be a sarcasm on Pope's Pastorals. Steele hesitated about publishing it; but Addison immediately saw the design of it." No sooner, however, was its real character and object understood, than the resentment of Philips was roused to the highest pitch, and instead of a literary contest, he, unfortunately for himself, converted it into a personal quarrel. It was even re-

* Warton's Pope, vol. ix. p. 394.

ported* that "he procured a great rod, shewed it at Button's Coffee-house, then resorted to by all the reigning wits and poets, and had it stuck up in the public coffee-room, vowing to exercise it upon Pope whenever he should meet him there." This, however, we are informed by the same authority, was not true, but that he expressed himself with great bitterness against Pope, and abused him on every occasion is certain, as may appear by a Letter from Pope to his friend Craggs,† which contains some information both on this and other subjects too important to be passed over with a mere reference. "The question you ask," says he, "in relation to Mr. Addison and Philips, I shall answer in a few words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffee-house (as I was told) saying that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write against the Whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addison; but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, *nor ever offered me any indecorum.* Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour

* Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 87.

† June 8, 1714. Vol. viii. p. 234.

to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the *Hanover Club*, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equal, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the subject of their ridicule on their secretary. It is to this management of Philips that the world owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals." In fact the supposed specimens of an ancient British Poet, were extracted from one of these Pastorals of Gay, which were undoubtedly written for the purpose of throwing ridicule on those of Philips, but which contained so many strokes of nature and true comic humour, as, independent of this object, gave them an intrinsic merit which rendered them great favourites with the public.

There were two methods, either of which Philips might have adopted, to frustrate this attack of Pope. The first was to have continued this anonymous contest, and by an equal display of wit and satire, to have foiled him at his own weapons;

the second was to have treated it with indifference, and to have shewn by his future productions that he was superior to the ridicule attempted to be thrown upon him. To the latter of these, Philips was not perhaps unequal; as may sufficiently appear by his tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*, which was highly applauded in several papers in the Spectator, and yet holds its rank on the British stage. Instead of this, he seems to have prematurely resigned himself to his feelings as a disgraced author, and the consequence was an irreparable breach between him and Pope, in which they seem to have omitted no opportunity of depreciating the character of each other. But whilst Pope charged Philips with his poetical delinquency, Philips returned it by attacking the political principles and conduct of Pope. They fought therefore with different weapons, but that of Philips fell harmless, whilst that of Pope inflicted an incurable wound, and Philips is immortalized as,

> "The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
> Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown;
> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year."

His pieces are also frequently referred to in the Art of Sinking in Poetry, as true instances of the profund or ridiculous. But although the enmity continued, the rivalship terminated. Instead of devoting himself to the study of poetry, Philips engaged in public life; and having accompanied his friend, Dr. Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, as

his secretary to Ireland, he afterwards became judge of the Prerogative Court there, and Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; in addition to which he had the honour of representing the county of Armagh in Parliament.

The taste which Pope had so early manifested for painting, had been occasionally cultivated by him under the directions of his friend, Mr. Jervas; although, if we may give credit to his own account, his proficiency was not such as to hold out any great promise of ultimate success. In a letter to Gay, of the 23d Aug. 1713, he says: "I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a check, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear, and pretty elbow, (as the *Plain Dealer* has it) but I am in some danger, even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity; two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter.

I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother, St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and as it is said an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear a devil put the last hand to mine, it is so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain pagods or idols, purely for their ugliness."*

But neither the defence of his writings, nor the cultivation of his talents, occupied so much of the time and attention of Pope as to prevent his devoting a considerable portion of both to those attachments and friendships which he formed at an early period, most of which continued uninterrupted through life. His disposition was warm and affectionate, sensible to kindness and esteem, nor was he less generous and grateful to those from whom he experienced them, than he was severe and vindictive against those who injured or insulted him. His connexions and friendships were

* It is said that "the weakness of his eyes was an obstruction to his use of the pencil." Lord Mansfield had a Portrait of Betterton, certainly copied from Kneller by Pope, and which Lord M. said was the only one he ever finished.

formed indiscriminately with persons of both sexes; and wherever worth and talents were found, united with sensibility and benevolence of heart, he was not slow in improving his acquaintance with them into a close and permanent connexion.

Nor was he insensible to the pleasure derived from the attention and partiality of an accomplished woman, nor to that additional charm and refinement which friendship itself derives from a difference of sex. Amongst those whom he early distinguished, were the two Miss Blounts, Teresa and Martha, sisters of his friend, Edward Blount, of Maple-Durham, to whose correspondence with Pope we shall hereafter have occasion to refer. At what time his acquaintance with these ladies commenced we may judge in some degree from a letter, which although it now appears only with the date of 1714, affords sufficient grounds for our purpose. "You are to understand, Madam," says he, "that my passion for your fair self and your sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. *Even from my infancy*, I have been in love with one or the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the *three hundred seventy-sixth week* of the reign of my sovereign Lady Sylvia. At the present writing hereof, it is the *three hundred eighty-ninth week* of the reign of your most Serene Majesty, in whose service I was listed *some weeks before I beheld your sister*. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall

happen to be queen-regent at that time." Relying on this account we may presume their acquaintance to have commenced in 1707. From the foregoing and other passages in his letters, it has been seriously conjectured that Pope transferred his attachment alternately from one of these sisters to the other; but an amorous passion avowed to two persons is not likely to make an impression on either; and expressions of this kind only serve to give an air of gallantry to his correspondence, and rather to contradict than to favour the idea of his intending to gain an exclusive ascendancy in their affections. It is indeed remarkable that throughout all the poetical works of Pope there are no productions of the kind known by the name of "Love Poems," such as have been left by most of our other English writers; no songs or sonnets filled with hearts and darts, and inscribed to his mistress's eye-brow. In the few pieces addressed by him to ladies of his acquaintance, he is in general grave and sententious, and instead of the flights of fancy, and the blandishments of flattery, we find the most earnest wishes for the happiness of the person addressed, or the warmest expressions of sincere and unalterable affection. So far, however, was he from proposing to himself the end which such attachments have usually in view, that in one of these pieces, addressed probably to Miss Martha Blount, he strongly recommends her not to intrust her happiness to the will of another.

"Too much your sex is by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind."
"—— By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame;
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place.
Well might you wish for change, by those accursed
But the last tyrant ever is the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains;
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord;
— Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please;
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease."

Sensible, however, that his advice might prove ineffectual, he proceeds to give such precepts for female conduct in married life, as although highly valuable in themselves, are rendered still more impressive by the beautiful language in which they are delivered.

"But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms.
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long."

CHAP. III.

1713——1715.

RETROSPECT of Pope's early productions—Undertakes to translate the ILIAD—*Obtains a subscription for that purpose—His anxiety on commencing that work—Its consequences on his literary character and pursuits—Death of Queen Anne, and change of administration—Pope visits Swift at Letcombe—Pope's Journey to Oxford—Welcomes Gay from Hanover—Gay's Three Hours after Marriage—Methods adopted, and assistance resorted to by Pope in his translation of Homer—Transactions between him and Lord Halifax—Misunderstanding between Pope and Addison—Pope's* EPISTLE TO ADDISON *prefixed to his Dialogues on Medals—Pope's sentiments prior to the publication of the Iliad—Publication of the first volume of the Iliad—Publication of Tickell's Translation of the first book—Opinions of Pope's friends, and conduct of Addison on that occasion—Interview between Pope and Addison—Pope's character of Atticus—Addison commends Pope's Translation in his Freeholder—Warburton's account of the quarrel between Pope and Addison, and Bishop Hurd's remarks thereon—Sir William Blackstone's Narrative and Observations on his concluding remarks—Termination of hostilities between Pope and Addison, and Pope's Eulogy on the writings of Addison.*

CHAP. III.

The course of life which Pope has so well described, and which he so early adopted, he still continued to maintain; residing with his father and mother at Binfield, and devoting himself to their society, except when interrupted by a visit from some of his friends, or by a short excursion to the metropolis. In this retirement, unassisted, and almost alone, he had cultivated his talents, established his opinions, and formed his character. Before he had arrived at the twenty-fifth year of his age, he had written and published almost all the works on which, as pieces of originality, genius, and imagination, his reputation and rank as a poet essentially depend. Under this point of view it may be doubted whether any person recorded in the annals of literature ever obtained so early and so permanent a celebrity. From these works he had not, however, derived any considerable pecuniary advantage. Some of them had been published by Tonson, and by Lintot, in the miscellaneous collections of the times, without any benefit to the author; whose assent to such a measure may serve as a proof that the diffidence with which he always spoke of his own productions, was by no means affected. Even when he consented to their being republished, the prices he obtained for them were such as, compared with

those given for works of the first character in the present times, cannot but excite our surprise.* If, however, these works had afforded but little emolument to their author, they had, in other respects, been productive of the most important advantages: they had early accustomed him to almost every variety of poetical composition, and had initiated him in all the mysteries and refinements of versification, so as to enable him not only to excel all his predecessors, but almost to exclude the possi-

* On this head recent discoveries have supplied us with some very curious and interesting information. From a book of accounts which formerly belonged to Bernard Lintot, and which lately fell into the hands of Mr. D'Israeli, it appears that Pope sold Lintot the Copies of several of his poems, at the times and for the sums therein stated, and which were as under, viz.

	£.	s.	d.
19th Feb. 1711—12. Statius, First Book, Vertumnus and Pomona	16	2	6
21st. March, 1711—12. First Edition, Rape	7	0	0
9th April, 1712. To a Lady on presenting Voiture, Upon Silence To the author of a Poem called *Successio*	3	16	6
23rd Feb. 1712. Windsor Forest	32	5	5
23rd July, 1713. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	15	0	0
20th Feb. 1713—14. Additions to the Rape	15	0	0
1st. Feb. 1714—15. Temple of Fame	32	5	0
31st. April, 1715. Key to the Lock	10	15	0
17th July, 1716. Essay on Criticism	15	0	0

"I am not," says Mr. D'Israeli, "in all cases confident of the nature of these 'copies purchased.' Those works which were originally published by Lintot, may be considered as purchased at the sums specified. Some few might have been subsequent to their first edition. The guinea at that time passing for twenty-one shillings and sixpence has occasioned the fractions."

D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 288.

bility of being excelled. They also raised his reputation to a high degree amongst all ranks and orders of people; and although unproductive themselves, were the roots of that tree which soon afterwards bore such abundant fruit.

We have already observed, that in the Miscellaneous Collection of Poems, published by Tonson in 1709, in which Pope had inserted his Pastorals, he had also given some specimens of translations from Homer. These he had previously communicated to some of his early friends, and amongst the rest to Sir William Trumbull, who was the person that first urged him to undertake an entire translation of the Iliad. In a letter from this "amiable old statesman," of the 9th of April, 1708,* he says: "Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect myself, by reason of the great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But, after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashioned sincerity,) that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer, both as to the versification, and the true sense that shines through the whole; nay, I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion; that you would proceed in translating that incomparable poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, to make

* Vide vol. viii. p. 5.

his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age as he was to our friend Horace, when he read him at *Præneste:*

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c."

The advice thus earnestly and sincerely given was probably not without its effect in keeping the attention of Pope turned towards this undertaking; but a still more powerful inducement to persevere in it was some time afterwards held out to him in the recommendation of Mr. Addison, who, shortly after they became acquainted, advised Pope "not to be content with the applause of half the nation;" and "encouraged him in his design of translating the Iliad."* This advice Mr. Addison afterwards repeated in writing. Upon Pope's acquainting him with his intentions, he says:† "I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself, when your name appears in the proposals; and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country;

* Spence's Anec. p. 195. Singer's ed.

† Oct. 26, 1713. Vide vol. viii. p. 197.

for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular; which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and *unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other;* at least, *I know none of this age that is equal to it, except yourself.*" And again:* "I have received your letter; and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give you some relief, and more pleasure to your readers."

"You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it." In the same manner Pope was encouraged by others of his most distinguished friends, and in particular by Lord Lansdown; who in a letter of 21st Oct. 1713, says: "I am pleased beyond measure with your design of translating Homer. The trials which

* Nov. 2, 1713. Vide vol. viii. p. 198.

you have already made and published on some parts of that author have shewn that you are equal to so great a task; and you may therefore depend upon the utmost services I can do in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your service."*

Under these favourable circumstances Pope issued his proposals for a translation of the Iliad by subscription; a mode of publication which had then been but seldom resorted to. Hitherto his connexions had been principally with the most eminent characters amongst the whigs, of which number were Sir William Trumbull, Mr. Congreve, Steele, Addison, and Craggs; but on this occasion both parties seem to have united in endeavouring to distinguish themselves in support of this undertaking. It was probably on this occasion that the intimacy commenced between Pope and Swift; the latter of whom was then in high favour at court, and took a most active and successful part in promoting Pope's subscriptions. Of this, as well as of the importance assumed by Swift with the ministry of the day, a striking instance is preserved in the Diary of Bishop Kennet, under the date of November, 1713. "Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 180.

as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull, for a clergyman in that neighbourhood who had been lately in jail, and published Sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer, that according to his petition he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum, as minister of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq. going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from the Lord Treasurer. He talked to the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, 'he was too fast.' 'How can I help it,' said the Doctor, 'if the Courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, (a papist) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, 'for which he must have them all subscribe;' 'for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.' Lord Treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him. Both went off just before prayers."*

* Life of Swift, by Sir Walter Scott, p. 139.

The apprehensions which Pope entertained on first engaging in this great undertaking occasioned him, as may well be supposed, extreme anxiety; and this was perhaps increased rather than alleviated by the confidence the public had shewn, and the great expectations formed of his success. Though he conquered the thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten him in the night. "I sometimes, still," says he, "even dream of being engaged in that translation, and got about half way through it; and being embarrassed, and under dread of never completing it." And again: "What horrible moments does one feel after having engaged for a large work. In the beginning of my translating Homer, I wished any body would hang me, a hundred times. It sat so very heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it, and even do so sometimes still to this day. My dream usually was, that I had set out on a very long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that I should never get to the end of it. When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty lines before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easily enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure." "His misery," says Johnson,* "was not of long continuance. He grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification.

* Life of Pope.

In a short time he represents himself as despatching regularly, fifty verses a day, which would shew by an easy computation, the termination of his labour." Writing to Mr. Addison,* he says: "Your letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give myself up for some time. It is no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaign above half over before I have made any progress. Indeed the Greek fortification, upon a nearer approach, does not appear so formidable as it did; and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that Homer secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions."

That many attempts were made to injure Pope's subscription, by raising a report that he had not sufficient learning for such an undertaking, is certain; and with the same views it was also insinuated by some, that he was a Whig, and by others, a Tory. To these he has himself adverted in the letter to Mr. Addison above referred to. "Some have said, I am not a master in the Greek, who either are so themselves, or they are not. If they are not, they cannot tell; and if they are, they cannot without having catechized me. But if they can read, (for I know some critics can, and others cannot,) there are fairly lying before them some specimens of my translations from this author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily

* Jan. 30, 1713—14. Vide vol. viii. p. 204.

welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way; some calling me a Tory, because the heads of that party have been distinguishedly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs's friendship; and of late with my Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a conclusion might be formed by any good-natured man, that a person who has been well used by all sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable age has been so sunk between animosities of party, and those of religion, that I begin to fear most men have politics enough to make (through violence) the best scheme of government a bad one; and belief enough to hinder their own salvation. I hope, for my own part, never to have more of either than is consistent with common justice and charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest man."

But whatever were the feelings and qualifications of Pope on this occasion, it is certain that the great undertaking in which he had now engaged required the exertion of all his talents, and the entire sacrifice of his time. When, from the period of his life at which we are now arrived, we look back for a few years, and perceive the many excellent works of taste, and fancy, and original composition, which he had produced at so early an age, it is not without a sentiment bordering on disappointment and regret, that we find he had devoted himself to a single object, that the morn-

ing prospect which had opened so brightly was over, and that the meridian of his day was to be confined to one long and uniform track, in which the slightest deviation was a fault, and the least delay inadmissible. Accordingly after this period, we are to look for few, if any, of those efforts of his genius to which he is chiefly indebted for the rank he holds; and if in opening to his countrymen the poetical stores of the great Grecian bard, he has given them a boon which no other hand could have conferred, they may perhaps have paid too dearly for it in the privation of those productions which he had already formed in his own mind, and which would probably not have been unworthy of those which preceded them.* The task was at length successfully completed, but by that time the brilliancy of fancy, the blandishments of youth, and the warmth of friendship were over. From the heights of imagination the Poet had "stooped to truth, and moralized his song." Philosophy had in her turn obtained the ascendancy, and poetry had become her handmaid. Nor had his track always led through smooth and pleasant roads. On the contrary, as he proceeded further in life, he found himself attacked by ignorance and by envy, and compelled to exert himself—not

* Some of his friends, (not perhaps without reason,) endeavoured to deter him from this undertaking. Amongst these was Lord Oxford, "who was always dissuading him from engaging in that work. He used to compliment Pope by saying, 'that so good a writer ought not to be a translator.'"

Spence's Anec. p. 304. *Singer's ed.*

to communicate pleasure, to excite admiration, and conciliate esteem; but to combat folly and dulness, to repress malignity, and to defend himself against the swarm of insect critics, those "flies with gilded wings," that always surround superior genius; and which, although the wounds they inflict are happily not mortal, can irritate, poison, and annoy.

Although Pope had been as cautious as possible to avoid committing himself to the views or prejudices of any political party, yet from the connexions which he had formed with many persons of rank and eminence on different sides of the question, he could not avoid being deeply affected both in his feelings and his interests by the great changes in the administration of public affairs which about this time took place. We have already noticed the assiduity of Swift in exerting his political influence to obtain subscriptions for Pope's translation of Homer,* but besides this act of friendship, Swift was certainly the person who first introduced Pope to the acquaintance of his distinguished political friends of the Tory party, and particularly to that of Harley, and of Bolingbroke;—a circumstance evidently alluded to by Pope in his whimsical letter to Swift of the 8th Dec. 1713, the first of the correspondence between them, in which, after declaring that "he

* The original MSS. of the Iliad and Odyssey, as preserved in the British Museum, form three volumes in large quarto, and by their innumerable alterations, afford a striking proof of the indefatigable diligence of the author.

had all the obligations in nature to him," he says, "he had brought him into better company than he cared for."

The violent dissensions that arose between Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, which not only rendered it impossible for them to act together in the direction of public affairs, but became a personal quarrel, placed their literary friends, Swift, Pope, and Arbuthnot, in a delicate and even painful situation; and it cannot but be regarded as a matter of surprise, how they succeeded in maintaining their acquaintance and influence with each of the parties, without offending the other. The death of the queen, which happened on the 1st day of August, 1714, at length dissolved a connexion between her two chief ministers, which nothing but the love of power, and the ambitious expectation in each of supplanting the other, could so long have kept together. With the accession of the new Sovereign, a total change of measures took place. The Whigs were everywhere triumphant. The Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke fled to France. Lord Oxford, Wyndham, Prior, and others, were committed to the Tower, and Arbuthnot announced the total ruin of his party in the words, *fuimus Tories*. It is to the honour of literature that this reverse made no difference in the attachment that subsisted between the fallen statesmen, and their literary associates; or rather it drew the connexion closer between them, and that which before might have been considered

as a state of patronage and dependance, now took the more dignified appearance of a warm and disinterested friendship.* About ten weeks before this great event, Swift, after having endeavoured to reconcile the dissensions of his powerful friends, which he foresaw would terminate in their political ruin, and disgusted with his total want of success, suddenly quitted London, and secluded himself in a retired situation at the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Gery, at the village of Upper Letcombe, in Berkshire, where he remained for some time without the place of his retreat being known; a circumstance which gave rise to some humorous publications, in which he was attacked by the same weapons which he had himself exercised with such acknowledged success.†

No sooner was Pope apprised of the place of his retreat, than he hastened to pay him a visit,‡ and found him residing with a friend, in a style of

* Swift's Letter to Pope, Jan. 10, 1721.

† "An Hue and Cry after Dean Swift, occasioned by a true and exact copy of his own Diary, found in his pocket-book, wherein he has set down a faithful account of himself, and of all that happened to him in the last week of his life," (1714).—*v. Sir W. Scott's Life of Swift*, p. 227.

This was followed by another piece, by the same or some equally witty writer, intitled: "Dean Swift's real Diary, being a true and faithful account of himself for that work wherein he is traduced by the author of a scandalous and malicious Hue and Cry after him; containing his entire Journal, from the time he left London, to his settling in Dublin, 1715."—*Ibid.* 231.

‡ This circumstance is recorded in a letter from Swift to Pope, written some years afterwards: "Give me leave to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks

which Swift has himself given an account.* "I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature, and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me; so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter and a glass of ale, and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk; and do not speak so many words as I have now writ in three days; so that in short I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different in every circumstance from what I have left. This is the first syllable I have writ to any one since you saw me. I give a guinea a week for my board, and can eat any thing." As the retreat of Swift became more generally known, some of his friends in town,

before the queen's death, I left the town, upon the incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you remember that you gave me the favour of a visit." Pope also wrote to Swift during his stay at Letcombe, Jan. 18, 1714. Vide vol. x. p. 19.

* Letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, Swift's Works, Scott's edition, vol. xvi. p. 141.

and particularly Arbuthnot, whose professional occupation rendered him a constant attendant at court, occasionally wrote to him. To these letters we are indebted for a very particular and curious account of the state of public affairs, and the proceedings of their friends, both before and after the death of the queen.

The total discomfiture of the Tories was also adverted to with equal humour and vexation by Arbuthnot, (whose office as physician in ordinary was terminated by the death of the queen,) in a letter to Pope, of 7th Sept. 1714,* in which we also discover the earliest notice of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, of which Arbuthnot was undoubtedly the first proposer, and to which he was the chief contributor. "I am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus* that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay, he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a Noble Lord, sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender; and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his ad-

* Vide vol. x. p. 24.

ventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift. He keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Soon after the death of the queen, and in the absence of many of his friends from town, Pope took an opportunity of paying a visit to the University of Oxford, for the purpose of examining whether he could obtain, amongst the books and manuscripts there, any assistance towards completing the notes on his Homer.* For this purpose he borrowed a horse from Lord Burlington, and set out alone. He had not however got further than Windsor Forest, when he was overtaken by his bookseller, Bernard Lintot, who had probably been apprized of his intention, and took this opportunity of endeavouring to derive some advantage from accompanying him. Pope seems to have been aware of his object, and in a letter to Lord Burlington,† has given a most humorous and characteristic account of the singular conversation

* Vide letter to Mr. Blount, vol. viii. p. 345.

† Vide vol. viii. p. 290.

that took place between them. Pope had observed that Lintot sat uneasy on his saddle, for which he expressed some solicitude, when Lintot proposed that as they had the day before them it would be pleasant to rest awhile under the woods. When they had alighted, "See here," said Lintot, "what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours."— "Perhaps I may," said Pope, "if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can." Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Lintot stopped short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" "Seven miles," answered Pope. "Zounds, Sir," exclaimed Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon-hill would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak; and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a job." Pope dropped Lintot as soon as he got to Oxford, and paid a visit to Lord Carleton at Middleton. In a letter to Jervas (27 Aug. 1714.) he in-

forms him "that he was very well diverted and entertained at Oxford."*

On the return of Gay from Hanover, where he had accompanied Lord Clarendon, Lord Paget, and Mr. Harley, as secretary to the embassy, a situation which had been obtained for him by the influence of Swift, Pope met him with a letter, in which it is difficult to say whether his joy on this event, or on his having dismissed to the press the first volume of his Homer, is the most conspicuous.† "Dear Mr. Gay, Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! Whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future. Whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me. If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at *Binfield* in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or are thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine, as brother poets, had ever a bias to the side of li-

* Vide vol. viii. p. 525. † Sept. 23, 1714. Vide vol. x. p. 26.

berty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!"——

"The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits. Even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys, I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying. Add to this, the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a-day, besides learned notes; all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over. Come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? Or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? For Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner, kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath (where, if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses. Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-

house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health."

Soon after his return Gay produced his comedy of *The What-d'ye-call-it;* the representation of which was honoured by the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The reception this piece met with was so favourable that he shortly afterwards projected another, entitled *Three Hours after Marriage;* the plan of which he communicated to Pope and Arbuthnot, who encouraged him to proceed in it. That this piece did not experience the same favour as the former is not surprising. Whether we consider the motives, the plot, or the execution, they are equally unworthy of the author and his friends, and the public did themselves great credit in rejecting a piece in which improbable incidents, indecent language, and gross buffoonery, were made the vehicle of personal satire on an individual character. Such was the disgrace that followed this production, that the parties concerned in it became heartily ashamed of it, insomuch that Gay thought it necessary to address a letter to Pope, in which he so far exculpates him from a share in it, as to admit that "it was never heartily approved by him."*

From an anecdote in Spence it appears that Mr. Addison and his friends had exclaimed so much against this piece for its obscenities, that it provoked Gay to write "a Letter from a Lady in the City to a Lady in the Country, on that subject. In

* Vide vol. x. p. 54.

it he quoted the passages which had been most censured, and opposed other passages to them from the plays of Addison and Steele. These were aggravated in the same manner as they had served his, and appeared worse. Had it been published, it would have made Addison appear ridiculous, which he could bear as little as any man. I therefore," says Pope, "prevailed upon Gay not to print it, and have the manuscript now by me."*

Of the methods adopted by Pope to carry into effect his great undertaking he has himself given a particular account; which, if we are disposed to place any credit in his own assertions, may serve as an additional proof that he was not unacquainted with Greek. "In translating both the Iliad and Odyssey," says he, "my usual method was, to take advantage of the first heat, and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations; and lastly, to give it a reading for the versification only."† He has observed that "the things he wrote fastest always pleased the most;" that "he wrote most of the Iliad fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from a little pocket Homer; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed."‡ The manner in which he proceeded is well known, and sufficiently appears from the manuscript of the Iliad, which belonged to Lord Bolingbroke, and afterwards to Mallet, but is now deposited in the British Museum. "It is written upon the

* Spence's Anec. p. 202. Singer's ed.

† Spence's Anec. p. 270. Singer's ed. ‡ Ib. 142.

backs and covers of letters, evincing that it was not without reason he was called *paper-sparing Pope.*" His corrections and improvements are innumerable, and he has himself observed, that those parts which had been the most corrected read the easiest. Of these alterations a considerable number of instances have been collected by Dr. Johnson in his Life of Pope; for which, as well as for many valuable observations on the qualifications of Pope for this undertaking, and the methods adopted by him in its execution, it may here be sufficient to refer to that work.

In the laborious notes by which this translation was accompanied, it is well known that Pope derived great assistance from Broome, and afterwards from Dr. Jortin, then a young man at Cambridge.* The Life of Homer was written by Dr. Parnelle, but required so much labour to polish and correct it, that it would probably have given Pope less trouble to have written it himself.

On the subject of this translation the following singular anecdote is related by Mr. Spence, as dic-

* Of the share which Jortin had in this undertaking a particular account is given by Dr. Warton in his Life of Pope, with extracts from the *Adversaria* of Jortin; from which it appears that he was employed through the medium of Jefferies, a bookseller at Cambridge, and of Dr. Thirlby his tutor, to undertake this task, with which Pope expressed his satisfaction; a circumstance which led Jortin to make the following remark: "I was in hopes in those days (for I was young) that Mr. Pope would have made inquiry about his *coadjutor*, and take some civil notice of him; but he did not; and I had no notion of obtruding myself upon him. I never saw his face." *Warton's Life of Pope.*

tated by Pope himself.* "The famous Lord Halifax (though so much talked of) was rather a pretender to taste than actually possessed of it. When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the Iliad, that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly; and with a speech each time, much of the same kind: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me; be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little more at your leisure; I am sure you can give it a better turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself in looking those places over and over when I got home: 'All you need do,' said he, 'is to leave them just as they are, call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I

* Spence's Anec. p. 134. Singer's ed.

have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; and read them to him exactly as they were at first. His Lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out: 'Aye, now Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right! nothing can be better.'"

Although this anecdote is related by Spence as derived from Pope himself, some circumstances occur which may reasonably induce us to entertain doubts of its authenticity. That Pope himself read his work to Lord Halifax, is indeed scarcely probable; because we find, by a letter from him to Addison, dated Oct. 10, 1714,* that his Lordship had then the first and second books of the Translation in his hands; where they had certainly been placed by Pope for the purpose of obtaining his remarks upon them, in a more deliberate form than he could expect to receive them on a cursory reading. If, however, Pope was guilty of the *supercherie* imputed to him, it was as inconsistent with the respect he always professed for Lord Halifax, as with the candour and sincerity on which he so highly prided himself.

If, indeed, we implicitly rely on the account given by Dr. Johnson, of the conduct of this nobleman and Pope towards each other, it was not such as to confer any great honour on either: but

* Vide vol. viii. p. 207.

before we assent to charges which cannot but leave a stain on the memory of both, it is requisite, at least, that we should examine into them. Dr. Johnson relates that "Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour, and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness." "All our knowledge of this transaction," says he, "is derived from a single letter, (Dec. 1, 1714,*) in which Pope says: 'I am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the Town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason.'"† "These voluntary offers," says Johnson, "and

* Vide vol. viii. p. 261.

† This offer, and Pope's answer, are also adverted to in Spence's Anecdotes, much to the same effect; except that Pope adds: "There was something said too, of the love of being quite free, and without any thing that might look even like a bias laid on me. So the thing dropped; and I had my liberty without a coach."—*Spence's Anec.* p. 306.

this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued. He would be troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation. Halifax thought himself intitled to confidence, and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other; and ended, because Pope was less eager of money, than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with *scorn* and *hatred*."*

These harsh and supercilious remarks on this transaction, and the supposed traffic between fame and money, seem scarcely justifiable from what appears upon the subject. That Lord Halifax intended to render Pope some essential service, and that he would have done so, if he had lived, is highly probable; nor, although the affair was dropped for the present, is there any proof that the manly and independent letter of Pope gave offence to Halifax, or that Pope in return looked upon Halifax with scorn and hatred. Lord Halifax died in May, 1715, but the attachment of Pope survived that event. In the verses on leaving London, in that year, he says:

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

"The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not a muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn—"

and when he soon afterwards published the Iliad, he thus acknowledged in the preface his obligations: "The Earl of Halifax *was one of the first to favour me;* of whom it is hard to say, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his *generosity* or his example." But the most unequivocal tribute paid by Pope to the memory of Lord Halifax, appears in the Epilogue to the Satires, written above twenty years after the death of that nobleman; in which he not only enumerates him amongst his most honoured friends, but as the object of his particular respect and affection.

But does the Court one worthy man remove,
That moment I declare he has my love:
I shun their zenith, court their mild decline;
Thus SOMERS once and HALIFAX were mine.

How is it possible to reconcile this gratuitous effusion of disinterested regard with Johnson's assertion that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred? Much less can we suppose that the character of Bufo in the Prologue to the Satires was intended for Halifax, or that Pope would, in one of his pieces, have ridiculed the character and memory of a person whom he has so highly celebrated in another.

In the open quarrel which had taken place between Pope and Philips, Addison could scarcely

be expected to remain wholly impartial; or if he really were so, his well-known political and literary connexions with Philips, might induce Pope to suspect him of favouring his rival in preference to himself. However this may be, it appears that notwithstanding the mutual instances of their respect for, and attachment to, each other, some circumstances had arisen to interrupt this cordiality; and these were, perhaps, rendered more apparent by the closer intimacy which about this time began to subsist between Pope and some of the chief leaders of the Tory party, whose exertions in promoting the subscription to his Homer, far exceeded those of his former friends, and led to suspicions that he had attached himself to their cause. On these and similar subjects it is probable that each of them spoke as he felt; and their opinions having been repeated by the interference of pretended friends, their distrust of, and alienation from each other became so evident, as to cause no small share of apprehension and anxiety to their real ones. Amongst these was Mr. Jervas the painter, who was at this time on terms of the most friendly intimacy with Pope, and who having been apprized of his feelings on this subject, took an opportunity of speaking to Addison, with whom he was also well acquainted, and endeavouring to avert any interruption to their friendship. The result of this interview is stated by Jervas in a letter to Pope, (Aug. 20, 1714).* "I have a

* Vide vol. viii. p. 523.

particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect more than an ordinary alacrity at every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines; but I will tell you directly that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service. He did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe; and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend, merely for his own sake: therefore prepare yourself for some civilities."

The reply of Pope to this letter is dignified, and highly becoming his situation.* "What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do

* Aug. 27, 1714. Vide vol. viii. p. 525.

betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a man I so highly value suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so, I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both; to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think proper to know me for what I am.

"For all that passed between Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me

in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party. Nor did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty—a curse on the word party!—which I have been obliged to use so often in this period. I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, and that there may be no other for the future than that of *honest* and *knave*; *fool* and *man of sense*. These two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I; believe what they please, and be friends."*

A short time afterwards† Pope addressed a letter to Addison, in which are the following passages: "I have been acquainted by one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you, can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies may have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me nor my enemies to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance

* This, Sir William Blackstone calls "a very waspish and disdainful answer;" in which opinion the reader will not, perhaps, be inclined to agree.

† Oct. 10, 1714. Vide vol. viii. p. 207.

has so little interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no one should question the real friendship of one who requires no real service. I am only to get as much from the Whigs as I got from the Tories, that is to say, civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice.

"I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the degrees of respect for you; for (to say the truth,) all the world speaks well of you, and I should be under the necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

"As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the author of *Cato* can speak one thing and mean another. As a proof that I account you sincere, I beg a favour of you. It is that you would look over the two first books of my translation of Homer, which are in the hands of Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it. It is therefore some evidence of the trust I repose in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of speaking ill of me with justice; and yet expect you will tell me your truest thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones."

This letter was written at a critical period, and must have placed Addison under great embarrassment. That he had long been privy to, if not a coadjutor of Tickell, in his rival translation of the

Iliad is certain. To have acceded to the request of Pope, and yet concealed from him this fact, was impossible; and accordingly Addison some time afterwards took an opportunity of speaking to Pope, and acquainting him that Mr. Tickell had translated, and intended to publish, the first book of the Iliad. From this interview, the particulars of which were stated by Pope to Spence,* it appears that Pope was neither dissatisfied with Mr. Tickell's translating Homer, nor with the conduct of Addison respecting it; but that on the contrary he still continued to request Addison's opinion of his own translation. "There had been a coldness," says he, "between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside, and said, he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I staid till those people were gone (Budgell and Philips). We went accordingly, and after dinner Mr. Addison said that he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad; that he designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing. I assured him that I did

* Spence's Anec. p. 146. Singer's ed.

not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my *first* book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's, but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on *my second*, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly I sent him the second book the next morning, and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it with very high commendations."

The apprehended breach between Pope and Addison was thus prevented, and the friendly intercourse between them still continued.* Of this, a decided proof appeared soon afterwards, when Pope having heard that Addison intended to publish his Dialogues on Medals, addressed an Epistle to him in verse, to be prefixed to that work. In this piece, which was written in 1715, Pope took an opportunity of complimenting Addison with great delicacy, not only on his Dissertation, but on his writings in general. After adverting to the folly of virtuosos, he adds:

"Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine;
Touch'd by thy hand again Rome's glories shine,

* On the 7th April, 1715, we find Pope going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addison was sitting for his picture.—v. *Letter to Mr. Congreve*, vol. x. p. 37.

Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded glories bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage,
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame;
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face,
There, warriors frowning in historic brass?
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shewn,
A Virgil there, and here an ADDISON."

This poem concludes with the following conciliatory and affectionate lines:

"Then shall THY CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere;
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved."

In a note on this Epistle in Warburton's edition, we are informed that it "was originally written in 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720."

Although the foregoing note is subscribed with the letter P. as having been written by Pope himself, yet this can scarcely be the case, as the information it contains is evidently inaccurate and unfounded. Mr. Addison died on the 17th June, 1719. How then could Pope address him in 1720, and request to share with him in the friendship of Craggs, who himself died on the 16th Feb. 1720? It may perhaps be said, that the lines on Craggs were written after his death, and form the epitaph inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but this, instead of proving the fact, affords the most decisive evidence to the contrary; for the lines as they originally stood in the poem, are not obituary, but are given as an inscription for a supposed medal of Craggs; whence it is evident that at the time they were written, both Addison and Craggs were living; and that in order to render them suitable for an epitaph, the last line was necessarily altered, as it now stands:

"Praised, *wept*, and honour'd by the muse he loved."

There is therefore every reason to conclude that these lines were written at the same time as the rest of the poem, before the final breach took place between Addison and Pope; after which no such instances of friendship occurred between them as could justify the warmth of feeling with which Addison is here addressed.

The time now approached when the first part of the great work, to which Pope had so earnestly devoted his talents and his time, was expected to

make its appearance; but before we advert to the circumstances which attended this important event in his life, it cannot be uninteresting to refer to his sentiments and conduct during its progress, and his feelings, expectations, and apprehensions as the important moment approached. Although the anxiety which he had entertained on his first engaging in this great task had subsided, yet he frequently found the unremitting attention which it required, very inconsistent both with his other occupations and the debilitated state of his health. In a letter to Mr. Jervas (July 25, 1714),* he says: "I have no better excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally so pleasing to me as conversing upon paper with you, but that my time and eyes have been wholly employed upon Homer, whom I almost fear I shall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with head-achs, that very much affect my sight; and indeed, since my coming hither, I have scarce passed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter."—"I must expect a hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a professor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very first to enter the world with the constancy and resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer all sort of public persecution."—"I will venture to say, no man ever rose to any degree of perfection in writing, but through obsti-

* Vide vol. viii. p. 517.

nacy, and an inveterate resolution against the stream of mankind; so that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own despite. For when first they essay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced against new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then some particular persons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are sworn foes to them only because they succeed. Upon the whole, one may say of the best writers, that they pay a severe fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the most worthless part of mankind to levy upon them when they please." A few days afterwards (July 28, 1714), he writes thus to the same friend:—"What can you expect from a man who has not talked these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorbed in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin:

'God of the silver bow, &c.'

"While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not; but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in

this life, are whether my friends are well; whether my translation go well on; whether Dennis be writing criticisms; whether any body will answer him, since I do not; and whether Lintot be not yet broke." In another letter (Aug. 16, 1714), he says: "Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in; like a modish modern author:

'—— picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.'

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry; for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarcely see what is passing under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company: this minute indeed I want extremely to see you; the next, I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseis."

As the time of publication approached, Pope seems to have resigned himself to his destiny like a person at the point of death. "As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me, and I shall be the first to consent to the justice of its judgment, whatever it may be. I am not so arrant an author as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind should be so."*

* Letter to Mr. Congreve, Jan. 16, 1714-15. Vide vol. x. p. 33.

On the publication of the work, a contest arose, as might be expected, among the booksellers, as to which of them should obtain the copyright; but, as Pope said of Lintot on another occasion,

> "The lofty Lintot in the circle rose;
> This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes."

The terms he offered were indeed so advantageous, that all the hesitation Pope had in accepting them arose from the apprehension that the affair would ruin the bookseller; and "therefore," as he told an intimate friend, "he honestly and prudently too, endeavoured to dissuade Lintot from thinking any more of the matter." But the lofty Lintot was not to be so intimidated. He made the bargain and his fortune together.

The number of subscribers obtained by Pope was five hundred and seventy-five; but as some subscribed for more than one copy, the number delivered to subscribers was six hundred and fifty-four. The work was printed in six volumes in quarto, at the price of six guineas. These copies Lintot agreed to supply at his own expense, and also to give the author two hundred pounds for each volume;* so that Pope obtained a clear sum of five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, four shillings.

* "I had 1,200*l.* for my translation of the Iliad, and 600*l.* for the Odyssey; and all the books for my subscribers and presents into the bargain."—*Spence's Anec.* p. 295. *Singer's ed.*

It had been stipulated that no copies should be printed in quarto, except for the subscribers; but besides these, Lintot printed for his own benefit, from the same impression, two hundred and fifty volumes on royal folio, which he sold at two guineas each, and a much larger number on a thinner paper,* which he was enabled to sell at half-a-guinea each volume. These are the copies of the first edition now usually met with, and which being shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, have sometimes been sold as copies printed for the subscribers. A surreptitious edition was also shortly afterwards printed in Holland, in duodecimo, and sold at a very inferior price. This induced Lintot to print a similar edition here, of which the first impression was two thousand five hundred, and was succeeded, a few weeks afterwards, by another of five thousand. Dr. Johnson seems to suppose that the profits of Lintot were diminished by the Dutch booksellers; but their interference, instead of being an injury to him, was, by stimulating him to print cheap editions, in all probability the cause of the great profit he obtained from the work. He became suddenly enriched; and having purchased largely, he became High Sheriff of the county where his estates lay.

The delivery of the first volume of the Iliad to the subscribers took place in *June*, 1715. It con-

* The number of these was 1,750 of the first volume, but in the subsequent volumes the number was reduced to 1,000.

tained, besides the four first books, a Preface, an Essay on the life, writings, and learning of Homer, and Observations at the end of each book.

But although the copies of the work had been delivered to subscribers, the unsettled state of public affairs prevented the publication of the remainder of the impression from day to day. In a note from Lintot to Pope (10th June, 1715) he says: "Pray detain me not from publishing my own book, having delivered the greatest part of the subscribers already upwards of four hundred.

"I designed to publish Monday sevennight. Pray interrupt me not with an *errata*.

"I doubt not the sale of Homer, if you do not disappoint me by delaying publication.

"Lord Bolingbroke was impeached this night."

A further delay, however, took place, as appears by another note of the 22d of the same month.

"The hurry I have been in by the Report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it published, has prevented the publication of Homer for the present, till the noise be over; and all those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation are buried in politics."

At this interval, when the attention of the public was divided between the affairs of the kingdom and Pope's translation of Homer, Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of Homer was published by Tonson. Lintot sent Pope a copy of it with a note, in which he says: "You have Mr.

Tickell's book to divert one hour. It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics."

On this occasion the friends of Pope seem to have vied with each other in expressing their decided preference of his translation to that of his rival. A few extracts from their letters will best shew their sentiments, and may also give some idea of the course of conduct adopted by Mr. Addison at this trying juncture. On the 8th July, 1715, Gay writes: "I have just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you that every body is pleased with your translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said the other translation was the best that ever was in any language. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindness gave me a squeeze by the fore-finger. I am informed that at Button's your character is made very free with as to morals, &c.; and Mr. Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer."

On the 9th of the same month Arbuthnot writes: "I congratulate you upon Mr. T.'s first book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my expectation of a translation nicely true to the original; whereas in those parts where the greatest exactness seems to be demand-

ed, he has been the least careful—I mean the history of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c., in which you have with great judgment been exact."

Parnelle, in a letter given without a date, says: "I have here seen the first book of Homer, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My opinion is, that you may, if you please, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the spirit have an equal mastery with yours. But what surprises me most is, that, *a scholar being concerned*, there should happen to be some mistakes in the author's sense; such as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles; making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he should have spoils when Troy was taken), to be a cool and serious proposal; the translation of what you call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and so leaving water out of the rite of lustration, &c.; but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at heart."

The testimony of Swift, who was in Ireland, is characteristic (28th June, 1715): "I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets; and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war*, and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know; only in one or two

places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two-and-twenty. Your Notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay."*

A short time afterwards (July 7, 1715) Pope received a letter from Dr. Berkeley, Dean of Londonderry, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, then in Ireland, in which he says: "Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myself, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, sate in judgment upon the two new translations of the first Iliad. Without partiality to my countrymen, I assure you they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. ——'s; and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime."

Of the temper and spirit manifested by Pope on this occasion, we may form a pretty accurate judgment by a letter from him to Mr. Craggs, the common friend of both Addison and himself, dated 15th July, 1715.†

"I lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I

* "Given to him by Parnelle, and with which Pope told Mr. Spence he was never well satisfied, though he corrected it again and again." *Warton.*

† Vide vol. viii. p. 238.

wish it were a compliment to say such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the water; for the spirit of dissension is gone forth among us; nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all; even the wits, though they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of politics. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T.'s and my translation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my side, but it is usual with the smaller party to make up in industry what they want in number; and that is the case with the *little senate of Cato.* However, if our principles be well considered, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory. I translated Homer for the public in general; he to gratify the inordinate desires of *one man* only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne: and he has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new transla-

tor of Homer is the humblest slave he has; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the people as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the small court-faction at Button's. But, after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged; and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the grand monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us."

On the first appearance of Tickell's Homer, Pope had resolved to expose its errors by a severe critique upon it. Warburton informs us that he had in his possession the copy that Pope had marked for this purpose, in which he had classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads; but that "the growing splendour of his own works so far eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due to it." We further learn from Warburton, that Pope, considering that Tickell's translation came out at so critical a juncture, and from "a creature of Addison's," was led to suspect that this was "another shaft from the same quiver;" and that "after a diligent inquiry, and *laying many odd*

circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance."*

The odd circumstances above referred to might yet have remained an enigma, had not an investigation into them taken place from a quarter where it was least to be expected. Dr. Hurd, late Bishop of Worcester, in his Life of Dr. Warburton, dissatisfied with the charges brought forwards by him against the character of Addison, has undertaken to review these imputations, and after shewing the reasons on which they are founded, to overturn the conclusions which Warburton has drawn from them. "If we ask," says he, "on what grounds this extraordinary charge has been brought against such a man as Mr. Addison, we are only told of some slight and vague suspicions, without any thing that looks like a proof, either external or internal. What there is of the latter tends to confute the charge; for whoever is acquainted with Mr. Addison's style and manner, must be certain that the translation was not his own; though Steele in a peevish letter, written against Tickell,† has, it seems, insinuated some such thing. And for *external* proof we have absolutely nothing, but a report from hearsay evidence that Mr. Addison had expressed himself civilly of Tickell's performance; whence it is concluded, that this translation was,

* Prologue to the Satires, note on line 193.

† Preface to the Drummer.

at least, undertaken by Mr. Addison's advice and authority, if not made by himself.

"Still it must be owned that so generous a man as Mr. Pope must believe he had some proof of this charge against his friend, and I think I have at length discovered what it was.

"I have seen a printed copy of Tickell's translation* in which are entered many criticisms and remarks in Mr. Pope's own hand; and from two of these compared together, I seem to collect the true ground of the suspicion. But the reader shall judge for himself.

"To the translation are prefixed a *Dedication* and Advertisement. The latter is in these words: 'I must inform the reader that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odysseis, in which I have already made some progress.

"To the words in this advertisement, *when I*

* "It was then in Mr. Warburton's hands. It was afterwards sold, by mistake, among the other books which he had at his house in town, to Mr. T. Payne, and came at length into the possession of Isaac Reed, Esq. of Staple-inn, who was so obliging as to make me a present of it, to be kept in the library at Hartlebury (in which that of Mr. Pope is included) where it now remains." *Note of Bishop Hurd.*

began this first book, Mr. Pope affixes this note: *See the first line of the Dedication.*

"Turning to the Dedication, we find it begin thus: *When I first entered upon this Translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the late Lord Halifax;* over against which words is likewise entered, in Mr. Pope's hand, the following note: *The Translator was first known to him (Lord Halifax) four months before his death. He died in May,* 1715.

"Now from comparing these two notes together, one sees clearly how Mr. Pope reasoned on the matter. He concluded from Tickell's saying —when he first entered on this translation, that is, began this first book, he thought of dedicating his work to Lord Halifax—that he could not have entertained this thought, if he had not at that time been known to Lord Halifax. But it was certain, it seems, that Mr. Tickell was first known to that Lord only four months before his death, in May, 1715. Whence it seemed to follow, that this first book had been written within, or since that time.

"Admitting this conclusion to be rightly made by Mr. Pope, it must indeed be allowed that he had much reason for his charge of insincerity on Mr. Addison; who, as a friend that had great influence with the translator, would not have advised, or even permitted, such a design to be entered upon and prosecuted by him at this juncture. But there seems not the least ground for

such a conclusion. Lord Halifax was the great patron of wits and poets; and if Tickell had formed his design of translating the Iliad long before Mr. Pope was known to have engaged in that work, he might very well be supposed to think of dedicating to this Mæcenas, as much a stranger as he then was to him. Nothing is more common than such intentions in literary men; although Mr. Pope might be disposed to conduct himself in such a case with more delicacy or dignity.

"I see then no reason to infer from the premises that Mr. Tickell began his *first book* but four months before Lord Halifax's death. For any thing that appears to the contrary, he might have begun, or even finished it, four years before that event; and have only relinquished the thoughts of prosecuting his translation from the time *that he found this work had fallen,* as he says, *into an abler,* that is, Mr. Pope's, *hand.*

"These passages, however, of the *advertisement and dedication,* reflected upon and compared together, furnished Mr. Pope, as I suppose, with the chief of those *odd concurring circumstances,* which, as we are told, convinced him that this translation of the first book of the Iliad was published with Mr. Addison's participation, if not composed by him. If the work had been begun but *four* months before its appearance, it must have been, at least, by his allowance and participation; if before that time, (Mr. Tickell's acquaintance with Lord Halifax not being of so early a date), it was, most pro-

bably, his own composition. And to this latter opinion, it seems, Mr. Pope inclined.

"How inconclusive these reasonings are, we have now seen. All that remains therefore, is to account for the publication at such a time; and for this I see not why Mr. Tickell's own reason may not be accepted as the true one—*that he had no other view in publishing this specimen, than to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the Odysseis, in which he had made some progress.*

"The time, it must be owned, was an unlucky one. But if Mr. Addison had reason to believe his friend's motive to be that which he professed, he might think it not fit to divert him from a work which was likely to serve his interest, (poetical translation being at that time the most lucrative employment of a man of letters,) and though it had less merit than Mr. Pope's, to do him some credit. And for the civility of speaking well of his translation afterwards, or even of assisting him in the revisal of it, this was certainly no more than Mr. Addison's friendship for the translator required.

"That Mr. Addison had, in fact, no unfriendly intention in the part he had taken in this affair is certain, from the passage before cited from the Freeholder, where he speaks so honourably, in May, 1716, of Mr. Pope's translation, after all the noise that had been made about Mr. Tickell's first book in the summer of 1715. We may in-

deed impute this conduct to fear, or dissimulation; but a charge of this nature ought surely not to be made but on the clearest and best grounds.

"I have the rather introduced these observations into the account of my friend's life, as he himself had been led by Mr. Pope's authority to credit the imputation on Mr. Addison; and on more occasions than one, had given a countenance to it. And it is but justice to him to assure the reader, that when, some years before his death, I shewed him this vindication, he professed himself so much satisfied with it, as to say, if he lived to see another edition of Mr. Pope's works, he would strike out the offensive reflections on Mr. Addison's character."*

Notwithstanding these reasonings of the Right Reverend critic, which, it seems, satisfied his brother Prelate, the reader will probably still conceive that Pope was right in his conjecture, and that Tickell would not have begun the Iliad with a design to dedicate it to a Statesman then out of power, and with whom he was unacquainted. It is also to be observed, that the circumstance to which Dr. Hurd refers, as arising from a comparison of Tickell's advertisement with his dedication, was only *one* of the *odd concurring circumstances* to which Warburton refers, and on which the opinion of Pope was founded. Another appears perhaps in the following incident, as related by Pope to Spence: "Soon after it was gene-

* Warburton's Works, with his Life by Hurd, vol. i. p. 52.

rally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street, and upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having such a translation so long by him. He said that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each (of them) used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work then, without his knowing something of the matter, and that he had never heard a single word of it till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair, worthy man, has since, in a manner, as good as owned it to me."*

Although the misunderstanding to which these circumstances unavoidably gave rise between Pope and Addison, did not break out in an open rupture, yet it was evident that from this time their friendship was destroyed, and their confidence at an end; and that all that could be expected was, that they should continue on such terms of civility as might not involve their mutual friends in their quarrels. In this state they appear to have remained for some time, until there is reason to believe

* Spence's Anec. p. 147. Singer's ed.

that Steele and Gay succeeded in procuring an interview between them. The account of this meeting, as originally given by Ayre, in his usual loose and inaccurate manner, is as follows:* "After this conversation (between Addison and Jervas, related in the Letter before noticed from Jervas to Pope, of the 27th August, 1714), *some years after*, and at the desire of Sir Richard Steele, as said before, they met; at first a very cold civility, and nothing else, appeared on either side; for Mr. Addison had a natural reserve and gloom at the beginning of an evening, but wine and conversation at last generally opened his mouth. Sir Richard Steele begged him to perform his promise in making up the breach with Mr. Pope; and Mr. Pope desired the same, as well as to be made sensible how he had offended; said the translation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was at the request and almost command of Sir Richard Steele, and entreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and friendly, though it might be with ever so much severity, rather than by keeping up any forms of complaisance to conceal any

* This account has also been given in an improved version by Mr. D'Israeli, in his Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 255; but I have thought it necessary on such an occasion to quote the first narrator of it. At the same time I fully agree with Mr. D'Israeli, that Ayre was incompetent to the invention of a single stroke of the conversations detailed. "Where he obtained all these interesting particulars," says Mr. D'Israeli, "I have not discovered. Johnson alludes to this interview, states some of its results, but refers to no other authority than floating rumours." Ib. p. 256.

of his faults. This, Mr. Pope spoke in such a manner as plainly shewed he thought Mr. Addison the aggressor, and expected him to condescend and own himself the cause of the breach between them. But he was deceived; for Mr. Addison, without appearing to be in anger, though quite overcome with it, begun a formal speech; said that he had always wished him well, and often had endeavoured to be his friend; and as such, advised him, if his nature was capable of it, to divest himself of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; said that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial readers imagined; said when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verses, they had a different air. He reminded Mr. Pope of the amendments of a line in the poem called *Messiah*, by Sir Richard Steele."—"He proceeded to lay before him all the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the crowd of scribblers and writers, some good, some bad, who had attacked Mr. Pope; and added many things which he himself objected to. Speaking of Pope's Homer, he said, to be sure he was not to blame to get so large a sum of money, but that it was an ill executed thing, and not equal to Tickell's, who had all the spirit of Homer. (This afterwards appears," continues Ayre, "to be wrote by Mr. Addison himself, though Tickell's name was made use of.) Mr. Addison concluded, still in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not solicitous about

his own fame as a poet, but of truth, that he had quitted the muses to enter into the business of the public; and all that he spoke was through friendship, and a desire that Mr. Pope, as he would do if he was much humbler, might look better to the world. Mr. Gay spoke a few words in answer before Mr. Pope; but his expectations from the Court made him very cautious. It was not so with our Poet. He told Mr. Addison he appealed from his judgment; did not esteem him able to correct him; and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendship; upbraided him with being a pensioner from his youth; sacrificing the very learning that was purchased with the public money to a mean thirst of power; that he was sent abroad to encourage literature, and had always endeavoured to cuff down new fledged merit. At last the contest grew so warm, that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope immediately wrote those verses which are not thought by all to be a very false character of Mr. Addison."* About the same time other circumstances occurred to confirm the suspicions of Pope, and to aggravate his feelings. "Lord Warwick himself told Pope that it was in vain for him to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between them; and to convince Pope of what he had said, assured him that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish a thing about Wycherley, (in which he had

* Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 100.

abused both Pope and his relations very grossly) and had given him ten guineas after it was published." "The next day," says Pope, "while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities, and that it should be something in the following manner. I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my Satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after."*

Such were the immediate provocations that gave rise to the following energetic and vindictive lines, which Atterbury considered as the most excellent of Pope's performances, and with no very Christian spirit, advised him, *as he now knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.*

"Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

* Spence's Anec. p. 149. Singer's ed.

Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
Whilst Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise;—
—Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"*

Attempts have been made to shew, both in the lifetime of Pope and since, that these lines were not written till after the death of Addison. In Mist's Journal it was asserted, "that Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity; obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with these great men to this rising bard; who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public. No sooner was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend, and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." To this charge the following indignant reply appears, in the Testimonies of Authors prefixed to the Dunciad: "Grievous the accusation! Unknown the accuser! The person accused no witness in his own cause; the person in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any

* The two following lines, inserted in some of the early copies, were afterwards omitted:

"Who, when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worst the best."

one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* But in verity the whole story of the libel is *a lie.* Witness those persons of integrity who, *several years before Mr. Addison's decease,* did see and approve of the said verses; in nowise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately, in the author's own hand, to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till by Curll, their own bookseller, in his Miscellanies, 12mo. 1727. One name alone, *which I am authorised here to declare,* will sufficiently evince the truth; that of *the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.*"

In the account given by Pope of the motives that led to his character of *Atticus,* it is observable that he asserts, "Mr. Addison used him very civilly ever after;" an expression which seems to have had some particular and definite meaning, and probably alluded to the paper in Addison's *Freeholder* of May 7, 1716, before noticed by Dr. Hurd, in which Addison speaks of Pope's translation in the following favourable and friendly terms: "When I consider myself as a British Freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Latin and Greek authors, and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of Greece and Rome. We have already

most of their historians in our own tongue; and what is still more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer, which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

Such were the circumstances that attended the unfortunate quarrel between these two eminent men, and which, by being duly separated and referred to their respective dates, throw sufficient light on the subject to enable us to form a tolerably correct idea of the motives, conduct, and temper of the parties. But without adverting more particularly to the various and discordant opinions to which this event has given rise, and which it would be tedious here to recount, we may be allowed to refer to the decision of the late very learned and judicious Sir William Blackstone, who after a general statement of the facts, thus concludes his inquiries on this subject:* "Whether, on the supposition that the specimen (of the first book of Homer) was Mr. Addison's own (and it is not unworthy of him), he chose to indulge the vanity of an author, by shewing how well he could have performed the whole; or whether, supposing

* Published in Biographia Britannica, Kippis's ed.

it Mr. Tickell's, whom he loved and patronized with all the affection of a father, he really meant to have conferred on him a pecuniary obligation, by promoting a subscription for his Odyssey, as he had before done for Mr. Pope's Iliad, it must be acknowledged, that in either case the publication was indiscreet and ill-timed. It is true that Mr. Pope's finances could not now be materially affected, had the public decided in favour of Tickell's translation; for his subscription was full, and his contract with Lintot was complete; but it certainly bore too much the appearance of rivalship and competition, and was in either light *a weakness below Mr. Addison's station and character.* It is not to be wondered at therefore, that a man of so irritable a disposition as Mr. Pope is acknowledged to have been, was hurt beyond measure by this transaction, and it is probable that the character of Atticus was written in the heat of his resentment on this occasion; as he expressed the very same sentiments to Mr. Craggs in his letter of 15th July, 1715. But it does not appear, as Mr. Ruffhead asserts, that there was any open breach between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope upon this occasion; and Pope expressly tells Craggs there was none. Had any such happened, and had Mr. Addison then shewn the temper ascribed to him by Mr. Pope's biographer, he would hardly, in the Freeholder of May 7, 1716, have bestowed such encomiums on Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad."

Had the learned author of the preceding dissertation terminated his decision here, it must have obtained the general assent of all dispassionate readers; but to these he has added some remarks on the conduct of Pope, to which, as they appear to be founded on insufficient grounds, it is impossible to yield an implicit assent. "Upon the whole," says he, "however Mr. Pope may be excusable for penning such a character of his friend, in the first transports of poetical indignation, it reflects no great honour on his feelings to have kept it *in petto* for six years, till after the death of Addison, and *then* to have permitted its publication, (whether by recital or copy makes no material difference,) and at length, at the distance of eighteen years, hand it down to posterity, ingrafted into one of his capital productions. Nothing surely could justify *so long and so deep a resentment,* unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed, of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had two years before expressly disapproved of a personal abuse upon Mr. Dennis. The person indeed from whom Mr. Pope is said to have received this anecdote about the time of his writing the character (viz. about July, 1715), was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself; and the *something* about Wycherley (in which the story supposes that Addison hired Gildon to abuse

Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, i. 296, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August, 1721), was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be entrusted with such a secret by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the Countess of Warwick, till the following year, 1716. Nor could Gildon have been employed in 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As, therefore, so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose that *the whole of it was founded in some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the Earl;* and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this, *the most odious part of the charge.*"

It would indeed be well for the character of Addison, if his conduct towards Pope would admit of even this partial exculpation; but unfortunately Sir William Blackstone is not supported by the facts to which he has referred. That Pope kept his character of Atticus *in petto* till after Mr. Addison's death, is contradicted not only by Pope himself, who communicated it to Addison as soon as it was written, but by the testimony of others

who saw it many years before that event, amongst whom that of Lord Burlington is decisive. That the resentment of Pope was justified by the transaction between Addison and Gildon, (as Blackstone admits it would have been, if proved,) is also highly probable; for as to the objections to the information given to Pope by Lord Warwick, respecting the pamphlet of Gildon, on account of *the time* when it is supposed to have taken place, it must be observed, that this time is arbitrarily and without any assigned cause fixed by Blackstone to be about July, 1715, when *he supposes* the character of Atticus to have been also written; whereas it is evident, from what has before been related, that the interview between Pope and Addison, and the communication to Pope of Lord Warwick's anecdote, on which Pope's resentment was founded, did not occur until some time afterwards. Blackstone had indeed conjectured that the interview took place at a much earlier period, in which he is evidently mistaken; as after such interview the breach was irreparable. Nor is it likely that it occurred sooner than 1716, as Ayre particularly states it to have been *some years after* the conversation between Addison and Jervas in August, 1714. It must further be observed, (as justly stated by Blackstone), that Wycherley did not die until December, 1715. His Life, therefore, could not have been written by Gildon until after that event. These circumstances demon-

strate that the communication from Lord Warwick to Pope could not have taken place earlier than 1716; in which year Mr. Addison married Lady Warwick, and consequently that there are no inconsistencies whatever in the story, *nor any misapprehension either in Pope or Lord Warwick.* That Pope believed Gildon to have been *hired* to abuse him, is evident from the lines in the Prologue to the Satires, not written till many years afterwards:

> "Yet then did *Gildon* draw his *venal* quill;
> I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still."

The character of *Atticus* was therefore undoubtedly written in 1716, when it was sent by Pope, in his own hand-writing, to Addison, and shewn to the common friends of him and of Pope.* Instead of retaliating or resenting it, Addison made the *amende honorable* by recommending the translation of the Iliad in the Freeholder. Pope wisely considered *this* as an instance of *civility* on the part of Addison; and although a continuation of their former friendly intercourse and correspondence, which would have been so honourable to both, could never be accomplished, yet we are happy to find that from this period no traces of hostility can be found to have subsisted between

* This is also confirmed by the account of Warburton. "Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time, (the writing the character of *Atticus,*) to his death, *which happened about three years after.* (Mr. Addison died in 1719.) Vide note on Prologue to the Satires, ver. 193.

them; and Pope was so far from retaining that implacable hatred so unjustly imputed to him, that long after the death of Addison he commemorated the moral purity of his writings in the following beautiful passage:

> —— In all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
> And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
> No whiter page than Addison remains.
> He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
> And sets the passions on the side of truth;
> Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
> And pours each human virtue thro' the heart.

CHAP. IV.

1715——1720.

SITUATION of Pope and his friends from the political state of the country—Rebellion of 1715—*Pope advised to leave the country, but declines it—His visits to Town —Independence on party—Hanover Club—Scriblerus Club—Pope's irregular mode of life—*VERSES ON LEAVING LONDON—*Purchases a House and Grounds, and removes to Twickenham—Amuses himself with painting—*EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS—*Second visit to Oxford—Acquaintance and correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—*EPISTLE FROM ELOISA TO ABELARD—*Pope's account of his situation at Twickenham—Publishes the second and third Volumes of the* ILIAD—*First general edition of his* MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—*Death of his father—Atterbury endeavours to prevail on him to conform—Improvements at Twickenham—Lady Mary returns to England —Sits for her Portrait for Pope—Estrangement between them—Pope publishes the remaining Volumes of the Iliad —Criticisms and commendations of it—Gay's Verses intitled* "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece."

CHAP. IV.

With whatever impartiality Pope might regard the great political parties, whose animosity to each other was now at its height, yet he could not be indifferent to the disturbed and dangerous state of the country, which seemed to threaten some alarming crisis; nor to the peculiar condition of his Catholic brethren, amongst whom he had many highly respected friends. Soon after the death of the queen, he had paid a visit to town; and on his return had expressed his sentiments on the state of affairs to Mr. Blount, in a letter dated Aug. 27, 1714.* After alluding to his employment in translating Homer, he says: "In the mean time I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a Country Justice. To disarm me, indeed, may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot and in my service; a hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand priests."—"I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God, that as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances,

* Vide vol. viii. p. 345.

and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best; and what I more wish than my own, or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us, may not be a surer prevention of harm than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution."

The bold, but ill concerted attempt, which soon afterwards took place on the part of the Pretender, and which terminated in the ruin of his cause, and the death of so many of his adherents, was the desperate effort of that faction, which had been deprived by the death of the queen of all other hopes of success. Nor were the consequences of this event likely to calm the apprehensions of those, who were supposed to entertain sentiments favourable to the ruined cause. Of this number

was Mr. Blount, in whose letter to Pope of the 11th Nov. 1715,* we have a striking picture of the situation of a large portion of the community: "What a dismal scene has there been opened in the north! What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers; and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I do not remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics; but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood! and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me; and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we cannot hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which for security sake I do not always believe neither." Nor does Pope himself appear to have been without serious apprehensions, at this important crisis, that he might be compelled, by some severe measure of

* Vide vol. viii. p. 351.

government, to quit his native country. "Perhaps," says he,* alluding to the change in his residence, which took place about this period, "now I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos patriam fugimus.

Let that and all else be as heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my country well; and if it undoes me, I shall not wish it otherwise." The reply of Mr. Blount, March 24, 1715-16, avows his determination to emigrate to foreign parts, and contains an invitation to Pope to accompany him.† "Your letters," says he, "give me a gleam of satisfaction in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in."—"My *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I cannot exchange them as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *patriam fugimus* supportable to me. It is what I am resolved on, with my *Penates*. If, therefore, you ask me to whom I shall complain, I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's

* Letter to Mr. Blount, March 20, 1715-16, vol. viii. p. 358.
† Vide vol. viii. p. 362.

Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one—*safety* and *friendship*,—(the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing,) and go with me, where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries." This determination Mr. Blount shortly afterwards carried into practice; but Pope, who had not, it seems, equally cogent motives for such a measure, wisely preferred a comfortable habitation on the banks of the Thames, to the wandering life of an exile in foreign climes.

Whilst deeply engaged in his translation of Homer, Pope frequently relaxed from his labours by a visit to town, where, notwithstanding the violence of party, he appears to have associated with those persons who were most highly distinguished, not merely by their rank and political importance, but by their literary productions, their talents for conversation, their conviviality, or their wit. By an indulgence scarcely perhaps conceded to any other celebrated character of the age, he seems to have enjoyed the favour of both parties, without having been called upon to sacrifice his principles or opinions to either. The Club of Wits, who had assembled at Will's coffee-house, and where Dryden had during his life been accustomed to preside, had been removed by Addison to Button's, a servant of his own; and was for the most part attended by those who were distinguished by their Whig principles, and their decided attachment to the House of Hanover; on which account it was

denominated the Hanover Club. Amongst these were Congreve, Steele, Tickell, Philips, Budgell, and others.

The dissensions which arose amongst the Ministers before the death of Queen Anne, and which Swift strove in vain to reconcile, had interrupted the meetings of the political society called the October Club; but another association had been formed, partaking more of a literary character, which was known by the name of the Scriblerus Club, and of which Swift, Parnelle, Arbuthnot, and Gay were members. At both these places Pope found himself a welcome guest; and as temperance and regularity were not the habits of the times, he was probably led into indulgences inconsistent no less with his infirm constitution, than with his usual course of life. This was at one time carried so far, as to occasion some anxiety to his most sincere friends, and amongst the rest to Sir Wm. Trumbull, who, in one of his letters,* says: "I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all tavern-company, and fly away, *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery is it for you, to be destroyed by the foolish kindness, (it is all one, real or pretended,) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat. As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done; therefore come away, and take a little time to

* Vide vol. viii. p. 8.

breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, and much more for yours. Methinks Mr. —— has said to you more than once:

"*Heu! fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.*"

That such a remonstrance would not have been addressed to him without a cause, there is every reason to suppose; and it must be acknowledged, that in the Letters of Pope we find strong indications of the irregular life he at this time led. Writing to Mr. Congreve, April 7, 1715, in a joint letter with Gay,* he says: "Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter forestalled all the subjects of diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till two o'clock over burgundy and champaigne, and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed, in a short time, to be thought to do any kind of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of Homer. I hope you will by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor. Pray cause the stuffing to be repaired and the crutches shortened for me." To this period of his life he doubtless refers in a letter some years afterwards to his friend Mr. Jervas, then in Ireland.† "I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation; our morning conferences in bed in the same room; our evening walks in the Park; our amusing voyages

* Vide vol. x. p. 39. † Vide vol. viii. p. 544.

on the water; our philosophical suppers; our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our fooleries, or what not?" In these amusements his companions, besides Jervas, were Parnelle, Disney, Garth, and Rowe, and it would have been well if he had confined himself to these and similar associates; but he had the misfortune to fall into the company of the Earl of Warwick, the son-in-law of Addison, a young man of dissipated character, and of Colley Cibber; who, availing themselves of his vivacity, laid a premeditated plan for engaging him in an affair which served as the foundation of a story raised upon it by Cibber many years afterwards, and which rendered Pope sufficiently ridiculous, although he always averred that the story, as to the main point, was "an absolute lie."*

To this period of the life of Pope may also be referred his verses written in the character of a Philosophical Rake, to which we have before alluded:

"Dear, damn'd, distracting Town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze, &c.

* * * * *

To drink and droll be *Rowe* allow'd,
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let *Jervas* gratis paint, and *Frowde*
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

* Vide Spence's Anec. p. 338. Singer's ed.

Lintot, farewell!—thy bard must go—
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him) calls.

The situation of Pope with respect to his pecuniary circumstances was now considerably improved. Having prevailed upon his father to dispose of his estate at Binfield, and collected his subscriptions and profits on his Homer, he purchased the lease of the house and grounds at Twickenham, to which he removed with his father and mother, in the month of March, 1715-16, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. In his letter of the 20th of that month to Mr. Blount, he says: "I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D. with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself."*

* Sir William Trumbull died at Easthamstead, in Berkshire, in 1716, and Pope honoured the memory of his earliest friend by an Epitaph, vol. iii. p. 365.

In the year 1716, Mr. Jervas was absent from London on a visit to Dublin, where he resided some time with Swift, during which his house in town was occasionally occupied by Pope, who, notwithstanding his unfavourable representations of his proficiency, still continued to amuse himself with painting. His descriptions of the house, and of his own mode of life, are to be taken, like some of his other writings at this period, rather as a proof of the vivacity of his spirits, than as an authentic account of what he describes.* "As to your inquiry about your house, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

"*Animum picturâ pascit inani.*"

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravansera, entertains the vagabonds only with bare lodging. I rule the family very ill; keep bad hours; and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house. Frank, indeed, does all he can in such a circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained. Every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely

* Nov. 29, 1716. Vide vol. viii. p. 540.

the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger!"

If the proficiency made by Pope in the practice of the art of painting was not great, the effort could not, however, fail to contribute to the improvement of his taste, of which he has left a favourable instance in his Epistle addressed to Mr. Jervas, and accompanying Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting. In this piece, whilst he strikingly displays the warmth of his friendship, he beautifully describes the effects which a simultaneous cultivation of the fine arts is calculated to produce:

"Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away!
How oft our slowly growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review! each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend!"

During the absence of Jervas in Ireland, Pope again visited Oxford, and in a letter to Miss Blount we have a particular account of his journey and reception there.* "Nothing," says he, "could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after

* Vide vol. viii. p. 420.

having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of *Stonor* succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw; by whose solemn light I paced on slowly without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, memorable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity; such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect, which the idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as consi-

derable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious, are in your world. Indeed I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built. Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and from seeing myself seated with dignity in the most conspicuous shelves of a library,* put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square."

On his return from Oxford, Nov. 29, 1716,† he wrote to his friend Jervas in Ireland as follows: "That you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke.‡ He entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original design of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and reverenced some of your first pieces, which future painters are to look upon as we poets do the *Culex* of Virgil, and *Batrachom.* of Homer."

* Probably alluding to his own works.

† Vide vol. viii. p. 540.

‡ Not the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clarke, the learned editor of Homer, but Dr Clarke, of All Souls, a virtuoso and man of taste; who bequeathed his collection of drawings here noticed to Worcester College, in Oxford.

Of the intercourse to which Pope alludes between himself and Dr. Clarke, some account has been preserved by Ayre.* "This opportunity of many friends being absent, Mr. Pope took to go to Oxford, where finding Dr. Clarke, there grew immediately between them a desire of each other's company. Dr. Clarke was a great scholar, a man of great penetration, much speculation, a philosopher, and a lover of free debate and inquiry. Having a propensity to argument, and never declining, in an amicable cool manner, to enter into controversy, he proposed to himself vast pleasure in discoursing with Mr. Pope, concerning the proofs of his religion, and why he assented to the unreasonable injunctions and traditions of the Romish church, in opposition to the scriptures, to his own interest, and the more valuable decision of reason. But in this Dr. Clarke was altogether mistaken; for once, when he hinted, though but at a distance, expressing such desire, Mr. Pope understood it, and told him, said he, 'My reverend friend, Dr. Clarke, it is but a little while I can enjoy your improving company here in Oxford, which we will not so misspend, as it would be doing, should we let it pass in talking of divinity; neither would there be time for either of us half to explain ourselves, and at last you would be *protestant Clarke* and I *papist Pope*;'† so that other

* Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 22.

† That some conversation of this nature had taken place at Ox-

discourses, doubtless both more pleasant and profitable, filled up their hours of conversation, which were very frequent."

For some years previous to this time, Pope had enjoyed the acquaintance and occasional society of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a woman whose character and accomplishments, and the relations in which she stood at various times with regard to Pope, require particular notice. She was the daughter of Evelyn Pierrepoint, Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690, and consequently two years younger than Pope. Her natural talents, which were extraordinary, were cultivated with great assiduity; and sufficient evidence remains of her early proficiency in the Latin and French, and even in the Greek language. Her younger years were chiefly passed in the retirement of the country, till, in 1712, she married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, cousin to Lord Halifax, with whose mother, Mrs. Anne Wortley, she had long lived and corresponded on the most friendly terms. Mr. Wortley Montagu was a man of good sense, and some literary acquirements; a friend of Addison and Steele; and successively represented in parliament the cities of Westminster and Peterborough, and the boroughs of Huntingdon and Bossiney. On the accession of George I., Lord Hali-

ford, appears from a letter of Pope to Martha Blount (vol. viii. p. 425,) where he says: "I have hitherto been detained here by a Doctor of Divinity, whom I am labouring to convert from the Protestant religion."

fax was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Wortley became a Commissioner of that Board. The appearance of Lady Mary at Court was like that of a new star in the horizon. But independent of her acknowledged pretensions to wit and beauty, she had been endowed by nature with a strong and comprehensive mind, that enabled her to combine the refinement of a woman with the solidity of a sage. Her views were extensive, beyond the age in which she lived; and gleams occasionally appear in her writings of those improvements, which yet wait their completion; but the hope and expectancy of which are inseparable from an elevated and generous mind. How capable she was of a practical effort for such a purpose, may sufficiently appear from her having been the first person who introduced into this country the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, after having subjected her only son to the experiment.

At what precise time Pope's acquaintance with Lady Mary commenced, it is not now perhaps easy to ascertain; but that it was some time before the month of August, 1716, when she left England to accompany Mr. Wortley on his embassy to Constantinople, is apparent from many passages in his letters to her. "If you must go from us," says he,* "I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England

* Vide vol. ix. p. 32.

less desirable to you. I am glad, Madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it. It is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes. I can never think that place my country where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken away before hand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy, (if you took that way,) and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours; and it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of freemen?"

To this expedition of Lady Mary to Constantinople, on which she was absent about two years, we are indebted for almost the whole of the correspondence between her and Pope; which was maintained on his part with every effort of wit, and every assurance of the most affectionate attachment; and on hers, with general expressions of esteem and friendship, and with lively and enter-

taining descriptions of the places where she visited or resided, and the manners and characters of those she met with. In this correspondence the general opinion has awarded to Lady Mary the superiority over Pope; but it is difficult to make a comparison where the situation of the parties was so different; where one was wholly to rely for his subject on his own feelings and ideas, and the other was perpetually conversant with the most novel and interesting scenes, and the endless variety that human society affords. Hence the letters of Pope have more sentiment, warmth of expression, and earnestness; those of Lady Mary, more information, copiousness, and ease; the expressions of Pope seem frequently to have been the result of effort, his distinctions and refinements are infinite, and it is not always easy for him to walk on the narrow line to which he was confined; whilst the letters of Lady Mary seem to have flowed freely from her pen, without her adverting to those expressions of particular attachment, on the part of her correspondent, which it was a sufficient indulgence in her to permit, without condescending to return.*

* From a want of sufficient attention to the correspondence between Pope and Lady Mary, Mr. Bowles has been led to advance a series of charges equally unjust and injurious to the memory of both. In a note on a letter from Pope to Lady Mary, given in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope, without a date (vol. vii. p. 215.); but dated in Mr. Dallaway's edition of Lady Mary's Works, (vol. ii. p. 30.) Aug. 18, 1716, Mr. Bowles informs us "that Pope has suppressed part of the letter, which may be seen in Dalla-

Soon after the departure of Lady Mary, Pope wrote his Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, of which Dr. Johnson professes not to know the date, and respecting which Ruffhead is mistaken when he informs us, that "*soon after* this celebrated Epistle, Mr. Pope wrote his Temple of Fame."* If this were correct, the Epistle must have been written prior to 1712, in which year Pope communicated

way's edition; the grossness of which will sufficiently explain Pope's meaning;" to which he adds, "and I have little doubt but that the Lady, disdaining the stiff and formal mode of female manners, at that time prevalent, made the *lover* believe he might proceed *a step farther than decency would allow*;" thus inferring, from the freedom presumed to be displayed by Pope in his letter, that Lady Mary had encouraged him in it, and placing his offence to her discredit. When, however, we turn to the letter in Mr. Dallaway's edition, we find no such indecent passages. On the contrary, the only expressions from the pen of Pope that can be said to bear any construction of the kind, are in the letter as published by Mr. Bowles, and the former editors of Pope, and are not found in Mr. Dallaway's, printed from the original letter as sent to Lady Mary; from which it appears that Pope did not address her in any terms that might be considered as too familiar. Nor is there any expression, even in the letter in Mr. Bowles's edition, liable, on explanation, to any sinister construction; the *nakedness* to which Pope there alludes, having a reference, not to the body but to the mind. Yet Pope appears to have felt that this passage was too equivocal for the eye of a lady, and therefore omitted it in the letter actually sent. It is however on such grounds as these that Mr. Bowles has not only founded his charge against Pope, but has endeavoured to demonstrate that he corrected his letters for Curll's surreptitious edition.—See the Correspondence between Pope and Lady Mary, vol. ix. pp. 8 11, 25, in notes.

* Ruffhead, Life of Pope, p. 172.

his Temple of Fame to Steele; but it does not appear amongst the early writings of Pope, the copyright of which was purchased by Lintot; nor had it been seen by Lady Mary before she left England. It was in fact written in the whole or in part whilst Pope was on his visit to Oxford in the autumn of 1716. In a letter to Martha Blount from that place, (without date,) he says: "I am here studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The *Epistle of Eloisa* grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it."* Its first appearance is in Pope's collection of his miscellaneous works, printed in folio, in 1717, in which year he also published the third volume of the Iliad, a copy of which he sent Lady Mary, with a letter, which now appears without a date, but which must be referred to the former part of that year, in which he says: "I send you with this the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth—that is, my works. There are few things in them but what you have already seen, *except the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, in which you will find one passage that *I cannot tell whether to wish you to understand or not.*"

* Vide vol. viii. p. 423.

By the foregoing expression, Pope undoubtedly meant to refer to the following lines at the conclusion of the poem:

" And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs with mine,
Condemn'd *whole years in absence to deplore,*
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who can feel them most."

On the receipt of the Homer and the other volumes that accompanied it, Lady Mary addressed a letter to Pope from Constantinople, dated Sept. 1, 1717,* containing, amidst other remarks, pretty freely expressed, her opinion of his translation. "I received," says she, "the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it; and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you, or somebody else, frequently make mention. But no more on that subject. I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopen-

* Vide vol. ix. p. 83.

ed to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classic ground;* nor will you refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a Secretary of State, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to Court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *philosopher's stone;* since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone; since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. Addison and Tickell tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial; whilst you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers."

Pope, who had now resided at Twickenham upwards of a year, appears to have been highly pleased with his situation there. His feelings on

this occasion are fully expressed to his friend Mr. Blount, (June 22, 1717).* "Though the change of my scene of life from Windsor Forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand *eras* of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history, yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world, (according to Plato's expression,) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those that are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyments of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals—neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company."

At this period, when the agitation of the country consequent upon the late rebellion had not subsided, and those persons of high rank and talents, to whom Pope had shewn a more particular attachment, were either in imprisonment or exile, he found some consolation in devoting himself with increased ardour to the great work in which he

* Vide vol. viii. p. 364.

was engaged; which, if it could not remove his anxiety and apprehensions, served at least to call his attention from them. "I cannot say," he observes in the same letter to Mr. Blount, "whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when, without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment of modern war-makers; which are likely to prove, (to some people at least,) more fatal than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen."

By these indefatigable exertions, an astonishing progress was made in his translation. In the year 1716 he had published the second volume of the Iliad, containing the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth books, with observations on each, and preceded by an Essay on Homer's battles; and he now published the third volume, containing the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth books, with observations on each. These volumes were received by the public with a degree of favour equal to that bestowed on the first portion of the work, and convinced them that the whole would be completed with equal spirit and ability.

At the same time Pope published the first general edition of his Miscellaneous Poems, in quarto and folio, to accompany the volumes of his Homer. This volume commences with the preface, which has been continued in the subsequent editions, and contains a translation of part of the

thirteenth book of the Odyssey, and of the description of the Gardens of Alcinous.

The avocations and studies of Pope were now interrupted by a domestic misfortune, if indeed the tranquil removal of a good man to a happier state can be so called. In the month of November his father suddenly died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The manner in which he communicated this event to Martha Blount, expresses in two lines, as well as a volume could have done, what he felt on this occasion, as well for the parent he had lost as for the friend that survived.

"My poor Father died last night. Believe, since I do not forget you this moment, I never shall. A. Pope."

Of the circumstances attending this event, and the situation in which Pope was left, a particular account is given by him, in a letter to Mr. Blount, dated November 27, 1717.* "The question you proposed to me is what, at present, I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by the loss of one of the best of fathers.

"He had lived in such a course of temperance, as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him; and in such a course of piety, as to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was. However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of

* Vide vol. viii. p. 369.

a religion that extends beyond the grave! *Si qua est ea cura, &c.**

"He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend of such a humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever;† at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person, when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more, but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father."

Another person, from whose kindness and sympathy on this occasion Pope derived no small relief, was Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, with whom he had then been for some years acquainted, and to whose acknowledged taste and judgment he had occasionally resorted for advice

* His Letter to Mr. Gay is nearly to the same effect, Nov. 8, 1717. Vide vol. x. p. 69.

† Mr. Blount had left England to reside on the continent.

in the publication of his works. Atterbury was the son of the Rev. Dr. Atterbury, rector of Milton in Buckinghamshire, and had distinguished himself at Oxford by a happy union of learning and taste, a specimen of which he gave in a Latin version of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, and in some English poetical compositions.* He had also a principal share in the celebrated dispute between Bentley and Boyle, on the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, and in the more serious controversy with Dr. Wake, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he defended with acknowledged ability the rights and privileges of the church of England, against the absolute supremacy of the sovereign, as asserted by Dr. Wake.† His high Tory principles recommended him to the administration in the later years of Queen Anne, and after several preferments, he was, in the year 1713, appointed Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of Rochester. The change in the ministry on the death of the queen, placed the bishop in the ranks of the opposition; and his principles were render-

* His beautiful and well known translation of Horace, Book iv. Ode 3, is a favourable specimen of his talents, and breathes the very spirit of the original:

"He on whose birth the Lyric Queen, &c."

† This work is intitled, "The Rights, Powers, and Privileges of an English Convocation, stated and vindicated; in answer to a late Book of Dr. Wake's, intitled, The Authority of Christian Princes over their Ecclesiastical Synods asserted, &c., and to several other Pieces." The second edition, much enlarged, (666 pages, 8vo.) was published in 1701.

ed notorious by his refusing, during the rebellion, to sign the declaration of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishops, testifying their abhorrence of it, and exhorting the people to be zealous in the discharge of their duties to his majesty King George.*

But although Atterbury was a decided partizan of the house of Stuart, to whose interests he fruitlessly sacrificed his future prospects, himself, and his family, he still remained a rigid adherent to the Church of England; which, with a zeal equal to that of a Roman Catholic for the infallibility of his own church, he conceived to be the pale in which alone salvation was to be found. It was therefore natural that the regard and affection which he entertained for Pope should render him desirous of converting him from the errors of the Roman Church, and inducing him to embrace the religion which he himself professed. In this attempt he had however met with considerable difficulty. The religious tenets of Pope had been early imbibed. In professing the religion of a Roman Catholic he carefully distinguished it from that of a Papist. This was the religion in which he was born and educated, and this circumstance, as he scrupled not to avow, formed one of his principal reasons for adhering to it through life. To these, other motives were added, which he thought of importance. Both his father and mother were strongly attached to the tenets of

* Stackhouse's Life of Atterbury, p. 76.

their faith, and he was well aware of the unhappiness he should occasion to them by an apostacy from the religion they professed; nor is it unlikely that the independence of his character, and an apprehension that in conforming to the established church he might appear to be actuated by interested motives, might add to the objections entertained by him in other respects. The Bishop did not, however, despair of success, and seems to have been desirous, above all things, of having the honour of making Pope his convert. Ayre relates, that "he had not long been acquainted with Pope, before he took an opportunity of discoursing with him on this head; but the first time being in company, where there were Mrs. Blount, Mr. Cromwell, his own mother, and a certain Lord, whose principles were known to Mr. Pope, at whose desire and with whom he had read my Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristics, the Religion of Nature delineated, and some other books very much in favour of free inquiry, Mr. Pope waved it, and taking the Bishop aside, told him, though he was but a bad advocate for his religion, its orthodoxy and strength would give him sufficient power to venture an argument with *any heretic, either with a mitre or without;* so free did they converse, that even these words gave no offence. That evening was set aside for the conversation; and they were to imagine Dean Swift present at the dispute.

"The Bishop began to read out of Tillotson's sermons, some of which he generally carried about

him, saying that his own sentiments were there better expressed than he, *extempore*, or perhaps with his greatest study, could express them, and, without any other arguments, were sufficient to convince any man, who had a mind so large and so blessed with light as Mr. Pope's, of the great weakness and absurdity of the faith of Papists.

"Mr. Pope sat with great patience, and in his reply said, that the discourses of the Archbishop were only reasoning, and consequently could be no rule for faith; that his quotations were not proper for the subject, as he had treated it, and could be used by Catholics in favour of their arguments; and that without casting away faith, of which the Bishop owned that he himself had sufficient share, no arguments could confute those excellent tenets believed and commanded to be believed by the church; and he farther insisted, that it was as easy to a faithful mind to believe transubstantiation, as to believe the Trinity, the incarnation, miraculous conception, or any other inconceivable mystery, and begged of the Bishop to take *the whole* of the Christian religion into his heart, and not content himself with believing part, in disobedience to the church, to the scripture, and the hazard of his eternal welfare. He went on, and said, if it were possible for any man to raise the dead in proof of any other religion than that acknowledged by the Roman church, it would not shake his creed; and I would to God, said he, that you and I might be stripped, and turned out naked in this cold night,

divested of all our substance and means of feeding, upon condition you thought so too. This shewed him confirmed; and the Bishop of Rochester, who told this conversation to a friend of his, a dignified clergyman, though not a bishop, said he never did intend to speak to him any more on the subject of religion; yet he did, and sometimes wrote too, but found him quite immoveable."*

That the Bishop did, on several occasions, use his earnest entreaties with Pope to review his religious opinions, is certain; and in particular, on the death of his father, he addressed to him a letter, dated Nov. 8, 1717,† in which he evidently alludes to this topic. "When," says he, "you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it, and to assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service." To this let-

* Ayre, Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 156. Although this anecdote rests only on the authority of Ayre, yet we can scarcely suppose that he, who wrote in the year after the death of Pope, and avowedly under the sanction of some of his most distinguished friends who were then living, would have hazarded such a relation, had it not been substantially true.

† Vide vol. ix. p. 190.

ter Pope returned an answer, in which he has so fully and candidly expressed his opinions on both religious and political subjects, that it may serve at least to exculpate him from being an unbeliever in the one, or an officious intermeddler in the other, and may be taken as an apology, although perhaps not a satisfactory one, for his celebrated maxim:

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is best."

"MY LORD, *Nov.* 20, 1717.

"I AM truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that is not my only tie. I thank God another still remains, (and long may it remain,) of the same tender nature; *genetrix est mihi;* and excuse me if I say with Euryalus:

> 'Nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.'

"A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one; at least, I am more certain it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life

and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever:

> 'Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
> Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?'

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure, (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man, who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so to *renounce* the other.

"Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conver-

sion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbours.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides, it is a real truth, I have less inclination, if possible, than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too.

"I begun my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish for all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called so; for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood and rightly administered: and where they are or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform

them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasion of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England: which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher. This is, *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

"Yours, &c."

On this letter Johnson has observed, that Pope answered Atterbury in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles or his judgment. He admits, however, that "Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state," and "that to whatever levities he had been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief in Revelation."

Whatever was the amount of the property left to Pope by his father, it was placed at his own discretion, and being united with what he had acqui-

red by his writings, enabled him not only to live in ease and affluence, but to engage in the improvement of the spot to which he had lately removed, so as to render it an elegant and pleasant residence. Of his skill in architecture and gardening, his house and grounds at Twickenham long remained an acknowledged proof; and although the former has been rebuilt, and the latter greatly altered, yet they still bear indications that they have been the seat of genius, and have been decorated by the hand of taste. In the occupations which these improvements afforded him, he probably found a relaxation from his severer studies; and although his expenditure was trivial when compared with the enormous sums which were laid out about that period in many superb structures in the vicinity of London, yet he endeavoured to compensate for the limited scale of his operations by the superior taste which they displayed. That he carried on these improvements without injuring his fortune is creditable to his prudence; and that he spoke of them with indifference or levity when he mentioned them to his friends, is a proof that he considered them, as they really were, the amusements of his leisure, and perhaps the inducements to exercise and health. In a letter to Mr. Jervas,* who still continued in Ireland, he says: "I must own when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string, and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself

* Dec. 21, 1718. Vide vol. viii. p. 542.

Jupiter, would have pardoned the other madman who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However, I have one way left—to plan, to elevate, and to surprise (as Bays says). The next news you may expect to hear is that I am in debt.

"The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life; much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last the Gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transient glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire and roses bloom. And to say truth, I hope

posterity, (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust,* which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very *rats* of your family."†

Nor is he at times less inclined to amuse himself in his poetical works with the idea of his architectural and horticultural improvements. Thus, in his First Epistle of his first Book of Horace, addressed to Lord Bolingbroke:

"But when no prelate's shirt with hair-cloth lined
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life,)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case."

At other times he refers to his villa with more complacency, as being honoured by the approbation, and even improved by the hands, of his distinguished friends. The Earl of Peterborough is one of this number, whose achievements in Spain

* Jervas's house in town, where Pope had resided, and of which he has given so ludicrous a description.

† This seems as if these animals were formerly remarkable for adhering to a falling building; and that the modern ones are of a different breed.

owe perhaps their most durable celebration to their being united with his assisting Pope in his garden:

"And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

On a subsequent occasion he was indebted to the munificence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, for a present of urns or vases for his garden. His Royal Highness's intention was thus communicated to Pope by Lord Lyttelton:

"Dear Sir,

"Since my last I have received his Royal Highness's commands to let you know that he has a mind to present you with some urns or vases for your garden, and desires you would write me word what number and size will suit you best. You may have six small ones for your laurel circus, or two large ones to terminate points, as you like best. He wants to have your answer soon. Adieu, my dearest friend!

"Yours, most affectionately,

"G. LYTTELTON."

The property occupied at Twickenham by Pope comprehended grounds lying on both sides the public highway, rendering it necessary for him to cross the road, to arrive at the higher and more ornamental part of his gardens. In order to obviate this inconvenience, he had recourse to the expedient of excavating a passage under the road,

from one part of his grounds to the other.* This passage he formed into a grotto, having a front of rude stone-work opposite to the river, and decorated within with spars, ores, and shells. Of this place he has himself left a description, which gives a very lively idea of it.

"I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterranean way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch, up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura;* on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture, in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass, in regular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when

* This circumstance, of its passing under the road, is alluded to by him in the following lines:

"Know all the toil the busy world can heap,
Rolls o'er my grotto, not disturbs my sleep."

a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrow passage, two porches, one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it, but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

'Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ;
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.'

'Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmurs of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers; gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.'

"You will think I have been very poetical in this description; but it is pretty near the truth."

Not satisfied with a prosaic description, Pope has immortalized his grotto in the following lines, not perhaps excelled by any production of his pen:

"Thou, who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach—but awful! Lo! the Egerean grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

Mr. Wortley was recalled from his embassy to Constantinople in October, 1717; but he did not commence his journey back till the 6th of June, 1718.* The correspondence between Lady Mary and Pope had still been continued, and some letters passed during her journey homeward, in which Pope communicated to her Ladyship the fatal event of the death of the two lovers at Stanton Harcourt by lightning, and the pious Epitaph he wrote on that occasion.† Lady Mary did not view this incident in the same serious light. In a letter written on her arrival at Dover, Nov. 1, 1718,‡ she says: "I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers, (vulgarly called hay-makers,) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well set man of twenty-

* Dallaway's Memoirs of Lady M. W. Montagu, p. 43.
† Vide vol. ix. p. 100. ‡ Vide vol. ix. p. 103.

five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners." At the same time she enclosed him some lines on this subject, not remarkable for their wit, and still less for their delicacy; although they terminate with a compliment to Pope:

"—— had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain.
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb."

On the arrival of Lady Mary in town, Pope was earnestly desirous that she should take up her residence in his neighbourhood at Twickenham. By his negociations a house was accordingly procured, and he had the gratification of seeing the woman he so highly admired a resident of the same village with himself.

Not satisfied with this, he prevailed upon her to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, on which occasion he thus writes to her: "Indeed, dear Madam, it is not possible to tell you, whether you give me every day I see you more pleasure or more respect. And, upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a view as that you yesterday had of your own writing. I find you still better than I could imagine, and I think I was partial before to your prejudice.

"The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year. I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I cannot say what I would say of you now; only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which he says can never be set right on the figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your house in a morning, from whence he will transfer it to the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure."*

"His satisfaction with the picture," says her biographer, Mr. Dallaway, "inspired this extemporaneous praise, in couplets, which were immediately written down, and given to Lady Mary, by whom they were preserved:"

"The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,

* Vide vol. ix. p. 114.

So would I draw: but, oh! 'tis vain to try;
My narrow genius does the power deny.
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue's join'd;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description shew the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine."*

On the completion of his house, Pope had received a congratulatory letter from Gay, which afforded him an opportunity of commemorating his continued attachment to Lady Mary, and his regret on account of her absence, in the following lines, which bear the true character of his genius:

"Ah Friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know;
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

Whether Pope sent these lines to Lady Mary, or whether she obtained them from some other quarter, is uncertain; but her reception of them was not very flattering, and shews the commence-

* These lines are very inferior to what might have been expected from Pope, and the references to Princess and Majesty have no proper application to Lady Mary.

ment of a certain degree of estrangement between her and the author. In a letter to her sister, the Countess of Mar, then at Paris, dated Twickenham, 1720, she says: "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr. Pope; who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses; and *they tell me,* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote to him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. *I stifled them here;* and *I beg they may die the same death at Paris,* and never go further than your closet." Whether Lady Mary thought that Pope, instead of contenting himself with the character of the friend, was aspiring to that of the lover; or whether in the new connexions she formed after her return she met with society more suited to her taste, certain it is, that soon after this time their correspondence was discontinued, and their intimacy declined; and although it was some years before an open disagreement took place, the interviews they occasionally had with each other in the society of their common friends, were not calculated to revive that attachment which had before subsisted between them.*

* If we are to place implicit reliance on the opinion of the last Editor of Pope, this disagreement had a more direct and substantial cause. In a letter from Jervas to Pope, which only bears the date of "*Wensday, 11 o'clock at noon,*" the writer says, "Lady Mary W——y ordered me by an express this Wensday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuio,* to send you a letter or some

In the year 1718, Pope had published the fourth volume of the Iliad, containing the 13th, 14th, 15th,

other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening." On which Mr. Bowles has the following remark: "It appears from *this letter*, that Pope wished to be thought a particular favourite with Lady Wortley. *That he presumed too far, and was repulsed, I think there is reason to believe, and that this was the cause of his lasting hate.*" This passage has given occasion to Mr. Gilchrist to charge Mr. Bowles with having accused Pope of an attempt to commit a rape; but this interpretation Mr. Bowles has indignantly denied. (Vide Vindication, pp. 47, 74, 82.) His opponent has, however, repeated the charge. (Vide his third Letter, p 11.) "I can comprehend," says he, "how offers may be *rejected*, but not how they need be *repulsed*; but if I had doubted of Mr. Bowles's latitude in the use of the word, the *lasting hate* which he infers to have been the consequence of Pope's presumption, would have convinced me that I had correctly interpreted his insinuation." It must indeed be acknowledged, that the various publications of Mr. Bowles in defence of his sentiments and conduct, as editor of Pope, have only served still more to discover the prejudice and dislike with which he regards his memory. Even in the sequel to his *Vindication*, Mr. Bowles is so far from having substantially disavowed his injurious imputations, that he has confirmed them in the strongest language. "I beg to be understood," says he, "that though I did not as editor (of Pope) accuse him of *the* GROSSEST *licentiousness*, but a mixture of licentiousness, I now, without fear, accuse him of the GROSSEST." (Vind. p. 82.) Nor is the expression of his animosity confined to prose. In the same publication we find some verses, addressed to his opponent, which thus commence:

"What, shall the dark reviler cry, "oh shame,"
If one vile slanderer is held up by name?
Shall the rank loathsome miscreant of the age
Sit like a night-mare grinning on a page;
Turn round his murky orbs that roll in spite,
And clench his fiendish claws in grim delight?

and 16th books; and, in 1720, he completed that great work, the fifth and sixth volumes of which were published in the same year, the former containing five, and the latter three books; to which were added, observations on each book, an index of persons and things, a poetical index, and an index of arts and sciences. That Pope must have felt himself greatly relieved by the completion of a task, which from its extent and difficulty must at times have become burthensome to him, may well be conceived; but his pleasure was not unalloyed, and with the true feeling of an author, he experienced, even in the circumstances attending its termination, various causes of disappointment and regret. "I find," says he, in a letter to Mr. Digby, May 1, 1720, "it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of parliament; one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought; for having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to pub-

> And shall not an indignant flash of day
> Scare the voracious vampire from his prey?"

Are we to suppose that the *vile slanderer*, the *loathsome miscreant of the age*, is intended to allude to Pope? and that the *indignant flash of day*, was the publication of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works?

lish two only; the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions or perish; and one way or other, no great matter which, *dabit Deus his quoque finem.*"

The final publication of this work gave rise, as was to be expected, to various criticisms, and no small share of abuse, from Dennis and others. Burnet indeed had anticipated its appearance in a tract intitled *Homerides*, and Ducket had attempted to render it ridiculous. Gildon and Welsted also distinguished themselves on this occasion; and Theobald, notwithstanding he had spoken very favourably of Pope's translation, in a paper called *The Censor*, attacked him in a piece which he called *An Essay on the Art of sinking in Reputation;* a great number of detached pamphlets were also published, containing criticisms and remarks on his writings in general. These Pope collected and bound up in volumes of all sizes; twelves, octavos, quartos, and folios, to which he prefixed a motto from Job: *Behold my desire is that mine adversary had written a book. Surely I would take it on my shoulder and bind it as a crown to me.* To each of these pieces Pope wrote the name of the composer, with occasional remarks. "This portentous collection," says Ruffhead, "is

still in being; and if any public library or museum, whose search is after curiosities, be desirous of enriching their common treasure with it, it will be freely at the service of that which asks first."*

In one instance the publication of the Iliad involved Pope in a controversy. Madame Dacier had published a translation of Homer into French prose, accompanied with many learned and judicious notes, of some of which Pope had availed himself, but without making those ample acknowledgments which that lady conceived to be due to her. He had likewise ventured to criticise a passage in her preface, in which she had thought proper to assert, *that Ancient times and manners were so much the more excellent, as they are the more contrary to ours.* This called forth a remonstrance on the part of Madame Dacier, who complained of the manner in which she had been treated, and at the same time objected to some of Pope's opinions respecting Homer. His reply to this may be found in his postscript to the Odyssey; but Madame Dacier died in 1720, and this did not appear till some years after her death. In defending himself on this occasion, Pope has shewn great respect to the merits of his learned opponent; and if she had been living, she would probably have been gratified, if not convinced, by the sentiments expressed by him on this occasion.

But whilst on the one hand the splendor and success of his undertaking rendered Pope the ob-

* Vide Ruffhead, Life of Pope, 194.

ject of envy and malignity, on the other it obtained for him the applause of all those whose esteem and approbation he was most anxious to secure, and greatly extended his acquaintance amongst persons of the highest ranks in society, with whom he afterwards continued to live on terms of independent and friendly intimacy. Amongst these was John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who expressed his approbation of the translation of the Iliad in a copy of verses, which are equally honorable to their author, and to the person to whom they are addressed.

"And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."

That Pope was highly gratified by this commendation, is apparent from the following verses:

"Muse, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends;
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail;
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves; consenting Phœbus bends;
And I and malice from this hour are friends."

The same motives induced the Duke to write a letter to Pope, or rather a dissertation, respecting the dispute then carrying on in France on M. de la Motte's translation of Homer, to which Pope re-

turned an answer.* These pieces demonstrate the interest taken by the friends of Pope in whatever related to the great Poet, and with the notes of Dr. Warton, may serve to give the reader some idea of a controversy which might otherwise have been forgotten.

But perhaps the most gratifying testimony which Pope received of the kindness and approbation of his friends on this occasion, was in the little Poem of Gay, intitled, *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*; in which he supposes that Pope, after a long and hazardous voyage, and an absence of six years, is at length restored to the society of his friends, who advance to meet him as he approaches, and give him a welcome reception. As this piece was evidently intended to enumerate all those with whom Pope was most intimately acquainted at this period of his life, the insertion of it here may afford an opportunity of collecting together such anecdotes respecting them as may yet remain, and may prevent interruption in the course of our narrative. As to the Poem itself, it will scarcely be requisite to attempt to conciliate the favourable construction of the reader to a piece, the chief merit of which consists in the happiness of the allusion on which it is founded, and the simplicity and picturesque effect with which it is executed.

* Vide vol. viii. p. 279.

MR. POPE'S WELCOME FROM GREECE.

A Copy of VERSES, *written by Mr.* GAY, *upon Mr.* POPE'S *having finished his Translation of* HOMER'S ILIAD.

I.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from thy soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy nights' annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Even in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:

Shouts answering shouts, from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud thro' every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than either park or hall;
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say:
"Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

"Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup, and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
For I have still some dozens of champaign:"
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford Dock retires.

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *the friend of human kind,*] Gen. Henry Withers, an early friend of Pope's, whose memory he honoured with an Epitaph in Westminster Abbey. Vide vol. iii. p. 375.

Ver. 30. *Facetious Disney,*] Col. Disney resided at Greenwich with Gen. Withers, and commonly made one of Pope's convivial parties on excursions with Jervas, &c. He is frequently mentioned in Pope's Letters.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder key!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy:
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near—oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast.)
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as woman kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes!

NOTES.

Ver. 55. *Methuen,*] Sir Paul Methuen, comptroller of the household under George I.

Ver. 56. *As Arthur grave, &c.*] This person is mentioned in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 23:

" Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause!" *Warton.*

Ver. 58. *Wortley's eyes!*] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who at this time lived at Twickenham, on friendly terms with Pope.

How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends;
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends:
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell!

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

NOTES.

Ver. 61. *The sweet-tongued Murray*] Not Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, as has been supposed, but Mrs. Murray, a lady of fashion, often mentioned in Lady M. Wortley Montagu's Letters.

Ver. 62. *Howard*] Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk.

Ver. 63. *Harvey,*] Mary Lepell, Lady Harvey.

Ver. 64. *youth's youngest daughter,*] Miss Lepell, younger sister of Lady Harvey.

Ver. 65. *two lovely sisters,*] Martha and Teresa Blount.

Ver. 67, 68. *Madge Bellenden—smiling Mary,*] The two Miss Bellendens; the latter of whom married John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

Ver. 69. *the cheerful Duchess*] The Duchess of Queensberry.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows, with whom, or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, famed for dance;
And frolick Bicknell, and her sister young;
With other names, by me not to be named,
Much loved in private, not in public famed!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see famed Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre,
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd:
Bathurst impetuous, hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

NOTES.

Ver. 73. *the decent Scudamore*] Lady Scudamore.

Ver. 74. *Winchelsea,*] The Countess of Winchelsea, celebrated under the poetical name of *Ardelia.*

Ver. 75. *Miss Howe*] To whom Pope inscribed his verses on Prudery, vol. iii. p. 346.

Ver. 77. *Santlow, famed for dance;*] She afterwards married Booth, the Player. Mrs. Bicknell, the actress, is mentioned either in the Spectator or Tatler, with applause. *Warton.*

Ver. 83. *famed Buckingham*] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

Ver. 87. *Bathurst impetuous,*] Allan, Lord Bathurst.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan)
Dan Prior next, beloved by every muse,
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whispering asks—Is Troy-town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguised:
Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every social virtue prized.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confined,
Or else to see thee here I well surmised:
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

NOTES.

Ver. 89. *generous Burlington,*] Lord Burlington.

Ver. 93. *Oxford*] Harley, Earl of Oxford, then a prisoner in the Tower.

Ver. 95. *Lewis,*] Erasmus Lewis, an intimate friend of both Pope and Swift.

Ver. 97. *Earl Warwick*] Son-in-law to Addison, died in 1720.

Ver. 98. *generous Craggs,*] The Right Hon. James Craggs also died in 1720.

Ver. 99. *sweet St. John,*] Lord Bolingbroke, then in exile.

Ver. 103. *Bœotian air;*] Swift was now residing at his Deanery in Ireland.

XIV.

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
  The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
  Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
  What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carlton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
  Hanmer, whose eloquence the unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
  And shews his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
  In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Caryls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

NOTES.

Ver. 105. *Harcourt*] Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and his son, the Hon. Simon Harcourt, the friend of Pope, on whom he wrote an Epitaph, vol. iii. p. 366.

Ver. 109. *How Lansdown smiles,*] George Granville, Lord Lansdown.

Ver. 111. *See Rochester approving nods his head,*] So in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"Even mitred Rochester would nod the head." *Warton.*

Ver. 113. *Carlton and Chandos*] Lord Carlton and the Duke of Chandos.

Ver. 114. *Hanmer,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Ver. 115. *Harley,*] Mr. Harley, brother to the Earl of Oxford.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art
As Galen learned, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can the extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair:
"Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends!"
he cries:

NOTES.

Ver. 117. *Ned Blount*] Edward Blount, Esq. the correspondent of Pope.

Ver. 119. *Caryls*] The Caryls, of West Grinstead, Sussex.

Ver. 125. *Kneller amid, &c.*] This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the strongest trials. "Sir Godfrey," says Pope, "I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore God," says Kneller, "I believe so." He was frequently (as Mr. Walpole observes) very free and singular in his conversation on religion. This adulation of Pope, Addison, Prior, &c. appears to have heightened his natural absurdities, as he had not discernment enough to discover that they were only soothing him to paint for them gratis, or diverting themselves at the expense of his credulity. Sir Godfrey had drawn for Pope the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope paid for them with the following stanza:

"What god, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas friendship, warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules."

On these lines, which their author wisely suppressed, Mr. Wal-

Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, so fat, with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size,)
Yea, Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches,)
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent?
" Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent;—
In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth my gude dame."

NOTES.

pole has offered a very just criticism. See his Anecdotes, &c. vol. iii. p. 112. (Additions to Pope's Works, printed in 1776.) *Bowles.*

Ver. 131. *Dartneuf,*] Pope appears to have lived on good terms with this modern Apicius, whose authority as an epicure he cites in his imitations of Horace:

—— " none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, *Darty* his ham-pie."

And again:

" What Oldfield loves, what *Dartineuf* detests."

Ver. 131. *joyous Ford is there,*] Charles Ford, Esq. was by Swift's interest appointed Gazetteer. *Warton.*

Ver. 138. *with dust besprent?*] So in the Dunciad, b. iii. v. 185:

" But who is he in closet close ypent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"

Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford. *Warton.*

XIX.

Yonder I see, among the expecting crowd,
  Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowd,
  And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.
See, Digby faints at Southerne talking loud,
  Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng;
Tickell whose skiff (in partnership, they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo! the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
  Lo! Bickford, Fortescue of Devon land!
Lo! Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
  See, hearty Morley takes thee by the hand!

NOTES.

Ver. 146. *Evans with laugh jocose,*] Dr. Evans, of St. John's college, Oxford, celebrated as an epigrammatist. For some of his letters, *v.* vol. viii. p. 566.

Ver. 147. Booth, Mawbert, Titcomb, sufficiently characterized here. Frowd is noticed for his penury in Pope's lines on leaving London:

—— "let Frowd
Save three-pence and his soul."

Ver. 148. *slow along.*] The names of the majority of persons here enumerated, are in want of no illustration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve: "There is a grand revolution at Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a loss for a person to converse with on the fathers, and church history." *Warton.*

Ver. 151. *(in partnership, they say)*] Alluding to the rival translation of Homer. *Bowles.*

Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy, thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo! Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo! thousands more; but I want rhyme, and room!

XXI.

How loved, how honour'd thou! yet be not vain!
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say:
"All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain? 165
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee."

NOTES.

Ver. 155. *Tooker, Eckershall, &c.*] Friends and companions of Pope, Jervas, and Gay, in their convivial excursions.

Ver. 157. *Ayrs*, probably *Ayre*, who wrote Memoirs of Pope, frequently referred to.

THERE is something truly interesting in this sketch of Gay's; it sets before us, in a most familiar manner, the friends and companions of the day; and it is, moreover, beautifully touched and finished.

Almost all the persons introduced have some striking or humorous characteristic; we seem to see them before us. The old beau, "Cromwell, with red breeches;" Ned Blount, "*with busy* pace, in *haste*, but *sauntering*;" Evans, with "laugh jocose," and tragic Young; and lastly, my "Maistre Wanley," the honest but solemn librarian of Lord Oxford. The following characteristic

letter from Pope to him, is one of those in the British Museum, on the back of which he wrote his translation:

"To my worthy and special Friend, Maistre Wanley, dwelling at my singular goode Lord's, my Lord of Oxford, kindly present.

"Worthy Sir,

"I shall take it as a singular mark of your friendly disposition and kindnesse to me, if you will recommend to my palate, from the experienced taste of yours, a dousaine quartes of goode and wholesome wine, such as yee drink at the Genoa Arms, for the which I will in honorable sort be indebted, and well and truly pay the owner thereof, your said merchant of wines at the said Genoa Arms. As witness this myne hand, which also witnesseth its master to be, in sooth and sincerity of heart,

"Goode Sir, yours ever bounden, A. Pope.

From Twickenham,
this fyrste of Julie, 1725.

Bowles.

CHAP. V.

1720——1726.

DEATH of Parnelle, Garth, and Rowe—Pope's Epitaph on Rowe—Share in the South-Sea scheme, and remarks upon it—Publishes Parnelle's Poems—Undertakes an edition of Shakespear—Engages to translate the ODYSSEY *—Correspondence with a Lady—Friendship between Pope and Atterbury—Atterbury committed to the Tower on a charge of Treason—His Trial and Banishment—Pope appears as a Witness for him in the House of Lords—Charge of Irreligion against Atterbury and Pope refuted—Lord Bolingbroke returns from exile —Pope's account of himself to Swift—Mr. Digby visits Pope at Twickenham—Publication of the* ODYSSEY— MR. SPENCE—*Correspondence between Pope and Swift —Swift's Misanthropy, and remarks thereon—Swift's visit to Pope, and interview with the Minister—Gulliver's Travels—Gay's Beggar's Opera—Pope and Swift's* MISCELLANIES—*Swift returns to Ireland—Publication of Gulliver's Travels—Gay's Fables—Death of Mr. Digby and Mr. Blount—Pope completes the Miscellanies—His dangerous accident in a Coach.*

CHAP. V.

The satisfaction which Pope might have derived from the perusal of the numerous list of admirers, who are supposed to have congratulated him on his completion of the Iliad, must have been considerably diminished by the reflection, that he had, at so early a period of life, to lament the loss of many highly valued and distinguished friends, who had accompanied and encouraged him in his labours, and whose applause would have added so greatly to his triumph on this occasion.

Parnelle died, on his way to Chester, in 1717; and Garth and Rowe both died about the end of the year 1718, within little more than a month of each other. On the loss of so many of his friends within so short a period, he has thus expressed himself: "Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last. Parnelle was too much in my mind; to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it."—"Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe. I am writing this very day his Epitaph for Westminster Abbey. After these, the best natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in

the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous;* but ill tongues and worse hearts have branded even his last moments as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth."

The duties of friendship which Pope thus took upon himself, he religiously performed. His Epitaph on Rowe, as originally written, stood thus:

"Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust.
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too, blest.
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies,
What a whole thankless land to his denies."

These lines having been justly considered as paying a compliment to Dryden at the expense of

* The circumstance here alluded to is thus related by Ayre: "Several gentlemen being in his chamber, all sorrowing, some weeping, to perceive the agonies of death coming fast upon him, some of them came to the bed-side, desirous to take a last farewell of him, and others whispering about the bed so softly that he only could hear the whispering, and not what they said; but perceiving much officiousness in every body to serve him, and so many behind those near the bed, ready to come forward to take leave of him, he smiled, as in his healthy hours, and said: *Gentlemen, I wish the ceremony of death was over!* And so sinking lower into the bed, died with very little struggle."—Vol. i. p. 306.

Rowe,* were altered by Pope as they now appear in Westminster Abbey; forming perhaps one of the most unobjectionable of all his efforts in this style of composition:

"Thy reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd bust;
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved."

After this warm eulogy on the character of Rowe, is it possible we can give implicit credit to the following anecdote, related by Ruffhead in his Life of Pope?

"Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but *had no heart.* Mr. Addison was justly offended with some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from

* In consequence of the remarks on the neglect of Dryden in the foregoing lines, the Duke of Buckingham erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, on which he proposed to inscribe the following Epitaph:

"This Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once. The rest, who does not know?"

But which was afterwards changed for the plain inscription that at present appears upon it:

J. DRYDEN.
"Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus May 1, 1700.
Joannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamensis, posuit."

him, which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good fortune, which he expressed so naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied: 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.' Mr. Pope said, he could not deny but Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."

That the author of Jane Shore should have no heart; that Addison should assert this, whilst he admitted in the same breath that Rowe was grieved at his displeasure; and that Pope should coincide in such an opinion, and yet should have stated in his epitaph on Rowe,

"That never heart felt passion more sincere,"

are circumstances that cannot be admitted without sacrificing to the veracity of an anecdote the character and consistency of all the persons introduced.

The profits which Pope had derived from his translation of the Iliad were no sooner received, than he was very near losing them by purchasing into the South-Sea scheme, to which he was probably induced by the advice of some of his friends, who were amongst its chief promoters. With the

supposed advantages of this scheme, the whole nation was for some months so infatuated, that every person who could obtain a share was reckoned a favourite of fortune. "The stock," says Ayre, "rose to above a thousand per cent. Almost all degrees of people were engaged; the courtiers, most persons of quality, gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, artisans, even common servants, who almost all suffered, except a few who were behind the curtain, and in the secret." The effect which this supposed influx of wealth had upon the character and temper of the nation, is well described in a letter from Mr. Digby to Pope, July 9th, 1720.* "The London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town. I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect;"† and in another letter, July 30: "I congra-

* Vide vol. ix. p. 159.

† This company owed its rise to a project of Harley, in 1711, for the purpose of restoring public credit, which had been greatly affected by the dismission of the Whig ministry. "In order to

tulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the golden age; for sure this must be such, when money is showered down in such profusion upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us." This epidemic disorder was not, however, of long duration; and the disappointment and wretchedness it occasioned, were in proportion to the extravagant expectations that had been encouraged. The spirit of the nation was depressed; numerous families were impoverished; and a general gloom prevailed.

As Pope had not indulged in the public enthusiasm on this occasion, he experienced less disappointment at the result. On the 20th Sept. 1720, he thus writes to his friend the Bishop of Rochester: "I have some cause since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you. The fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come like a thief in the night; exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished

allure the creditors with the hopes of advantages from a new commerce, the monopoly of a trade to the South Sea, or coast of Spanish America, was granted to a company composed of the proprietors of this funded debt; which being incorporated by Act of Parliament, took the appellation of the *South Sea Company*." *Archdeacon Coxe.*

the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners—in their own way, in the very sin itself. The thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with *half* of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim; who, after half of his estate was swallowed by the directors of those days, resolved *that* half *to be more* than the whole." * * *

"The universal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men; but it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it." In the same or similar terms he wrote to his other correspondents, and particularly to Mr. Digby; who in his reply, dated Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720, instead of consoling Pope under his loss, congratulates him on the philosophical indifference which he had manifested under it. "I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind:

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendor."* That these commendations on the equanimity of the poet were not without reason, he has himself assured us, and has endeavoured to mark the independence of his character and his contempt of wealth by representing himself as—

> "In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised
> The lord of thousands, than if now *excised*."

In the year 1721, Pope discharged one of the most essential duties of friendship, and conferred a favour on the admirers of poetry, by publishing a selection from the writings of Dr. Parnelle. Of the judgment of Pope in the choice he made, in giving only such as were deserving of approbation, a correct opinion may be formed, by the perusal of those which have since been published, and which unfortunately detract much from the reputation which their author had obtained. Of these latter pieces, Johnson, who republished them, has observed, that "he knows not whence they came, nor has ever inquired whither they are going."

This collection Pope inscribed to Harley, Earl of Oxford, in a copy of verses, such as few patrons have ever had the honour to receive,† and which are too deeply impressed on the memory of every

* Dr. Arbuthnot wrote a paper called *An Historico-Physical Account of the South Sea*, which he lent to James More Smith, one of the heroes of the Dunciad, who read it to his friends as his own. Vide Ayre's Life, i. 283.

† Vide vol. iii. p. 292.

reader of taste to render it necessary here to point out their excellences. He accompanied them by a letter to Lord Oxford, in which he says: "This is the only dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not; for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time."* Harley received these verses with great satisfaction, as appears by his answer.† How much of the praises contained in this celebrated dedication is to be attributed to the merits of the individual, and how much to the partiality of friendship, it is now unnecessary to inquire. The *fiat* of the poet admits of no contradiction, and the name of Harley will be combined with the idea of the great minister, the disinterested patriot, and the affectionate friend, as long as the English language shall remain.

The literary celebrity which Pope had now acquired, induced Tonson to propose to him to become the editor of the works of Shakespear, to be published in six quarto volumes, for which Tonson had obtained a subscription of six guineas for each set. The wretched state to which the text of this inimitable poet had been reduced by the interpolations and typographical errors which occurred in the early editions, had already been a subject of regret to Pope, who we are told was

* Vide vol. viii. p. 298. † Vide vol. viii. p. 300.

accustomed to exclaim in the words of Virgil:*

" —— Laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum vidi, lacerum crudeliter ora;
Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora, raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares."

What Pope proposed to accomplish in this undertaking was, "to give a more correct text from the collated copies of the old editions, without any innovation or indulgence to his own private sense, or conjecture; to insert the various readings in the margin, and to place the suspected passages or interpolations at the bottom of the page; to this was added, an explanation of some of the more obsolete or unusual words; and such as appeared to him the most shining passages, were marked by a star or by inverted commas."† To this edition he wrote a preface, not unworthy of the subject, and which may be regarded as one of the finest of his prose compositions. Warton, who laments that Pope ever undertook this edition of Shakespear; "a task which the course of his readings and studies did not qualify him to execute with the ability and skill which it deserved, and with which it has since been executed,"—admits that "the preface is written with taste, judgment, purity, and elegance."

Nor, although Pope's edition of Shakespear has long been superseded by the more diligent researches and acute observations of subsequent

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 204. † Vide Pope's Preface.

critics, must it be supposed that his efforts were useless. "Pope, in his edition," says Dr. Johnson, "undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone, but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, or at least, the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakespear by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read."

Had this edition of Shakespear, of which Tonson printed seven hundred and fifty copies, been entirely disposed of, it would have proved a very profitable undertaking to the bookseller, who is said to have given Pope, by agreement, only two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings for his trouble as editor; but the subscription was not full, and the price of the volumes, for the time, was very high; which with other circumstances, so far depreciated the work, that as Johnson informs us, one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each. That this was the cause of great mortification to Pope may well be conceived, and it is observed by Ayre, that excepting in his preface, "he never valued himself upon it enough to mention it in any letter, poem, or other work whatsoever."*

* Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 15.

Whatever loss Pope had experienced in his pecuniary concerns in the South-sea scheme, he does not appear to have communicated the amount to his nearest friends. This event, however, served as an inducement to him, which might otherwise have been wanting, to propose to the public a translation of the *Odyssey*, which he undertook to complete in three years. These circumstances, with other particulars respecting the life led by Pope at this period, are communicated in a letter from Gay to Swift of the 24th January, 1722—3. "Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for of late he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years; I believe rather out of a prospect of gain, than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South-sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden."*

This translation, which was to be comprised in five volumes, for five guineas, was undertaken by Pope in conjunction with his former coadjutors, Fenton and Broome; and it was therefore stated in his proposals, that the subscription was not to be solely for his own use, but for that of two of his friends who assisted him in the work.

Whether Pope derived encouragement from his associates, or whether he had surmounted by long practice the difficulties of translation, may be doubtful; but it appears that the idea of translating the

* Swift's Works, by Sir W. Scott, vol. xvi. p. 434.

Odyssey did not give rise to such apprehensions in his mind, as that of the Iliad had done. "You will wonder," says he to Mr. Blount, June 27th, 1723, "I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously, (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise,) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master."

The laborious task of Pope in translating the Odyssey, was enlivened during the years 1722 and 1723, by a correspondence with a lady whose name is given only as Mrs. ——, but whom Pope has celebrated by the poetical appellation of *Erinna*. Twelve letters of Pope to her appear in the correspondence;* but without the answers. Who this lady was it is now perhaps too late to discover, except that she was acquainted with Mrs. Howard; but that she was herself a writer of verses is apparent from several passages in the letters, as well as from the following lines addressed to her by Pope; in which we may perhaps trace some symptoms of defection from his allegiance to the lady to whom he had been so long and so ardently devoted:

"Though sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleased soul surveys;
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.

* Vide vol. ix. p. 121.

So, while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
Serene, in virgin majesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring sun declines."

"The brightest wit in the world," adds Pope, "without the better qualities of the heart, must meet with this fate, and tends only to endear such a character as I take yours to be. In the better discovery and fuller conviction of which, I have a strong opinion I shall grow more and more happy the longer I live your acquaintance."

From several passages in these letters, it appears that the lady had entrusted some of her verses to the correction of Pope; who seems to have been under no small difficulty how to disengage himself from the task. "Whatever zeal I may have," says he, "or whatever regard I may show for things I truly am so pleased with as your entertaining writings, yet I shall still have more for your person, and for your health, and for your happiness. I would with as much readiness play the apothecary, or the nurse, to mend your headaches, as I would play the critic to improve your verses. I have seriously looked over and over those you entrusted me with; and assure you, Madam, I would as soon cheat in any other trust as in this. I sincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happiness to see you."

That Pope entertained a favourable opinion of her talents may, however, be collected from the fol-

lowing passage in the last letter of the series; in which he expresses his willingness to join her in writing a work that should unite description and fancy in a fairy tale, and which he has thus explained.*

"This beautiful season will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you, and all such as you, (if there be any such) at least, all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses.

"I lately saw a sketch this way on the Bower of Bedington. I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way, on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral; like pieces of the old Provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer, admirable; the Flower and the Leaf every body has been delighted with.

"I have long had an inclination to tell a fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will, provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think one or two of the Persian Tales would give one hints for such an invention; and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine

* September 26th, 1723.

taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed) it would add great beauty to the whole.

"I wish you found such an amusement pleasing to you; if you did but, at leisure, form descriptions from objects in nature itself, which struck you most livelily, I would undertake to find a tale that should bring them all together; which you will think an odd undertaking; but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature, I am sure is practicable."* This idea seems to be so completely realized in the beautiful production† of a celebrated living poet, that we might almost suppose it to have been founded on this intimation.

The domestic enjoyments and studies of Pope were at this time interrupted by an event which, whilst it served to evince the sincerity and warmth of his friendship, occasioned him infinite disappointment, trouble, and regret. He had, as we have already seen, lived for several years on terms of the utmost intimacy and friendship with the bishop of Rochester, with whom he frequently interchanged visits, and at other times kept up a regular correspondence. In the month of March, 1721, Pope had spent some days with the bishop at his seat at Bromley in Kent, when he showed him his epitaph on Mr. Harcourt, son of the Chan-

* The same idea is repeated in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 140. "It would have been a very wild thing," says Pope, "if I had executed it; but might not have been unentertaining."

† Lalla Rookh.

cellor, on which the bishop made some remarks; in consequence of which, and of other similar objections from Lord Harcourt,* he was induced to alter it to the form in which it now appears.† About the same season in the following year, the bishop visited Pope at Twickenham, where, as he expresses himself, the kind reception which he met with from Mr. Pope and his mother "had left a pleasing impression on his mind, that would not soon be effaced." In the month of August in the same year, when the bishop went to his deanery at Westminster, to officiate at the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, Pope met him there by appointment; when they passed some time together; certainly not in lamenting the death of that great man. The terms indeed in which Atterbury refers to the duty he had to perform on that occasion, are scarcely consistent with the character which he had to support as a Christian minister. "I go to-morrow," says he in a letter to Pope, of the 30th of July, 1722, "to the deanery; and I believe I shall stay there till I have said dust to dust, and shut up that last scene of pompous vanity."

On the 24th of August, whilst the bishop still resided at his deanery at Westminster, he was arrested by two officers, accompanied by the Under Secretary of State, and a messenger; and was brought, together with all his papers, before the Privy Council. It was there alleged against him,

* Vide vol. viii. pp. 203, 205. † Vide vol. iii. p. 366.

that he had taken an active part in favouring the designs of the Pretender; not merely in his public conduct, in encouraging protests and petitions against the government, and exciting tumult and dissatisfaction amongst the people at large, but in aiding and concurring in a plot for introducing foreign forces into the realm, to overthrow the government. In support of this charge, three intercepted letters were produced, addressed by him to General Dillon, the Earl of Mar, and the Pretender himself, under the feigned names of Chivers, Musgrave, and Jackson.

On his appearance before the Council, the bishop was treated with due respect, and evinced great calmness. He had twice liberty to re-enter the Council-chamber, to make such representations and requests as he thought proper; but his explanations not being considered as satisfactory, he was committed to the Tower. It is probable his answers were not very explicit, as he is said to have replied to some questions in the words in which Christ answered the Jewish Council: "*If I tell you, you will not believe me; and if I also ask you, you will not answer me, nor let me go.*"*

The grief and mortification which Pope experienced on this event may better be conceived than described. If there was any person in whose society he more delighted, and whom he more particularly admired and respected than another, it was the Bishop of Rochester. Of this society he was

* Stackhouse's Life of Atterbury, p. 87, &c.

not only deprived for the present, but was prevented by the terms of the bishop's imprisonment from offering even the common consolations of friendship.* It was not till the eleventh day of March in the ensuing year, that the mode of proceeding against him was determined on; when a resolution passed the House of Commons, "That Francis, Lord Bishop of Rochester, was principally concerned in forming, directing, and carrying on a wicked and detestable conspiracy, for invading these kingdoms with a foreign force, and for raising insurrections and a rebellion at home, in order to subvert the present happy establishment in church and state, by placing a popish Pretender upon the throne." This resolution was followed by a bill of pains and penalties, which on the ninth of April was sent to the House of Lords for their concurrence. This measure the bishop consider-

* He thus refers to this event in a letter to Gay, Sept. 11, 1722: "Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon pies and hogs' puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are opened, and profanely pried into at the Tower. It is the first time *dead* pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprise at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch. I no sooner love, and upon knowledge fix my esteem to any man, but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him; manifest him to be as innocent as I believe; and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well." Vide vol. x. p. 107.

ed as decisive of his fate. The following day he wrote to Pope, being the first communication that appears in their correspondence since his confinement. "I thank you," he says, "for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me, and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case may soon be." * * "I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies." The answer of Pope, on the 20th of the same month, overflows with expressions of his affection and esteem. "It is not possible," says he, "to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you for some time past, and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me by a

tie, which though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you; no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By this way I dare tell my esteem and affection for you to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it." The promise thus made, Pope has amply performed; and after the lapse of a century, the sons and the grandsons of that generation dwell with pleasure on the lines that so feelingly describe,

> "How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
> How shined the soul unconquer'd in the Tower!" &c.

The bishop, who had declined to enter upon his defence before the Commons, was, on the 6th of May, brought before the Lords, for that purpose, attended by the deputy governor of the Tower, and a strong detachment of foot-guards, which it appears was necessary to protect him against the indignation of the populace. Notwithstanding the ability he displayed in his speech, and the protestations of his innocence, he was remanded to the Tower; and the bill, depriving him of his ecclesi-

astical dignities, and sentencing him to perpetual banishment, having passed the Lords on the 16th of May, by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three, received the royal assent on the 27th of the same month.

Pope, at the request of the bishop, attended the hearing in the House of Lords, and was called upon to give his evidence on that occasion. To this incident he has himself adverted, as a proof of his inability for speaking in public. "I do not believe," says he, "that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, (how that bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley,) I made two or three blunders in it; and *that*, notwithstanding the first row of Lords, (which was all I could see,) were mostly of my acquaintance."*

The speech of the bishop on this occasion, although it failed to convince the House of his innocence, was highly creditable to his courage and his talents. Pope was of opinion, that the speech as printed could not be as he spoke it; "as both the bishop and himself minded the time when he began and when he left off, and he was two hours in speaking it; whilst, as it is printed, you cannot well be above an hour in reading it; but he was

* Spence's Anec. p. 156. Singer's ed.

indulged to sit down for two or three minutes to rest himself a little between the speaking."* In the conclusion he made a strong asseveration of his innocence; appealing to God, as the searcher of hearts, for the truth of what he said; and such was the effect produced by his eloquence, and the proofs he adduced, that a protest against the bill was entered into by forty of the Lords, by which they declared it to be their opinion, "that the proof and probability of the Lord Bishop of Rochester's innocence in the matters he stood charged with, were much stronger than those of his guilt."†

The severity of the bishop's sentence was in some degree alleviated by the special favour of the king, who is said not to have passed the bill without regret, and to have lamented that there should be any just occasion of dooming to perpetual banishment a bishop of the Church of England, a man of such eminent parts and learning, and one who had been so nearly attendant on him at his coronation. To soften, however, in some degree the extent of his suffering, he allowed his beloved daughter, Mrs. Morrice, to attend him in his exile, and permitted her husband, Mr. Morrice, by his sign manual, to correspond with any of his Majesty's subjects, and they with him, in the same manner as if the act against the bishop had not passed.‡

* Spence's Anec. p. 156-7. Singer's ed.

† Stackhouse's Life of Atterbury, p. 140.

‡ Id. 128.

The liberality of his friends on this occasion, which is said to have been profusely great, seconded the generosity of the monarch, and supplied the defects of his private fortune, so as to secure him from all danger of pecuniary distress. On the 18th of June* he was carried in a chair from his apartment in the Tower to the water side, where his daughter and her husband were waiting for him in a barge which conveyed him to the ship appointed to carry him to the continent. There he continued the remainder of his life, not however without suspicion of having still carried on that secret intercourse with the Pretender and his friends, both in France and Great Britain, which had been the cause of his banishment.

Notwithstanding the terms of intimacy on which Pope lived with the Bishop of Rochester, and the constant intercourse which subsisted between them, it does not appear that the loyalty of the Poet was ever called in question; but although his friendship with the bishop has not deprived him of the reputation of a good subject, it has been rendered the medium of a serious charge against the religious opinions of both the bishop and himself. This accusation has arisen from an anecdote recorded by Dr. Maty, in his Life of the Earl of Chesterfield, and said to be given in the very words

* Mr. Bowles is mistaken in informing us that the bishop went into exile on the 23d May, 1723. The bill for his banishment did not receive the royal assent till the 27th of that month.

of that accomplished nobleman, as follows: "I went to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him upon his table; and as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him jocosely if he was going to write an answer to it? 'It is a present,' said he, 'or rather a legacy, from my old friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. After the first compliments, the bishop said to me, 'My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and therefore, I give you this legacy to remember me by it.' Does your Lordship abide by it yourself? 'I do.' If you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new lights or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life? The bishop replied, 'We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the book; I will abide by it; and I recommend you to do so too, and so God bless you.'" That so extraordinary a story should have given rise to great doubts as to its authenticity is not surprising. Accordingly Dr. Warton has observed, that "charity and justice call on us, not hastily to credit so marvellous a tale, without the strongest testimony of its truth." No such evidence has yet been given, nor can indeed now be expected; but its refutation is not difficult, and

perhaps sufficiently appears in a letter from the Rev. S. Badcock to Dr. Warton, and published by him in his edition of the works of Pope;* in which, amongst much extraneous matter, the writer observes, that "this remarkable conversation between Atterbury and Pope is said to have taken place but *a few days* before the bishop went into exile; whereas it appears from a letter dated *nine months* before this event, that the bishop had, with equal piety and generosity, interested himself so far in the spiritual welfare of his friend, Mr. Pope, as to recommend to him the study of the Holy Scriptures; and softening his zeal by his urbanity, had so won on the esteem and affection of Pope, as to draw from him the most grateful acknowledgments. The letter I refer to is the nineteenth of the collection of those between Atterbury and Pope.† At the conclusion is the following very remarkable passage: 'I ought first,' says Mr. Pope, 'to prepare my mind for a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c., before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings, in which, (as in all the intermediate ones,) you may, if your friendship and charity towards me continue so far, be the best guide to, yours, &c."

In refuting this imputation, Mr. Badcock has pursued a right course of criticism; but he has not carried it far enough. Instead of a period of

* Vide Warton's ed. vol. viii. p. 130. † Vide vol. ix. p. 226.

nine months, which, as applied to so important a point, might be called a recent change, he might have shewn that the same subject had engaged the attention of both Atterbury and Pope for almost as many years. We have before noticed the earnest attempt made by Atterbury, on the death of Pope's father, to induce him to conform to the established church. Is it to be supposed that this could have taken place, if the bishop had not been a believer himself? Nor is it, after all, unlikely that some impression was made on the mind of Pope by the earnest and reiterated efforts of his friend. A letter to the bishop, of the 20th April, 1723, concludes with the following striking passage: "Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude that you are intentionally doing so to me; and every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten, (nay, to be but faintly remembered,) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you and wish for you. In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; *and perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.*"

As Atterbury was proceeding on his journey, he

met at Calais with Lord Bolingbroke, who having received the king's pardon, was returning to his native country. The reflections to which this gave rise in the mind of Atterbury may well be conceived. Bolingbroke had not only exerted himself to the utmost, both whilst he was in office and after the death of the queen, to bring back the exiled family, but on his arrival in France had actually entered into the service of the Pretender, and accepted the seals as secretary of state. How to reconcile the lenity shewn to Bolingbroke with the severity exercised against himself, must have occasioned him some difficulty; and it is therefore not surprising that he was led to conclude, that in order that an example of punishment might not be wanting, they were exchanged with each other. The fact however was, that Bolingbroke, having by his intemperance and imprudence lost the confidence of the Pretender, determined to make an effort to be restored to his country, for which purpose he exerted those extraordinary talents which he so eminently possessed, in representing to the British ministry the important services which it was in his power to render them, as well with his own party in England, as by the knowledge he had obtained of the designs of their enemies, if they would relieve him from the proscription and disabilities under which he laboured. The earnestness and apparent sincerity of his representations at length prevailed, and in the month of May, 1723, his pardon passed the great seal. His ar-

rival in England must have been highly gratifying to Pope; as, if there was a person existing who could in any degree recompence him for the loss of the society of Atterbury, it was Lord Bolingbroke.

With the return of Bolingbroke, the intercourse between Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, and their friends, which seems for some time to have languished, revived. The feelings of Pope may be collected from a letter to Swift of Jan. 12, 1723-4.* "Lord Bolingbroke is now returned, (as I hope,) to take me with all his other hereditary rights; and indeed he seems so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them, as little as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius but at the expense of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough, (whom I now lodge with). He has too much wit as well as courage to make a solid general; and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself." The relaxation which had occurred in their correspondence, rendered it necessary for Pope to give his friend some idea of his peculiar situation and turn of mind at that period; and to this we are indebted for a more par-

* Vide vol. x. p. 113, where it is dated 1723.

ticular view of them than could be obtained from any other quarter. "This leads me," says Pope, "to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me, and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

"The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but, at the same time, the observation and experience I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violence and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learnt to bear with,) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a

personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally, none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish. The strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you; but fate has dispersed them all about the world, and I find to wish it is as vain as to wish to see the Millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

"If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects."

Here Lord Bolingbroke took up the pen; and as Pope had thus exhibited a portrait of himself,

his Lordship thought proper to follow the example. Whatever degree of credit may be given to representations of this nature, it cannot be denied that they are highly interesting, and often exhibit much more of the character of the person than he himself intended.* The reply of Swift was long delayed, for which he excused himself by alleging a summer expedition of four months, on account of his health. In this letter, which was addressed to Pope, and dated 20th September, 1723,† he acknowledges that he has "no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement," and congratulates Pope on the advantages he derives from his independence on party. "Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party. This you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius, employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry, as long as you are known to be of neither."—"Your notions of friendship are new to me; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way. I am condemn-

* Vide vol. x. p. 117. † Vide vol. x. p. 121.

ed to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail."—"I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be so called in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence. *Hæc est vita solutorum*," &c.

In the month of August, 1723, Pope received a visit at Twickenham from his young friend, the Hon. Robert Digby, son of Lord Digby, with whom he had for some years kept up a correspondence, which, though without effort, and confined to subjects of friendship and domestic life, is highly creditable to both parties. On his return, Mr. Digby wrote to Pope, Aug. 14, 1723:* "I cannot return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me. It will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the

* Vide vol. ix. p. 171.

power it gives me of being entertained in your villa when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them (her) it is unnecessary."

Pope had intended to return his friend's visit, but an attack of fever "for six or seven days," and "an impertinent lameness which kept him at home twice as long; as if fate should say, *you shall neither go* into the other world, nor any where you *like in this*," prevented him; "else," says he, "who knows but I had been at *Home Lacy*."*

The suggestion of Pope in one of his letters to Swift, that from a life of variety and dissipation he was likely to be thrown again into study and retirement, seems to have been in a great degree realized; and may perhaps be sufficiently accounted for, from the engagement he had entered into to complete his translation of the Odyssey in the year 1725. He had now arrived at the height of his poetical talents and skill; but the ease of versification which he had acquired did not render him negligent, and he has himself assured us, that he "can with integrity affirm that he had bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole (of the Odyssey) as were consistent with the indispensable

* Oct. 10, 1723. Vide vol. ix. p. 175.

duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health, which God had been pleased to make his portion." He did not, however, pursue this object so closely as not to allow himself an occasional and perhaps necessary relaxation from his labours: and in the summer of 1724, he passed upwards of a month in "strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to his friend Lord Cobham's, at Stowe."

In 1725, the three first volumes of the Odyssey made their appearance,* preceded by a general view of the Epic Poem, and of the Iliad and Odyssey, extracted from Bossu.

Of this translation, the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books, are the work of Fenton; the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, are by Broome, and the remaining twelve by Pope. The notes were compiled by Broome, but the postscript to them was written by Pope himself, and is considered by Dr. Warton as "a fine piece of criticism." According to Ruffhead, Pope gave Fenton six hundred pounds, and Broome three hundred for their trouble; but according to Warton, Fenton had only three hundred, and Broome five hundred, which from their respective shares in the work seems more likely to be the fact.

Of this work, eight hundred and nineteen copies were printed, towards which subscriptions were

* Published for Bernard Lintot, 4to.

obtained for five hundred and seventy-four. The copyright Pope sold to Lintot for six hundred pounds, and obtained a patent for his sole printing of it for fourteen years, as he had before done with respect to the Iliad. In this patent it was stated, that Pope had *undertaken* a translation of the Odyssey; but in the former it was said that he had *translated* the Iliad. As the sale of the work did not equal the expectations of the bookseller, he complained that Pope had imposed upon him, and threatened to make it the subject of a legal inquiry; but the proposals of Pope, in which he had stated that he was to be assisted by two of his friends, were too explicit to admit of a cavil. This, however, did not prevent those imputations which were always thrown out against him on the appearance of a new work; and it was stated in Mist's Journal, that "having undertaken the Odyssey, and secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed *some underling* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hand."

The publication of the Odyssey led the way to an acquaintance between Pope and Spence; a man who, by his various accomplishments and the kindness of his disposition, rather than by the depth of his learning or the energy of his mind, seems to have conciliated the favour and friendship of all to whom he was known, and through whose industry we are possessed of many valuable anecdotes respecting the sentiments and opinions of Pope,

which could not have been derived from any other quarter. A critique published by Spence on this translation, under the title of *A Dialogue between Philypsus and Antiphaus*, in which its beauties and defects were minutely considered, was so well received by Pope, that he became desirous of being acquainted with the author, and invited him to spend some time with him at Twickenham, where he received many marks of attention and kindness. A copy of Spence's Essay was in the hands of Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, with marginal observations in the hand-writing of Pope, who generally acknowledged the justice of the observations, but sometimes humorously pleaded that some favourite lines might be spared. Dr. Warton, who was well acquainted with, and warmly attached to Spence, assures us that he knows no critical treatise better calculated than this *on the Odyssey* to form the taste of young men of genius; and it is from him we learn, that "the two valuable preferments which Spence obtained, the prebend of Durham and the professorship of modern history in Oxford, were owing to the interest which Pope exerted among some of his powerful friends in his favour; and that it was upon Pope's recommendation that Spence travelled with Lord Middlesex, which was the foundation of his future good fortune."

The correspondence between Pope and Swift continued to be carried on with great spirit towards the close of 1725, and affords us not only a full insight into their characters and dispositions,

but also considerable information as to the literary undertakings which they had then in hand. In a letter from Pope of the 14th of September, we find the first indications of his great work, *The Essay on Man*, thus expressed: "Your travels* I hear much of. My own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land; but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country and for my own time." The intended visit of Swift to England in the following year, is thus whimsically adverted to: "If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise, as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old as yourself.† You will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another. You will converse like spirits by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party woman, and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

"One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, he bids me

* Gulliver. † Mrs. Howard.

tell you (and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more."

The reply of Swift of the 29th of the same month, communicates to us the progress he had made in "Gulliver's Travels," and marks, in those characteristic strokes which he alone could give, the strongest features of his character. "I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my Travels, in four parts complete; newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is, to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misapplying your genius for so long a time; but since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is towards individuals; for instance, I hate

the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor such-a-one, and Judge such-a-one. It is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition, *animal rationale*, and to show that it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute. Nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

"I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it *three fourths* the less for the mixture you mention of other hands. However I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.* I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great

* From this passage it might be inferred that Pope had informed Swift, that he had himself translated only a *fourth part* of the work.

achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*."

Whatever might be the friendship of Pope for Swift, or the deference he paid to his opinions, he by no means appears to have concurred in the indignation expressed by him against mankind in general; although his dissent is expressed with his characteristic skill and delicacy. "I have fancied," says he, "that we should meet like the righteous in the *millennium*, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity; but I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill as possible. I will not tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles*) till I see you here face to face. Then you shall have no reason to

* The fallacy on which the whole system of Rochefoucault is founded, could not have escaped the observation of Pope; and that he had really thought on this subject, is apparent from what he said to Spence: vide his *Anecdotes*, p. 11. "As L'Esprit, La Rochefoucault, and that sort of people prove that all virtues are disguised vices, I would engage to prove that all vices are disguised virtues. Neither, indeed, is true; but this would be a more agreeable subject, and would overturn their whole scheme."

complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service."—"For I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people that never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend."

Warburton has (perhaps justly) considered the allusion of Pope to his intention of writing a set of maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, as an oblique reproof of the *horrid misanthropy* of Swift; and Warton, with still greater severity, has adverted to the expression of Swift with respect to his hatred of mankind, "as a sentiment that dishonours him as a man, a Christian, and a philosopher;" but surely this expression, strong as it is, ought not to have incurred so unqualified a reprehension. It is certainly not difficult to perceive throughout all the writings and conduct of Swift, that his avowed dislike to his species was not such a feeling as could lead him to prefer their unhappiness to their welfare, but was a qualified sentiment arising from a quick sense of their vices, follies, and absurdities, which it was his object to correct by a moral caustic; in the same manner as we may presume that in some of his most indelicate poems, his object was not to disgust his reader, but to recommend that due

attention to decency and cleanliness, for which he was himself so remarkable. If we could for a moment entertain the idea that Swift was really actuated, as he here professes, by an antipathy to mankind, how are we to account for the interest which he took in public affairs, his arduous labours in the service of Ireland, his extensive charities during his life, and his directing that a hospital for insane persons should be founded after his death? Are we to suppose that all this was substantially and in fact intended to injure and degrade the human race? As well might we presume that he was serious in his proposal to the higher ranks in Ireland to eat the children of the poor, as that he literally hated his own species either *collectively* or *individually*, and Pope knew his real sentiments too well to impute to him so detestable a feeling; although he did not think proper to encourage his friend in trains of thought, in which he probably saw it was not for his happiness to indulge.

That Swift was not wholly insensible to the admonition of his friend, appears from his reply of the 26th of November, where he says: "I tell you after all, that *I do not hate mankind*. It is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition and made another of my own. I am no more angry with —— than I was with the kite,

that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him. However I will read him again, because it is possible I may since have undergone some alterations."

In the spring of 1726, Swift accomplished his purpose, and arrived in England, when he took up his abode with Pope at Twickenham, whence he made occasional excursions, in visits to his other friends. That one motive which had induced him to undertake a journey was to enjoy once more the society of those literary associates, to whom he was so sincerely and warmly devoted, may well be supposed; and it is also probable that the preparation of his works for the press, by the judicious advice and assistance of Pope, furnished an additional reason for his visit. But independent of these, there is good ground to suppose he had other objects in view. The full establishment of the Whigs, and the power and influence which Walpole now possessed as their leader, had almost extinguished the hopes of the Tory opposition; a circumstance which seems to have led Swift to re-examine his own political opinions, and to discover that his principles were not so adverse to those of the Whigs as he had led the world to suppose. The result of his deliberations he had committed to

writing, in a very remarkable letter to Pope, dated Jan. 10, 1721,* in which he explains his public connexions, and avows his political principles as he wished them at that period to be understood. He asserts that he always declared himself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood; he justifies the principle of a revolution whenever it is necessary to the public good, as in the case of king William; he exposes, in the strongest terms, the impropriety and danger of a standing army, to which he avows a mortal antipathy; he contends for the restoration of annual parliaments, and adores the wisdom of that Gothic institution which introduced them; he abominates that scheme of politics of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed, and conceives that there cannot be a truer maxim in our government, than that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. He contends that he had never discovered by his words, writings, or actions, any party virulence or dangerous designs against the present powers; that his friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that he was known to be a common friend of the *latter* sort when they were in distress: and he states that when the Tories were in power, it was a usual subject of raillery towards him from the ministers, that he never came

* Vide vol. x. p. 82.

to them without a Whig in his sleeve. Although this letter was addressed to Pope, it never came to his hands, nor, as Warburton informs us, did he believe it was ever sent. It is however evident from the whole purport of it, that Swift, notwithstanding his professions, had by no means dismissed from his mind those political views and hopes of preferment which he had formerly entertained; for with what purpose could he have prepared so elaborate a manifesto, but that it might be communicated where it was likely to produce its intended effect?

With such principles and views Swift arrived in England, and soon afterwards obtained, through the interference of Lord Peterborough, an interview with Sir Robert, then in the height of his power and influence. The professed object of Swift was to communicate to the minister such circumstances respecting the state of Ireland and the alleged abuses in its government, as he was not likely to be acquainted with through any other channel; but Walpole had been apprized of his visit, and cautioned against his representations; and the interview tended rather to increase, than to reconcile, the political differences that subsisted between them. The enemies of Swift took occasion to represent this to his disadvantage, as if he had proposed to barter his principles for power and preferment; but in a letter to Dr. Stopford, dated July 20, 1726, Swift, in allusion to the bishopric of Cloyne, then vacant, expressly says, that "he

was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions that would never be granted." At the same time it must be acknowledged, that it is difficult to vindicate the public conduct of Swift on all occasions; and that he will never be regarded as a pattern of political consistency.*

On this visit Swift continued to reside with Pope about two months; Gay was also of the party;† and there is reason to believe that during this interval many celebrated pieces, well known to the present times, were either planned or written, and submitted there to the mutual correction of the parties. It was undoubtedly here that the final touches were given to Gulliver's Travels, and the manuscript consigned to Pope to be published after the Dean's return. On this occasion Pope wrote the copies of verses entitled, "The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss of Grildrig," "The Address from a Horse," "Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver," and "The Lilliputian Ode to Quinbus Flestrin, the Man Mountain,"—pieces which do no discredit to his poetical talents, but which he refused to permit Lintot to publish as his, and which, although inserted in

* But see Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, pp. 320, 349. The Dean's own account of this interview is given in a letter to Lord Peterborough, April 28, 1726, printed in Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 68.

† Vide letter from Lord Bolingbroke to the three Yahoos of Twickenham, Jonathan, Alexander, and John; an Epistle whose wit is chiefly in its address: vol. x. p. 150.

this edition, accord better perhaps with the broad humour of Gulliver's Travels, than with the "whiter pages" of Pope."*

This meeting gave birth also to *The Beggar's Opera*, the most successful production of Gay, who was indebted to Swift for the idea of writing a Newgate pastoral, but afterwards determined to attempt a comedy, on a similar plan. As Gay proceeded in his labour, he communicated the work to his friends, who afforded him their advice and corrections, and sometimes altered an expression; but, excepting this, the composition was entirely his own. When it was finished, Gay submitted it to the opinion of his two friends, who neither of them thought it would succeed.† It was then shewn to Congreve, who, after perusing it, said, "it would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." Swift and Pope, with the rest of

* Pope writes to Swift (March 8, 1726-7,): "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation, nor do I much like them." These pieces will be found in the sixth volume of the present edition.

† Two of the songs, beginning "Through all the employments of life," and "Since laws were made for every degree," are said to have been furnished either by Pope or Swift, but it is not quite agreed to which of them they are to be attributed. Warton has assigned them to Pope, but Sir Walter Scott thinks "the internal evidence is in favour of Mr. Deane Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, who uniformly declared they were written by the Dean;" and this seems to be the better opinion.

Gay's friends, were present at the representation, and remained in great suspense till they heard the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box, say: "*It will do—it must do—I see it in the eyes of them.*" This prediction was speedily confirmed; the piece was received with unbounded applause, and represented during sixty-three nights in uninterrupted succession. All the songs became highly popular, and for some time it was the leading subject of conversation in town. The reputation it first acquired it has in a great degree retained, and this piece is yet occasionally performed, notwithstanding the objections that have been raised against it, as likely to prove injurious to public morals;*—a charge which there is too much reason to believe is not without foundation.

The success of this attempt induced Gay to write a sequel to it; but the immoral effects attributed to the Beggar's Opera were alleged as a reason by the Lord Chamberlain for prohibiting the representation. Gay therefore published it under the title of *Polly*, and notwithstanding it was universally allowed to be a very inferior performance, yet such was the effect of the attempt made to suppress it, and the earnestness of Gay's friends, who were mostly in opposition to ministers, that

* Pope has remarked that "no writing is good that does not tend to better mankind in some way or other:" a test which it is difficult to conceive how the Beggar's Opera can sustain; although Swift thought that it was calculated by its satirical turn to produce a good effect.

the publication is said to have produced him a profit of eleven or twelve hundred pounds, while that of the Beggar's Opera amounted only to about four hundred.*

But perhaps the most important publication to which this celebrated conjunction gave rise, was the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift, in several volumes, including the Discourse on the Bathos, and many other pieces both in prose and verse, which had been scattered in several selections, but never before collected. To this the authors were induced to have recourse, in order to prevent the scandalous traffic which Curll and other booksellers made of their writings, not only by publishing what had been obtained by the indiscretion of their friends, but "by affixing their names to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which they had never seen or heard of till they appeared in print."† "Nothing could exceed," says the biographer of Swift, "the generous and good-humoured frankness with which he abandoned his verses to his friend's criticism, entreating him to correct, to burn, and to blot without favour. He shewed himself as tractable in his years of full-blown fame as when in his younger years, at the instance of Addison, he erased forty verses, added forty verses, and altered a like number, in the short

* Spence's Anec. p. 204. Singer's ed.

† Preface to Miscellanies, Swift's Works, vol. xiii. p. 6.

poem of Baucis and Philemon."* To these Miscellanies Arbuthnot and Gay also contributed several pieces. The publication of the work did not however take place till the following year, when it will again occur to our notice.

During the residence of Swift in England, his time was divided between the society of Pope at Twickenham and his visits to the Princess, who had a villa at Richmond Hill, and to Lord Bolingbroke at Dawley. On this occasion Pope performed his promise to the Dean, and introduced him to Mrs. Howard, who had a house at Marble Hill, where they frequently visited her; and on one occasion, not finding her at home, they took possession of the house, and Pope repaid her for the entertainment they there met with by a letter,† which if wit can compensate for good cheer, returned the obligation, and may serve to shew the friendly terms on which they lived.‡

* Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, 347.

† 20th June, 1726. Vide vol. viii. p. 338.

‡ "This celebrated, yet unhappy lady, was sister to the first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and wife to the Honourable Charles Howard, who succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk by the death of his brother. She was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, and had the misfortune to please the Prince, afterwards George II. Her situation must have been sufficiently uncomfortable, for her husband was worthless and brutal, her royal lover neither generous nor amiable, and her mistress too jealous of power to permit any share of it to the favourite, though she connived at her husband's gallantry. Mrs. Howard is said to have obtained the good graces of the

The opportunity now afforded to Pope and Swift of enjoying the society of each other, seems to have confirmed the friendship that before existed between them. Pope continued to prosecute his numerous avocations, and Swift amused himself in writing verses on such subjects as attracted his peculiar and sarcastic turn of mind, which if at some times it added a sting to his reproof, could at others give spirit and poignancy to the most flattering approbation. Amongst his productions of the latter description, are the following verses intitled, *Advice to the Grub-Street Writers*, which, as they commemorate a characteristic trait of Pope, are here inserted:

ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET WRITERS.

" Ye Poets, ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

Prince of Wales, from being the confidante of his unsuccessful attachment to Miss Bellenden, afterwards Duchess of Argyle."—*Note of Sir Walter Scott, Swift's Works*, vol. xvii. p. 89.

This lady was courted by almost all the wits of her time, who seem to have overlooked the immorality of her conduct and the disgrace of her situation, in the lustre of her accomplishments and the expectation of her promoting their interest at Court. That she was not without considerable talents and even humour, is evident from the correspondence between her and Swift, and particularly from her letter signed *Sieve Yahoo*. Pope seems to have regarded her with sincere and disinterested esteem, as appears not only from his letters, but from his lines beginning:

" I know a thing that's most uncommon," &c.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O 'tis a quaint device;
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Send these to paper-sparing Pope;
And when he sets to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why, then recal your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own."

Whilst Swift was thus dividing his time between the society of Pope and his other friends, his enjoyments were suddenly interrupted by the accounts which he received from Ireland of the dangerous illness of his beloved Stella, which alarmed him to such a degree that he determined to lose no time in preparing for his return. It was to no purpose that Lord Bolingbroke had invited him to pass the winter with him in France,* or that he had the offer of a settlement within twelve miles of London, in the midst of his friends. The agonizing apprehensions under which he suffered admitted of no alternative, and after passing a few

* Vide Letter from Swift to Sheridan, in Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 75, 76. Sir W. Scott's Edition.

days in London to prepare for his departure, he left England early in the month of August, and after a short journey arrived in Dublin; where he was received by his friends with the honours of a patriot, and had the happiness to find Mrs. Johnson in a state of convalescence. Before he left London he wrote a few lines to Pope, acknowledging the kindness which he had experienced, and expressing his anxiety for the health of his friend, which it seems depended on his exercising the utmost caution in regard to his diet. "I had rather live in forty Irelands," says he, "than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed." What the sensations of Pope were on this separation are best described in his own words:* "Many a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, (in London) and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for

* Aug. 22, 1726. Vide vol. x. p. 152.

me to live at ease without you; habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one which presents you to me in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Cicester, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester; I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift." These professions, warm as they are, seem not to have been made without reason. The interview between them had not only renewed but improved their friendship, and after the return of Swift a more regular and frequent intercourse by letters took place than had ever before subsisted between them.

On Swift's return to Ireland he had left behind him the corrected copy of Gulliver's Travels, ready for publication. It was put into the hands of Motte the bookseller, who pretended that the manuscript was dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; but this was probably only a humorous contrivance of Swift to add to the interest of the work by throwing a veil of mystery over it, and Pope was no doubt the medium of

the conveyance, as may sufficiently appear by his having received for the copyright a sum of three hundred pounds, of which Swift generously made him a present.*

Of the circumstances attending the publication of this highly celebrated work, a very particular account is given by Gay in a letter to Swift, of the 17th Nov. 1726, in which, according to the usual practice in their correspondence, he pretends not positively to know that Swift was the author. After stating the favourable reception it had met with, he adds: "You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular, Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject."—"Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you."

In the same style Pope addressed his friend on this occasion: "I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publicâ trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will

* Sir W. Scott's Life of Swift, p. 348.

be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations. I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold and too general a satire; but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections, (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them;) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; so, for my part, I suspend my judgment." This mystical style was kept up by Swift, who mentions a book having been sent him, called *Gulliver's Travels*, and gives the opinion of an Irish bishop, who said "it was full of improbable lies, and that for his part he hardly believed a word of it."

The great literary harvest of 1726 was increased by the publication of Gay's Fables, the most correct, the most pleasing, and the most popular of all his works. These he dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, for whose use they were professedly

written, and it was expected that he would have been rewarded by some preferment at Court, but the only situation offered to him was that of Gentleman-Usher to the young Princess Louisa, which he was induced to decline, alleging that he was too far advanced in life; but in fact because he considered it as unworthy of his acceptance. How greatly Gay conciliated the esteem and good wishes of his friends, appears from the constant anxiety which they expressed for his interest, and the frequent admonitions by which they endeavoured to stimulate him to exertion, insomuch that he was obliged, for the sake of peace, to counteract his natural indolence and grow rich in spite of himself. "The contempt of the world," says he, "grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them."*

In this year Pope had the misfortune to lose two of his friends whom he highly valued, and whose letters form a portion of the collection of his correspondence. These were Mr. Digby and Mr. Blount. The death of the former was shortly

* Feb. 18th, 1726—7. Vide Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 134.

followed by that of his sister Mary; and Pope has perpetuated the memory of both in an inscription on the monument erected by their father, Lord Digby, in the church of Sherbourne in Dorsetshire; which Johnson has censured as containing nothing new, and as having derived its "strongest and most elegant" line from Dryden. That it is not easy to produce any thing *new* on a subject of this nature, the critic has candidly admitted; but if the expression of those feelings of affection and friendship which do honour to human nature, and the pointing out to the disappointed hopes of this world, the prospect of a better, in which they are to be realized, in language that elevates whilst it soothes, and cheers whilst it condoles, can be thought to give value to such a composition, this epitaph may be ranked amongst the best of those tributes that surviving affection has poured out to departed worth.*

Mr. Blount had returned from his voluntary exile in the year 1723, and still continued, as well on his own account as that of his sisters, to enjoy the esteem and share the correspondence of Pope; but on a visit to London he was seized with the small pox, of which he died. During his illness, he was attended by his sister Martha, who, although she had never had the complaint, did not hesitate to remain constantly with him, and afford him every assistance and consolation which his situation required. Ayre has published a letter

* Vide vol. iii. p. 371.

as having been written by Pope* to her, congratulating her on the constancy and courage which she manifested on this occasion; but this was probably transcribed from one of the surreptitious volumes of Pope's correspondence published by Curll, who procured a translation of this, and some other letters from Balzac, and printed them in his third volume, in the name of Pope; pretending he had received them from a correspondent, who had found them among some papers of a deceased friend, whose wife, before she was so, was known to have been personally acquainted with Curll's adversary, Pope; which Curll says, "puts the matter beyond a doubt."†

The autumn of 1726 was passed by Pope in his retirement at Twickenham, where he amused himself with the idea that he should soon be a fit inhabitant for the mountains of Wales. In a letter to Swift‡ he has entered into a speculation to determine which of his friends would be likely to share his retreat, from which we have a view of the society by which he was then surrounded. "I cannot help thinking," says he, "when I consider the whole short list of our friends, that none of them, except you and I, are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor§ goes to cards; Gay to Court; one loses money, another loses time. Another of our friends labours to be un-

* Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 49.

† Pope's Literary Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 19.

‡ 3rd Sept. 1726, vol. x. p. 154. § Arbuthnot.

ambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil.* One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales;† another is too much a subject to princes and potentates to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty.‡ Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing.§ Lord Peterborough can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world; but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas; and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend."

In the course of the winter Pope employed himself in completing for the public, the volumes of Miscellanies, towards which Swift continued to send him contributions, which he implicitly submitted to the judgment of his friend, to be disposed of as he thought proper. "Since you have received the verses," says he,|| "I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not ap-

* Lord Bolingbroke. † Lady Bolingbroke.
‡ Mrs. Howard. § Duchess of Marlborough.
|| Dec. 6th, 1726. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 125. Sir W. Scott's edition.

prove: and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest; and sometimes (although it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts, moral and diverting. If you please, I will send the best I can pick from them to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be entitled to more merit than is my due."

In the beginning of March, 1726—7,* Pope announces to Swift the completion of the work: "Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which, methinks, we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other and setting the rest of mankind at nought, but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others, just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon said; and above all, of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece like

* Vide vol. x. p. 170.

the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed."

In the beginning of September, 1726, Pope met with an accident which had nearly proved fatal to him. Returning home at night from Lord Bolingbroke's at Dawley, in his lordship's coach and four, he was overturned near Whitton about a mile from Twickenham, in a little river, where a bridge had lately been broken down and a block of timber obstructed the road. At the moment the accident happened, the glasses of the coach were up, and he was himself asleep, so that before he was aware, he was up to the *knots of his periwig* in water. He endeavoured, but without effect, to let down the glasses, and it was some time before the footman got to his assistance, and by breaking the window, extricated him from his perilous situation; not however without a severe wound in his right hand, which for some time occasioned him great pain in the arm, and by which two of his fingers were rendered useless.* A few months afterwards he thus refers to this accident in a letter to Swift: "I am rather better than I used to be at this season; but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been

* Gay to Swift, Sept. 16th, 1726. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. pp. 96, 99, 101, 102.

strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree."

On the escape of Pope from this accident, Voltaire, who was then on a visit to Lord Bolingbroke at Dawley, addressed to him the following letter, which may serve as a specimen of his proficiency and style in English. On this visit he remained for some time in England, where he published his *Henriade*, which was inscribed to the Queen, in an English dedication.

"Sir,

"I hear this moment of your sad adventure. That water you fell in was not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected you. Indeed, I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated? Let the hand of Dennis, or of your poetasters be cut off; yours is sacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly recovered. Really, your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. I am sincerely, Sir, with the admiration which you deserve, "Your most humble servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

"*In my Lord Bolingbroke's House,*

"*Friday at Noon, Nov. 16th,* 1726."

CHAP. VI.

1726——1733.

POPE endeavours to promote the political views of Swift —Swift arrives again in England—Death of George I. —Swift's Verses to Pope — Publication of POPE AND SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES—*Swift returns to Ireland—Correspondence between him and Pope—*THE ART OF SINKING IN POETRY—*Abusive publications against Pope, and threats of personal violence — Motives for writing the* DUNCIAD—*Correspondence respecting it—Publication of the Dunciad—Surreptitious editions—Clamours excited by it—Dennis publishes his Critique on the Rape of the Lock—Pope writes a* PROLOGUE TO BELISARIUS—*Pope relaxes from his studies — Quarrel between Pope and Aaron Hill—Their correspondence and reconciliation— Death of Gay—Pope's sentiments and conduct upon it—* EPITAPH ON GAY—*Death of Pope's Mother—Correspondence respecting it—*EPITAPH *on his Father and Mother, and Monument erected to his Mother in his Gardens at Twickenham.*

CHAP. VI.

The anxiety of Swift, which had induced him so suddenly to return to Ireland, being now in some degree removed, and his concerns in England, both political and literary, having been left incomplete, he began to indulge the idea of returning thither, to which he was also induced by the representations of his correspondents, and particularly of Pope, who, during his friend's absence, had been attentive to his interests, and diligent in promoting his views. For this purpose, Pope had obtained a conference with Sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his wishes that he had seen Swift again before he left England, and said he had observed a willingness in him to live here, which Pope did not deny. At the same time he told the minister, that Swift had no such design in his coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those he loved; but that, indeed, all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborough, and Pope himself, who wished Swift loved Ireland less, had he any reason to love England more. The result of this interview was communicated by Pope to Swift on the 3d of September,* and about the same time the latter received a letter from Mr. Pulteney, then the ardent political opponent of Walpole, who wished to engage the powerful talents of Swift in

* Vide vol. x. p. 154.

his favour, in a way which "he did not think it discreet to trust to a letter," but which has been conjectured to relate to the establishment of the Craftsman, a periodical paper, through which Pulteney assailed the ministry of Walpole, and to which Swift is known to have contributed.* Thus courted by different political parties, and perhaps not decidedly averse to any by which he might obtain his object, he had determined, long before the end of the year, to visit England again in the spring. In a letter to him, of the 17th of November, Gay says:† "We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ*, which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, *Styl. Greg.* at furthest. But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley, and in town you know you have a lodging at Court."

About the end of April, 1727, Swift made his appearance again, and took up his residence once more at Twickenham with Pope,‡ who on the 1st of May thus announces this event to his friend Mr.

* Note of Sir Walter Scott. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 95.

† Vide vol. x. p. 162.

‡ Sir Walter Scott places it in March, but he did not leave Dublin till some time after the 8th of April. Vide Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 137.

Fortescue:* "Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him. I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them."

Notwithstanding the conversation which had occurred between Sir Robert and Pope, as to Swift's desire of exchanging his Irish Deanery for some English preferment, and the intention above announced of introducing him again to the minister, it does not appear that Swift had any intercourse with him after his arrival. In fact, we find him in the course of a few weeks avowedly agreed with Bolingbroke and Pulteney in a settled resolution "to assault the administration and break it, if possible."† Against Walpole he expresses himself with great animosity, for his encouragement of low political writers.‡ "It is certain," says he,

* Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 137.

† Swift to Sheridan, May 13, 1727. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 138.

‡ Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 149.

" that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted; stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels, to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans. A great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me." Swift, however, renewed his visits to the Princess of Wales by her own appointment. " She retains," says Swift, " her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book, (Gulliver's Travels,) though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me that both she and the Prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased. You will wonder to find me say so much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else."

During the residence of Swift in England, an event occurred which raised his expectations to the highest pitch, only to terminate them without hope of revival. In the month of June, 1727, intelligence was received of the death of George I., who died in his carriage on the road near Osnaburgh, as he was proceeding to Hanover, of an indigestion, occasioned by his eating melons after

supper. No sooner was the account of this event received in England, than a change of administration was regarded as certain. Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Sir Spencer Compton, and others, considered themselves as already in power, and even Walpole himself apprehended an immediate dismissal. Swift, having warmly attached himself to the opposition, and reckoning on the friendly attentions shewn him by the new sovereign and his queen, while Prince and Princess of Wales, might now fairly presume that the expectations he had so long entertained, were likely to be accomplished. It had been his intention, before he heard of the death of the king, to take a journey to France; but on his arrival in town from Twickenham to prepare for his departure, and hearing of that important event, he changed his purpose, and with a dozen of his acquaintance, whom he prevailed on to accompany him, went in alone to kiss the King's and Queen's hands. In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, in which these circumstances are mentioned,* he says: "It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the King must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people." The King, however, not only *forgave* Sir Robert Walpole, the person here chiefly alluded to, but, after some hesitation, continued him in his high office, with greater power and increased confidence. For this, it is now ascertained, that great minister was chiefly indebted to the

* 24th June, 1727. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 147.

favour of Queen Caroline,* who, notwithstanding the conjugal infidelity of the King, retained, by her acknowledged talents and good sense, a powerful influence over him, and seldom failed to counteract, even in the most trifling particulars, the views of those, who conceived that the recommendation of the mistress was preferable to that of the wife.

The disappointment which Swift experienced might be supposed to have acted as an inducement to him to proceed on his journey; but from this he was dissuaded by some of his friends, and particularly by Mrs. Howard, who still entertained hopes that something might be effected for his service. He therefore returned to Twickenham, where he and Pope occupied themselves in their literary pursuits, and occasionally relieved the weight of their more serious labours by lighter compositions and sallies of wit, of which the following lines of Swift may serve as a specimen:

" Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, tho' design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

* Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 29.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise.

Yet to the Dean his share allot,
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is *causa sine quâ non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock, thus, for preaching famed,
The sexton reason'd well;
And justly half the merit claim'd,
Because he rang the bell."

It is stated in the Life of Swift, that the Miscellanies were published in the middle of March;* but this can scarcely be the case, as the Preface bears the date of May 27, and consequently the publication could not have taken place till June, when Swift was in England. This Preface is subscribed with the names of both Swift and Pope, whose combined cipher appears on the title page; but was written by Pope, and contains an apology for obtruding volumes of such a description upon the public. "Having both of us," says the Preface, "been extremely ill treated by some booksellers, (especially one Edmund Curll,) it was our opinion, that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose papers, in prose and verse, we have formerly

* Life of Swift, by Sir W. Scott, p. 347.

written; not only such as have already stolen into the world, (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit,) but such as, in any probability, hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking. But the consequences have been still worse; we have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length, to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw, nor heard of, till they appeared in print.

"For a forgery, in setting a false name to a writing which may prejudice another's fortune, the law punishes the offender with the loss of his ears; but has inflicted no adequate penalty for such as prejudice another's reputation, in doing the same thing in print; though all and every individual book so sold under a false name, are manifestly so many several and multiplied forgeries."*

* "Curll had the effrontery to print in his occasional Miscellanies whatever manuscript pieces the voice of the public ascribed to literary characters of eminence, although some of them were never intended for the public eye. In one of his collections he inserted a profane and indecent parody on the first Psalm, with the name of Pope prefixed to it. There is too much reason to suppose the piece genuine; but this neither diminishes the infamy, nor apologizes for the impudence of the bookseller, in giving to the public what the author, on his better reflection, probably repented of having ever written." *Note by Sir Walter Scott, Swift's Works*, vol. xiii. p. 6. I know of no authority, but that of Curll, for attribut-

For the lines of Swift, entitled "Van's House," and Pope's severe lines on Addison, an apologetical paragraph appears in this Preface, in the following terms: "In regard to two persons only, we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir John Vanburgh, who was a man of wit and of honour, and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning."

At the close of the Preface we have the following information respecting the works of Swift and Pope, and their friends: "These volumes likewise will contain all the papers wherein we casually have had any share, particularly those written in conjunction with our friends, Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay; and lastly, all this sort composed singly by either of those hands. The reader is therefore desired to do the same justice to these our friends as to us; and to be assured, that all the things called our Miscellanies, (except the Works of Alexander Pope, published by B. Lintot, in quarto and folio, in 1717; those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in 1720; and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly printed by Benj. Tooke,) are absolutely spurious, and without our consent imposed upon the public."

Johnson denominates this Preface "a ridiculous

ing to Pope this stupid parody, which is totally unworthy of him in every point of view.

and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors, by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers; as if," says he, "those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by *real treasures;* as if epigrams and essays were in danger, where gold and diamonds are safe."* But surely those works of distinguished writers, by the publication of which great profits are frequently obtained, are as *real treasures* as gold and diamonds; besides which, it must be recollected, that the defrauding the party of his property is a venial offence, compared with the injury frequently done to the reputation of an author, by bringing before the public such works as he would have himself suppressed, or which have been left imperfect, and without the advantage of his own deliberate revisal.†

* It is singular that this sentiment of the great critic should have received the approbation of a very distinguished author of the present day, whose own writings have exhibited the most striking instance of the *value* of literary property that the world has hitherto seen. *Vide Swift's Works*, vol. xiii. p. 9. *Sir W. Scott's edition.*

† The publication of the Miscellanies was speedily followed by several answers, essays, and critiques, which were afterwards collected together and published under the title of "A Complete Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements which have been occasioned by the Publication of Three Volumes of Miscellanies by Pope and Company. To which is added, an exact List of the Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, and others, who have been abused in those volumes, &c. London, *printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's*, 1728." With a frontispiece representing a figure of

The two volumes of Miscellanies met with a most favourable reception from the public, and a third was soon afterwards produced, with a similar

Pope on crutches, with cloven feet, and surrounded by owls. The motto, "Hic est quem quæris." This, however, is in fact only a collection from the Daily Journal, the Whitehall and London Evening Post, Mist's Weekly Journal, the Flying Post, and other papers. The following Ballad on Pope, Swift, &c. is taken from the Flying Post of the 23d April, 1728:

I sing a noble ditty
Of London's noble city,
Whose wits are all so witty,
That common sense can't reach 'em.
There's *Danvers*, *Swift*, and *Pope*, sir,
With whom no man can cope, sir;
And if they cou'd, we hope, sir,
They'll yield to Polly Peachum.

The Dean's a fine Mercator,
And Pope a fine translator,
The Squire a calculator,
And Poll too has her talent.
To know what trade and coin is,
No man like the Divine is;
And Sawney's wit as fine is
As Polly's gay and gallant.

Squire Danvers has his merits;
He Roger's gifts inherits,
And gives his masters spirits,
When Polly scarce can raise 'em.
These *four*, in strict alliance,
Most bravely bid defiance
To virtue, sense, and science;
And who but needs must praise 'em?

The Dean his tales rehearses,
The Poet tags his verses,
The Squire his flams disperses,
And Poll her parts has shewn.

effect. The profit is said to have amounted at least to one hundred and fifty pounds, which Swift, with his accustomed liberality in all his literary transactions, relinquished entirely to Pope.*

Whilst Swift was dividing his time between the society of his friends, his literary occupations, and his political efforts, he was suddenly attacked by a recurrence of his deafness, a calamity which was increased a few days afterwards, by a return of that giddiness under which he had long suffered, and of the fatal consequences of which he was but too well aware. About the same time, he received information from Dublin of the relapse of Mrs. Johnson, whose life was represented to be in imminent danger. Under these depressing circumstances, he determined to leave Twickenham; where, as he complains, Pope was "too sickly and too complaisant," and where, "so much company came, while he was so giddy and so deaf." Accordingly he quitted Pope's house on the last day of August, and took up his abode with a relation in London. His situation was at this time truly deplorable. "I walk," says he, in a letter to Sheridan,† "like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me."—"What have I

> Thus they all humours hit, sir,
> The Courtier and the Cit, sir;
> And they are both so bit, sir,
> The like was never known.

* Life of Swift, by Sir W. Scott, p. 348.

† Sept. 2nd, 1727. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 173.

to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer." As Pope could not prevent this measure, he followed the Dean to London, determined "not to leave him for a day, till he saw him better;" an attention which Swift however would not permit.* Here Swift remained till the beginning of October, when finding himself sufficiently recovered to undertake his journey, he departed for Ireland, never more to return, having left a letter with Gay, to be delivered to Pope after his departure.†

No sooner was Pope apprized that Swift had left London without seeing him, than he addressed him in a letter written in the most affectionate terms.‡ "It is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like

* Pope to Sheridan, Sept. 6th, 1727. Swift's Works, vol. xvii. p. 175.

† Dr. Johnson has given this circumstance a malevolent turn: "He left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding that two sick friends cannot live together, and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester." *Johnson.* Sinking, as he himself declares, under weakness, age, and wounded affection, Swift might have claimed some exemption from ceremony. But Pope saw Swift at his lodgings in London, as he himself writes to Sheridan, more than once at least; and when the Dean left England, he took leave of Pope in a kind letter, not written from Chester, but left for him at Gay's lodgings, over which he to whom it was addressed 'wept like a girl.'" *Note of Sir Walter Scott. Life of Swift*, p. 354.

‡ Oct. 2nd, 1727. Vide vol. x. p. 172.

a girl."—"I would very fain know as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not; and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine; though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning; perhaps you know it; but the best way of convincing you of my indulgence will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure; for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do so, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come." The letters of Swift in reply are not less distinguished by the warmth of affection and the glow of friendship. On the 12th of October, 1727,* he thus writes: "I have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought

* Vide vol. x. p. 174.

it best to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have here a large house, and servants and conveniences about me. I may be worse than I am, and have nowhere to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than to go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody, alive or dead, to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf." A few days afterwards* he wrote again to Pope in a more cheerful tone, and in a manner that throws great light on the mode of their living, and the happiness they had enjoyed in the society of each other: "You will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world; and I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as

* Oct. 30th, 1737. Vide vol. x. p. 181.

the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some philosophers, who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer I can only swear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years, further than by inexpressive nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras; and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking of you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you, and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuits I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: *I knew thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart.* I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield

way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds; for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you? and pay no rent, and drink French wines twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother?"—"I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse."

Amongst the works first given to the public in the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift, was the Treatise of Martinus Scriblerus ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ or *The Art of sinking in Poetry*. This piece was chiefly, if not entirely, the work of Pope, and was intended to form a portion of that larger undertaking which Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, in conjunction with Lord Oxford, and other members of the Scriblerus Club, had many years before projected. In this, the principal parties seem to have selected their several departments according to their respective talents and pursuits. "Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing that related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts, and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal measure, and in a measure so

large that no nation perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection." Although this great task was never completed, we are doubtless indebted to it for three celebrated works; the History of Martinus Scriblerus, the Discourse on the Bathos, and Gulliver's Travels; all of which have justly been considered as master-pieces in the different departments to which they relate. Johnson, indeed, in referring to the Memoirs of Scriblerus, has asserted,* that "this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; that it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier for remembering it;" a decision which must be attributed to the optics through which the object was seen, rather than either to its intrinsic truth, or to its critical justice and propriety.

In this treatise on the Bathos, Pope seems to have intended to unite two objects; first, to establish the principles of true taste, by exhibiting such instances of affectation, puerility, and bombast, as he could collect from other writers, and placing them as beacons to warn future authors of their danger; and secondly, to satirize certain writers, who had not only given specimens in their works of the defects and absurdities which it was his intention to expose, but had for the most part

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

attacked him in their various productions, and attempted to depreciate both his moral and literary character. With this view, he has in his sixth chapter, divided the geniuses in the Profund into their proper classes, under the names of animals of different kinds, as *flying-fishes, swallows, ostriches, parrots, didappers, porpoises*, &c., attaching to each class the initials of the names of a certain number of authors, whom he comprehended under it. That several of these were, as Pope asserted, set down at random to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, may perhaps be true; but that many of them were meant to refer to authors who were then living, cannot admit of a doubt; and accordingly the whole swarm of Grub-street poured out against the daring assailant that had disturbed them in their labours. Threats of vengeance resounded from all quarters, and the press groaned under the various attempts at retaliation to which this production gave rise.* Before the publication of the Dunciad, upwards of sixty different

* Amongst others a pamphlet appeared under the title of "A Supplement to the Profund, containing several examples very proper to illustrate the rules laid down in a late treatise, called the Art of sinking in Poetry. Extracted from the poetical works of the ingenious authors of that accurate piece, and published for the use of their admirers. In two letters to a friend.

De PROFUNDIS *clamavi.* Popish Psalm.

London. Printed for J. Roberts, at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane. 1728."

In this piece the examples of the *bathos* are selected from Pope and Swift, and frequently from the most indecorous passages in their works.

libels, books, papers, and copies of verses had been published against Pope, in which he was abused by Dennis, Gildon, Burnet, Ducket, Preston, Mrs. Centlivre, Griffin, Welsted, Cooke, Mrs. Haywood, Oldmixon, Smedley, James Moore Smith, Theobald, and various other writers. Those who were "chiefly poets, or pretenders to poetry," joined their forces together and produced a volume called *The Popiad*, a considerable portion of which is employed in pointing out the mistakes alleged to have been committed by him in his translation of Homer. Nor was the resentment against Pope expressed only through the medium of the press. Threats of personal violence were frequently held out; of the probability of which some of his enemies availed themselves to raise a ridiculous report, that he had been seized upon in the dusk of the evening by two persons in Ham-walks, and whipped naked with rods; of which a long and particular account was printed and circulated. In a few days afterwards (Friday, 4th of June, 1728) an advertisement subscribed A. P. appeared in the Daily Post, which has been supposed to have been inserted by Pope himself;* but which was more probably fabricated by his enemies, to continue and extend the ridicule.†

* Vide D'Israeli, Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 153.

† This advertisement was as follows:—"WHEREAS there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of A POP UPON POPE, intimating that I was whipt in Ham-walks on Thursday last: this is to give notice, that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day, and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report." "A. P."

It has been asserted that this "tingling narrative," as it has been called, was the ingenious forgery of Lady Mary;* but at that time the quarrel between her and Pope had not proceeded to an open rupture, and at all events, if she was the contriver of this vulgar ribaldry, it was the first instance of any direct offence that appears to have occurred between them.

Under these circumstances, attacked on all sides by a numerous host of exasperated enemies, for Pope to have attempted to defend himself and his writings against every individual would have been fruitless. Neither the variety and importance of his occupations, the state of his health, nor the claims of affection and friendship, could have admitted of such a sacrifice. He therefore determined to take them in the mass, to assail the whole hive of literary hornets, and to pour out the vial of his wrath in one full portion. To this resolution we are indebted for the *Dunciad*, a production which, beyond any other, displays the poetical powers of the author, the fertility of his invention, the variety of his illustration, the unrivalled facility and force of his diction, and his perfect acquaintance with every excellence of his art. To have produced such a work from any materials would have been a sufficient praise, but to have extracted and formed from the most worthless and noxious of created things, from the partisans of

* Memoirs of Grub-street, vol. i. p. 90, quoted by Mr. D'Israeli, vol. i. p. 153.

envy, malignity, and dulness, a work of such abundant fancy and inexhaustible wit, and to have compelled his adversaries to unite together in erecting an imperishable monument to their own disgrace, may be justly considered as one of the happiest instances of the power of genius. Pope may be assimilated to a savage conqueror, who raises a trophy of his victory with the skulls of his enemies.

Johnson says, that Pope was "by his own confession the aggressor, for nobody believes that the letters in the Bathos were placed at random;" and many attempts have been made by others to represent the heroes of the Dunciad as a set of unoffending and meritorious individuals, who had been sacrificed to the jealousy, spleen, and petulance of the poet. But it must be observed, that amongst the initials given in the Bathos, there are very few if any, that have a reference to any person who had not, before the publication of that work, afforded decided proofs, as well of his unprovoked hostility to Pope, as of his own ignorance, folly, presumption, or dulness;* and it may be asserted, without hesitation, that the feeling that has of late been so strongly manifested in favour of these worthies, is no proof of the good sense, taste, or improvement of the present age.

There is great reason to believe that the Dun-

* See in the appendix to the Dunciad a list of books, papers, and verses, in which Pope was abused before the publication of the Dunciad (and chiefly before the publication of the Miscellanies) with the true names of the authors.

ciad was not a task of long exertion. Some indications indeed appear of the author having meditated a work of this nature towards the close of 1725; on the 15th of October, in which year, he says, in a letter to Swift:* "I will not tell you what designs I have in my head till I see you here face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in your and their service." In reply to which, Swift, on the 26th of November† says: "Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses; and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle." The rejoinder of Pope to this is singular, as it admits the justice of Swift's remark, and at the same time seems to shew that he had relinquished all intentions of writing on the subject. "I am much the happier," says he,‡ "for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence."—"So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace. What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he should wear him on his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know." During the visit of

* Vide vol. x. p. 136. † Vide vol. x. p. 141.
‡ Vide vol. x. p. 142.

Swift to Pope in 1727, the latter, however, appears to have changed his intention, and obtained the concurrence of Swift to his proceeding with his work. This is shewn pretty clearly by a subsequent letter of Pope from Bath,* in which he says: "Do you care I should say any thing further how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you, it had never been." An expression which in all probability alludes to a circumstance related by Ruffhead, who informs us, that when Pope and Swift had determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any concern, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him therefore it was inscribed.† After the return of Swift to Dublin in 1727, Pope mentions it as a subject well known and already completed. "My poem," says he, "(which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more, for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers,) my poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits!

* Nov. 12, 1728. Vide vol. x. p. 180.

† Vide Ruffhead, Life of Pope, 351.

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair;
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.*

"These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem."†

From this period, to the time of its appearance, the work is frequently alluded to in the correspondence. "Now, why does not Pope," says Swift to Gay,‡ "publish his *Dulness?* The rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward."—"The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver. I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it has fully done its job." Lord Bolingbroke says to Swift: "Pope has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his *Dulness* grows and flourishes, as if he were there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it; the few will smile; and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves

* The two last lines were thus altered when printed, not for the better, though Warton thinks the alteration a proof of the judgment with which Pope corrected and erased:

"Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind."

† Oct. 22, 1727. Vide vol. x. p. 180.

‡ Nov. 27, 1727. Vide vol. x. p. 186.

adorned in that immortal piece." From a letter of Pope, it appears as if the Dean had expressed some doubts whether he would not suppress or modify his poem. "As for those scribblers," says he, "for whom you apprehend I would suppress my Dulness (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*) how much that *nest of hornets* are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read my treatise of the Bathos." At the close of the letter his object is more fully explained, and his determination more decidedly avowed:* "As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

"That each bad author is as bad a friend."

This poem will rid me of these insects.

"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

I mean than my *Iliad:* and I call it *nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but, however, if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom."

The exact time when this formidable production first made its appearance, it is not easy to ascer-

* March 24, 1728. Vide vol. x. p. 195.

tain. Swift was "impatient to have it *volare per ora*. There is now," says he, "a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera has done its task: *Discedat uti conviva satur*;"* but Pope seems to have kept the matter in some degree of mystery, even with his nearest friends. On the 1st of June, Swift writes: "Your long letter was the last I received, till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it." On the 28th of June, Pope writes from Dawley: "The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum,* and *Notes Variorum.* As to the latter I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best; whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients." It is certain that the work had already been printed more than once. To this, Swift, in a letter dated July 16th, 1728,† replies: "I have run over the *Dunciad,* in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults) *which a gentleman sent me.*

* Dublin, May 10, 1728. Vide vol. x. p. 198.

† Vide vol. x. p. 203.

The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed *indexically*, at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real Dunces.

"I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know, whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his

pomp of prefaces, &c. and among *many complaints of spurious editions?* I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of, *This excellent author, &c.* and refine in many places where you meant no refinement, and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?"

Such are the circumstances attending the publication of this celebrated poem, as they appear from the correspondence of Pope and Swift; but this, it must be observed, is only its ostensible and avowed history, it having already made its appearance at Dublin, and been reprinted both there and in London, prior to the edition to which the before mentioned correspondence relates. These early editions it is true were afterwards denominated *surreptitious;* yet there is every reason to presume they were printed with the connivance and assent of the author, by the intervention and assistance of Swift; as it never was pretended, nor is it possible to suppose, that the work could have passed through any other channel. The *gentleman* therefore, from whom Swift in the year 1728, informs Pope he had received an Irish edition of the Dunciad, was probably no other than the printer, to whom he had himself intrusted it; and the complaints of spurious editions were doubtless nothing more than a pretext to give notoriety to the work. Had this not been the case, can we suppose that such a transaction would have been passed over without any inquiries as to the publishers, or even

an expression of surprise on the subject? But the fact is rendered sufficiently apparent by referring to the second volume of the works of Pope, printed in folio, in 1735, in which is a passage, introductory to the notes on the Dunciad (which are there printed separate from the poem) which has been omitted in all the subsequent editions till the present,* and which fully explains the subject.

"This poem was writ in 1727. In the next year an *imperfect* edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted in London in 12mo.† Another at Dublin, and another at London in 8vo., and three others in 12mo. in the same year; but there was no *perfect* edition before that of London in 1728-9."

These editions, therefore, were not *surreptitious* but *imperfect;* and the idea of Swift, that the work "was not to be published till towards winter," could only have had relation to the more complete edition, with notes, &c. in quarto, which bears the date of 1729; on the twelfth day of March in which year it was presented to the King and Queen (who, we are told, had before been pleased to read it) by Sir Robert Walpole, at St. James's;‡ and some days afterwards the whole edition was taken off and dispersed by several noblemen and

* Vide vol. iv. p. 94.

† A copy, now before me, is intitled, *The Dunciad, an heroic poem, in three books. Dublin, printed; London, reprinted for A. Dodd,* 1728. Frontispiece, an owl. The names are mostly left blank.

‡ Vide Preface to the Notes on the Dunciad, fol. ed. 1735.

gentlemen of the first distinction. It is said that the poet, by this edition, regained the good opinion of the court, and that the king declared he "was a very honest man."*

Many other circumstances, attending the publication of the Dunciad, are related in the dedication of a subsequent edition to Lord Middlesex, in the name of Savage, but which is supposed to be the work of Pope himself. "On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advice, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*. On the other side, the booksellers and authors made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a current with a finger; so out it came.

"Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The *Dunces* (for by this name they were called,) held weekly clubs to consult of hostilities against the author. One wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had, and another bought his image, in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted."

This edition of the Dunciad in quarto, which was distinguished by the name of the first edition, and which was printed for A. Dodd, was preceded by

* Ruffhead, Life of Pope, p. 394, *note*.

the frontispiece of an ass carrying a load of books, inscribed with the names of the authors in the Dunciad, the public journals, &c.; with the inscription:

"Deferor in vicum vendentem thus et odores."

And at the beginning of the poem, is the vignette of an owl's skin, converted into a fool's cap, with grotesques of thistles and asses' heads; motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" Another edition was published in the same year, by the same bookseller, in octavo, which is denominated in the title-page *the second edition*, and nearly agrees with the first; and about the same time two other editions made their appearance, printed for Lawton Gilliver, London, 1729, one of them decorated with the frontispiece of the owl, and the other with the ass. The first of these editions in octavo, is referred to by Pope, on the 28th of November, 1729, in a letter to Swift, where he says: "The *second* (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity. If they reprint it with you, let them, by all means, follow *that octavo edition.*" Pope had already sent Swift the quarto edition, for on the 31st of October, 1729, the latter writes: "You were so careful of sending me the Dunciad that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit and

humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your *octavo edition*, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it."

The property in the Dunciad soon became the subject of legal controversy. In the same year an application was made by the publisher to the Court of Chancery, for an injunction, which was obtained, *nisi causa*; but it being objected on hearing the cause, that in his affidavit he had only deposed that *he had purchased, or legally acquired the copy*, not stating, *of the author*, or *who was the author*, Lord Chancellor King allowed the objection, and the injunction was dissolved.*

Such were the earliest editions of this celebrated poem in three books, which were republished several times prior to the year 1742, when a fourth book was added, which will in due time occur to our more particular notice.

The clamour which this work excited amongst those who were the more immediate objects of its satire, may be judged of by the number of answers, essays, verses, and newspaper articles, which followed its publication, and which would long since have perished, had not a list of them appeared in the Appendix to the corrected edition of the Poem. Among these was an Essay on the Dunciad, in which it was formally declared, "that the complaint of the aforesaid pieces, libels, and adver-

* Gilliver and Snaggs. Viner's Abridgment: Title, Books, (A).

tisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise, and nothing against him published but by Mr. Theobald." A Key to the Dunciad, and several other abusive pieces, were published by Curll; and similar attacks were made by Smedley, Oldmixon, A. Moore, James Moore, Ralph, Concanen, Theobald, Welsted, and others. Dennis now published his *Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in several Letters to a Friend*, which had lain by him ever since 1714, in which he institutes an inquiry into the comparative merits of the Lutrin and the Rape of the Lock, and gives the preference of course to the former; asserting that "the Rape of the Lock is a very empty trifle, without any solidity or sensible meaning; whereas the *Lutrin* is only a trifle in appearance, but under that appearance carries a very grave and very important instruction." He objects to the machinery of the Poem, alleging that "these imaginary beings are infinitely less considerable than the human persons, which is without precedent;" that "the spirits which he intends for benign ones, are malignant; and those which he designs for malignant, are beneficent to mankind;" and "denies that there is any thing commendable either in diction, sentiment, versification, contrivance, or execution." It does not appear that Pope took any notice of this attack of his ancient antagonist, the intended effect of which was destroyed by the indiscriminating censure it contained. On the contrary, a short time

afterwards, when Dennis was in distress, he wrote a Prologue to a Play, which was acted for his benefit, and by the manner in which he humorously compares him to Belisarius,* and conciliates the favour of the audience towards this literary veteran, sufficiently manifests at least the indifference with which he regarded his criticisms. Warton remarks that "there is much *bitter satire* concealed under these topics of commiseration;" but this satire is nothing more than a little harmless pleasantry, which must have delighted the audience, and could scarcely displease even Dennis himself.

The great exertions which Pope had made, in writing and publishing, within a short portion of time, so large and so finished a piece as the Dunciad, with its numerous notes and appendages, and the vexations and controversies to which it gave rise, seem to have abated his activity, and induced him to relax from the severity of his literary pursuits. During this interval he appears to have indulged in a philosophic ease and domestic repose, which by his natural disposition and love of retirement, he was well qualified to enjoy, and which enabled him to prepare himself for still further exertions, when his mind was enabled

> "To plume her feathers, and let grow her wings,
> That, in the various bustle of resort,
> Were all too ruffled and sometimes impair'd."

This short but tranquil portion of his life he

* Vide vol. iii. p. 321.

has himself feelingly described in a letter to Gay:* "I am something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think, (like the Irishman,) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I do not say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one, (if you will suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's,) for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body, (if I can,) to some life. A friend, (a woman friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies. I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses by returning me to the employment I am fittest for, conversation with

* Oct. 1, 1730. Vide vol. x. p. 271.

the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten." In another letter, (without a date,) but written about the same time, he says:* "I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age increases. Not that I am worse, but better in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment, nor improvement, nor support to lean upon from those about me, and so I find myself leaving the world as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead, whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit, from my youth, made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting dependable friendships; and the accidents that have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind. I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? Here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep, till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day; and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it."— On the last topic, Pope has enlarged in a subse-

* Vide vol. x. p. 272.

quent letter, in a manner not very favourable to the taste or improvement of the times.* "I can tell you of no one thing worth reading or seeing. The whole age seems resolved to justify the *Dunciad*, and it may stand for a public epitaph or monumental inscription, like that at Thermopylæ, *on a whole people perished!* There may indeed be a wooden image or two of poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain, and, like the giants in Guildhall, shew the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors. At present the poor Laureat and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose. A drunken sot of a parson holds forth the emblem of *inspiration*, and an honest industrious thresher not unaptly represents pains and labour. I hope this phenomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in Court and country alike; but he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad."

The most formidable adversary whose resentment had been excited by the satirical works of Pope, was Aaron Hill. He was the son of George Hill, Esq., of Malmsbury Abbey, in Wiltshire, and was born in 1685. At the age of fifteen he quitted Westminster school, to pay a visit to his relation, Lord Paget, then ambassador at Constantinople, who not only gave him a kind reception, but provided him with a tutor, with whom he visited Pa-

* Oct. 23, 1730. Vide vol. x. p. 278.

lestine, Egypt, and other parts of the east; and returning home with Lord Paget, had an opportunity of seeing the Court of France and other considerable states of Europe. He afterwards accompanied Sir William Wentworth, in a tour on the continent, for three years; so that before he was thirty-three years of age, he had passed nine in travelling in foreign parts. Having, on his return home, turned his attention to the stage, he became master of the theatre in Drury-lane, and wrote several plays, which were acted with various success; but his literary pursuits were impeded by projects of great extent, that prevented his progress, and destroyed his paternal fortune, which was very considerable. His learning and talents were various and respectable, his temper generous and open; but his good qualities were accompanied by a degree of self-importance, which led him to think too highly of his own productions, and to assume to himself more than he was entitled to. This was perhaps encouraged by his success in a poem called *The Northern Star*, written in 1718, celebrating the actions of the Czar Peter the Great, for which that sovereign ordered that he should be presented with a gold medal, which was afterwards sent him by the Empress Catherine. At the same time he was requested to write the Life of the Emperor, for which documents were to be sent from Russia; but the death of the Empress prevented his undertaking the work.

Pope and Hill had lived together for some time

on amicable terms. In the works of the latter are several copies of very complimentary verses, addressed to Pope, in which there are some good lines; but Hill had unfortunately taken offence, and had made an attack upon Pope, in one of the public journals, for which, on being convinced of his mistake, he had as publicly apologized. Some time afterwards, when Pope published his treatise on *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, he affixed the initials A. H. amongst others, to a class of writers whom he denominates *Flying-fishes*, and characterizes as "writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom." These initials Hill considered as applied to himself, and in consequence inserted in one of the public journals some observations reflecting on the characters of both Pope and Swift. On the publication of the Dunciad, the following lines appeared in the second book:

"Next * * * tried; but hardly snatch'd from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

Whether Hill had not supposed that these lines*

* On this passage was the following note, which was omitted in the later editions of Pope:

"This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when he fell under a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend (Swift). He is a writer of

were intended to allude to him, or whether he thought that they were in fact complimentary, does not appear; but it was not till some considerable time after their publication that he manifested any disapprobation of them. In the year 1730, an anonymous poem, however, made its appearance, intitled, *The Progress of Wit, a Caveat*, intended, in a kind of allegory, to admonish Pope to conduct himself, in his literary character, with greater liberality and more caution; as an introduction to which were prefixed the following lines:

"Tuneful Alexis, on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything and the Muses' pride;
With merit popular, with wit polite,
Easy, though vain, and elegant, though light;
Desiring and deserving others' praise,
Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
And *wants the soul* to praise the worth he loves."

This attack having, however, failed to attract the notice of Pope, Hill, at the close of a very civil letter, dated Jan. 18, 1731,* adds: "If, after this, I should inform you that I have a gentle complaint to make to, and against you, concerning a paragraph in the notes of a late edition of the Dunciad, I fear you would think your crime too little to de-

genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire; being edified beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a poet confessing himself in an error; and has suppressed his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance."

* Vide vol. ix. p. 275.

serve the punishment of so long a letter as you are doomed to on that subject." On the 26th of the same month, Pope thus replies :* "I am obliged to you for your compliment; and can truly say that I never gave you just cause of complaint. You once mistook, on a bookseller's idle report, and publicly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters only, were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner; and in truth (except some few) those letters were set at random, to occasion, what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.

"Upon this mistake, you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verses, in some public journal. I should imagine the *Dunciad* meant you a *real* compliment; and so it has been thought by many, who have asked to whom that passage made that oblique panegyric. As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not the author of them; though I love truth so well as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even *that* note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used to have the same words said of me; therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you in my own mind.

"Have I not much more reason to complain of the *Caveat?* Where, give me leave, Sir, to tell

* Vide vol. ix. p. 277.

you, with the same love of truth, and with the frankness it inspired (which I hope you will see through this letter), I am falsely abused, in being represented "*sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish or befriend men of merit.*" It is, indeed, Sir, a very great error. I am sorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to those who could have better informed him; for I have the charity to think he was misled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worst thing that ever (in my opinion) was said of me, on that supposition."

This letter, instead of appeasing the resentment of Hill, gave rise to another, in which he enforces his former complaint with still greater earnestness and effect.* "Since you were not," says he, "the writer of the notes on the *Dunciad*, it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended. I will only observe that the author was in the right to believe me capable of a second repentance; but I hope I was incapable of that second sin, which should have been previous to his supposition. If the initial letters A. H. were not meant to stand for my name, yet they were everywhere read so, as you might have seen in Mist's Journal, and other public papers; and I had shewn Mr. Pope an example how reasonable I thought it to clear a mistake publicly, which had been pub-

* Jan. 28, 1730-1. Vide vol. ix. p. 281.

licly propagated. One note, among so many, would have done me this justice, and the generosity of such a proceeding could have left no room for that offensive *sneakingly*, which though perhaps too harsh a word, was the properest a man would choose who was satirizing an approbation, that he had never observed warm enough to declare itself to the world, but in defence of the *great* or the *popular*.

"Again, if the author of the notes knew that A. H. related not to me, what reason had he to allude to that character as mine, by observing that I had published pieces bordering upon *bombast?* a circumstance so independent on any other purpose of the note, that I should forget to whom I am writing if I thought it wanted explanation.

"As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under so blind an attachment to the goddess I was devoted to in the *Dunciad*, but that I knew it was *a commendation*, though a dirtier one than I wished for; who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was listed, the noble reward for which I was to become a diver, the allegoric muddiness in which I was to try my skill, nor the institutor of the games you were so kind to allow me a share in.

"Since, however, you could see so clearly that I ought to be satisfied with the praise, and forgive the dirt it was mixed with, I am sorry it seemed not as reasonable, that you should pardon me for

returning your compliment, with more and opener praise, mixed with less of that dirtiness which we have both the good taste to complain of.

"The *Caveat*, Sir, was mine; it would have been ridiculous to suppose you ignorant of it. I cannot think you need be told that it meant you no harm, and it had scorned to appear under the borrowed name it carries, but that the whimsical turn of the preface would have made my own a contradiction. I promise you however that for the future, I will publish nothing without my name that concerns you or your writings."

After many other observations on Pope's letter, for which we must refer to the correspondence, Hill thus concludes:

"Upon the whole, Sir, I find I am so sincerely your friend, that it is not in your power to make me your enemy; else that unnecessary air of neglect and superiority, which is so remarkable in the turn of your letter, would have nettled me to the quick; and I must triumph, in my turn, at the strength of my own heart, who can, after it, still find and profess myself, most affectionately and sincerely, your humble servant,

"A. Hill."

In this letter Hill seems to take the attitude of a person who approaches with an offensive weapon in one hand, and holds out the other as a proposal of amity and peace. Pope wisely preferred the latter; and in a letter dated Parson's Green,

Feb. 5, 1730-1,* accepted his offered friendship. "Since I am fully satisfied," says he, "we are each of us sincerely and affectionately servants to the other, I desire we may be no further misled by the warmth of writing on this subject." He then enters into some further explanations. "Has it escaped your observation," says he, "that the name is a syllable too long? or, (if you will have it a Christian name,) is there any other in the whole book? is there no author of two syllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddiness, but as having been dipped in the dirt of party writing, and recovering from it betimes? I know such a man who would take it for a compliment; and so would his patrons too; but I ask you not to believe this, unless you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point. Would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said you were not meant? It shall, if I have any influence on the editors."

This letter seems to have appeased the resentment, if it did not change the convictions of Hill, who in his reply, dated Feb. 10, 1731,† says: "I am obliged to you for your letter from Parson's Green, and come heartily into the proposal it begins with. A mutual resolution to forget in each other the appearance of every thing that has been distasteful to either agrees, I am sure, with the affection I feel for you at my heart, where it is

* Vide vol. ix. p. 285. † Ibid. p. 291.

founded on a natural strength both of reason and of inclination.

"The *Caveat* began originally with the *Vision*. I added not till after it was finished those lines, among which are the unlucky ones that displeased you. I was fearful lest, without something of that kind by way of introduction, the reader might think himself pushed too abruptly into the allegory; but I confess it was unreasonable in me to cover your praise, which I delighted in, under the veil of an allegory, and explain my censure too openly, in which I could take no pleasure.

"Your offer is very kind to prevail on the editor of the Dunciad to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; but I am satisfied. It is over, and deserves no more of your application."

With this letter all dissatisfaction on this subject seems to have terminated; and if we may judge from the correspondence that afterwards passed between them, and the freedom and confidence with which Hill submitted his productions to the judgment and criticism of Pope, we may presume that their reconciliation was sincere.

From the circumstances before related, it appears that the offence was mutual and the quarrel progressive. Hill first attacks Pope on mistaken grounds, and acknowledges his error. Pope inserts the initials A. H. in the Bathos. Hill attacks him and Swift in the public journals, and Pope leaves a niche in his Dunciad to be supplied by

those who choose to spoil the verse by a monosyllable. After the lapse of nearly two years, Hill discovers, or suspects that he is the person alluded to. He publishes his Caveat, with the satirical lines on Pope; and as this seems to have produced no effect, Hill calls upon him by letter for an explanation, and a reconciliation takes place between them. But it may still be asked, whether both the parties came off from the contest with equal credit; and in this Hill appears to have had the advantage. When called upon to apologize for his first mistake, he publicly acknowledges it. When his sarcastic lines are complained of, he avows them. Had Pope in like manner explicitly stated that Hill was intended by the initials in the Bathos, and by the blank left in the Dunciad, he would have saved himself the humiliating task of a long and inconsistent explanation, and would have had a sufficient justification in the repeated provocations he had received, and in urging the high commendation conferred on his opponent in leaving him "far off amongst the swans of Thames;" a compliment which, as one of his former editors conceives, "infinitely exceeds the abuse, and is not to be equalled for beauty and effect in the English language."*

In Ruffhead's Life of Pope, published in 1769, there appeared, (for the first time, as the work of Pope) a copy of verses, with the following introductory remarks:

* Mr. Bowles.

"Among our author's lesser pieces may properly be classed the following Copy of Verses, which have never yet been printed, and for which the public is indebted to the Hon. Mr. Yorke. The verses, which appear to have been written in the year 1730, are addressed to Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle, who lived some time at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother, (Mrs. Butler, of Sussex,) Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character; from thence Mr. Pope took occasion to write this epistle to Dr. Bolton, in the name of Mrs. Butler's spirit, now in the regions of bliss."

"Stripped to the naked soul, escaped from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolved in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And though unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless* mind controul?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath,
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim."

It must however be observed, that these verses, although inserted in the subsequent editions of the works of Pope by Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles,

* In Ruffhead and in the subsequent editions of Pope, it is erroneously printed "firmless."

are not the production of Pope, as might indeed readily have been perceived, but of Aaron Hill; and are printed in his works published in 1752, where they are intitled, "A Letter *from* a departed Spirit *to* the Author, Mr. Pope, of a Lady's Character, lately published in a Thursday's Journal." Whence it appears that Mr. Pope, and not Dr. Bolton, had written the character of the lady, and that Aaron Hill had availed himself of the occasion to address these complimentary lines to Pope; of whom it might with strict propriety be said, that "*he lived to crown departed friends with fame.*"

Although Pope had scarcely yet passed the period which in another person might have been called the vigour of life, yet he had survived the far greater part of those with whom he had most familiarly associated, and whose names appear in the list of his correspondence. As his friends diminished in number, he seems to have transferred the attachment he felt for them to the few who survived, and amongst these there were none who participated more largely than Swift and Gay. The letters which about this period frequently passed between him and the latter, overflow with affection, and exhibit the utmost confidence of friendship. The frequent admonitions of Pope to his friend to attend to his pecuniary concerns, and to render himself independent in his circumstances, were not without their effect; and the kindness and generosity of the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury with whom Gay now resided, enabled

him to turn to account the sums (not inconsiderable) which he derived from his writings; but with the usual perverseness of human affairs, whilst the means of life were increasing, life itself was on the decline. His complaints like those of studious men in general, seem to have been of a nature that baffled the aid of medicine, and appeared rather in low spirits, indigestion, and colic, than in any more alarming shape. For these he was advised to take exercise on horseback, and accordingly in the autumn of 1732, he made a journey, in that manner, through a great part of Somersetshire, and "continued to follow riding and exercise for three months successively," but without deriving any advantage from it. On the contrary, it is probable that the effect of this long-continued exertion on a constitution apparently formed by nature for indolence and tranquillity, was too much for him to sustain, for on the 4th of December in the same year, he died at the Duke of Queensbury's house in London, at only forty-six years of age.*

This event could scarcely have happened at a time when Pope was less qualified to bear it with equanimity. The health of his mother was now rapidly declining, and his time was continually occupied by an assiduous attendance on her, with an

* His death was perhaps accelerated by another cause. Congreve, in a letter to Pope, says: "As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito, ergo sum;* the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *edo, ergo est.*" *Spence's Anec.* p. 18. *Singer's ed.*

alternation of hope and fear, which even her long sickness and advanced period of life could not wholly prevent.* In calamity we usually turn towards the friend who is dearest to us, and on this occasion Pope addressed a letter to Miss Martha Blount, strongly expressive of his feelings. "Your letter dated at nine o'clock on Tuesday† (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater. Indeed I want a friend to help me to bear it better. Let us comfort one another, and if possible study to add as much more friend-

* The state of his mind at this period is strongly pictured in the following letter to his friend Mr. Richardson, now for the first time published, by the permission of J. L. Anderdon, Esq.:

"Dear Sir,

"I think you were directed by Providence, which took care both to show your kindness in a full light, and to prevent the uneasiness you would have had, to have found me lamenting by the side of a sick mother, and our whole family in confusion. Besides this, it was lucky that your friendship was not *a light shining in darkness*, as it must have been if you resolved to return home that evening. Your reasons both for going out, and for going home, were equally good, and agreeable to a good friend, and good husband, father, &c. I can add no more. I am confined, and likely to be so for some time. Whenever I can be a day in Town, a part of it shall be spent with you. I was once there since I saw you, but it was only to confer with Dr. Arbuthnot upon my Mother. Adieu."

† Vide vol. viii. p. 477.

ship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him. I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours. I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon; beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection; beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

"So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to; now bring close to me, now set further off. Every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain, for which however I thank God.

"I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left, but to turn my thoughts to one comfort, the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well. I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Be-

thel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other. Be assured I love you both, and be farther assured that friendship will increase as I live on."

On the day following the death of Gay,* Pope wrote to Swift, with a brief account of the circumstances attending the event: "It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will. Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

"I shall never see you now, I believe. One of your principal calls to England is at an end. In-

* 5th Dec. 1732. Vide vol. x. p. 377.

deed he was the most amiable by far; his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon." The same letter contained a communication from Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, giving a further account of the circumstances attending the death of Gay; in which he says: "It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning." On this letter was found indorsed in Swift's hand-writing: "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

At the time of Gay's death, he had just brought on the stage his comedy entitled, *The Wife of Bath*, which Pope in one of his letters says, "succeeded very well, and is another original in its kind;"* but Dr. Warton observes, "it is in truth but an indifferent comedy." He also left a second volume of his Fables, which "is much inferior to the first; particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable, which read like party pamphlets."

As it is only on occasions that deeply affect our

* Vide vol. x. p. 390.

feelings and our happiness, that the character of our minds is fully unfolded, it may not be uninteresting to observe what were the impressions which the death of Gay had left on the mind of Pope, when the first emotions of grief had subsided, as expressed in a letter from him to Swift, written some months subsequent to that event:* "You say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thoughts of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent; and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that *whatever is, is right.* Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into

* April 2, 1733. Vide vol. x. p. 397.

print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well."

The epitaph on Gay here alluded to, is certainly not one of the happiest efforts of the genius of Pope in this department; but the critical censures of Johnson evince as much, at least, of a disposition to cavil, as of a spirit of just and candid remark. It must however be admitted, that the last line contains an equivoque, which, as the critic observes, "is so dark that few understand it, and so harsh when it is explained, that still fewer approve." Yet Pope had submitted this production to Swift, who had nothing to object to it, but the expression *striking their aching bosoms*, in the last line, "where the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like." In consequence of which, Pope altered it as it now stands, *striking their pensive bosoms*, and at the same time considerably improved it.

Scarcely had Pope ceased to lament the loss of his friend, than another event, which he had long anticipated with great anxiety, actually occurred; and he was called upon to perform his last duty to an affectionate parent, by attending her in her death, which took place on the 7th day of June, 1733, at 93 years of age.

Some circumstances attending this event, were communicated a few days afterwards by Pope to his friend Richardson, the portrait painter, whom he prevailed on to take a portrait of Mrs. Pope

after her death. The letter is dated Twickenham, June 10th, 1733.*

"As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met and brought you hither; and this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired, that ever painting drew, and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow upon a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I shall hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment until to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this; I could not at this time have written at all. Adieu! may you die as happily." To a request made in such terms, the painter was not insensible; and a portrait was accordingly taken, which has since been engraved, and may still serve to give some idea of those features which were

* Vide vol. viii. p. 551.

regarded by Pope with such filial affection and respect.*

Of the effect which this event produced on the mind of Pope, but little is to be traced in his correspondence. He does not appear to have communicated it even to Swift, who thus writes to him on the 8th of July following.† "I must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you; because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject of joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of; which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence; but I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking." The true motive of the silence of Pope on this occasion, is perhaps given in a letter to his friend Mr. Bethel, of the 9th of August following;‡ where we have also

* It is remarkable, that in the engraved print of Mrs. Pope, she is said to be the daughter of Samuel Cooper, the Miniature Painter. Whence could such a mistake originate? Probably from Cooper having married one of her sisters.

† Vide vol. x. p. 407. ‡ Vide vol. ix. p. 266.

an account of the manner in which he endeavoured to fill up, in some degree, that portion of his time which had been so long devoted to a single object. "The truth is," says he, "I could not write, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart, which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester, to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborough. The Court and Twickenham I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend (Miss M. Blount) who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family." How great a share of his affection this lady possessed, may appear from a letter written to her a few weeks afterwards from Lord Bathurst's.* "You cannot think," says he, "how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it; and another friend, who is near dead and

* Sept. 7th, 1733. Vide vol. viii. p. 479.

quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham, whenever I pass near my mother's room."—"I long to write to Swift but cannot. The greatest pain I know is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full."—"Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all downhill; and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy whenever the night shall overtake us."

"It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

"I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I shall ever leave you) you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me as well as yourself happier; the latter could make you only so."

The foregoing is one of those passages, to which similar ones occasionally occur in the correspondence of Pope with this lady, and which have been supposed to convey, in mysterious terms, his wishes, that she would quit her friends to reside with him altogether—a supposition wholly inconsistent with the tenor of the above, which evidently alludes to some event that might take place after, as well as before, his death, and seems to have meant nothing more, than to recommend it to her to avail herself of some respectable offer

of marriage, which Pope thought might have contributed to her happiness.

On the death of his mother, who was buried at Twickenham, in the same vault with his father, Pope erected a monument to their memory, with the following inscription:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
PIENTISSIMÆ, QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS BENE MERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,
ET SIBI.

Not satisfied with this public expression of his love and respect, he afterwards raised a memorial to his mother, in the most retired part of the upper grounds at Twickenham, consisting of an obelisk, before which are placed two large handsome urns in imitation of the antique. The obelisk is supported by a pedestal, on the four sides of which is inscribed

AH EDITHA!
MATRVM OPTVMA!
MVLIERVM AMANTISSIMA!
VALE!

This monument yet remains; although almost hidden from view by the trees and shrubs with which it is surrounded, and which give to the spot a melancholy shade, well calculated to inspire that

tender regret and pious feeling, by which the Poet was himself so deeply affected, and which it was certainly his wish to communicate to those, who from motives of attachment to his memory, might visit the place of his abode in future times, to participate in the sensations which he had himself experienced, and to tread in the paths where he had himself trod.

CHAP. VII.

1733——1736.

EPISTLE ON TASTE, *addressed to Lord Burlington—Pope's conduct respecting the Duke of Chandos*—EPISTLE ON THE USE OF RICHES, *addressed to Lord Bathurst*—ESSAY ON MAN, *circumstances attending the publication—Original Letters from Pope to Richardson, and observations thereon—Inquiry how far Pope was indebted for the Essay on Man to Lord Bolingbroke—Pope's Essay written prior to Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings—Important distinction between the philosophical opinions of Bolingbroke and of Pope—Great philosophical poem planned by Pope*—EPISTLE TO LORD COBHAM *—Johnson's misrepresentation of Pope's idea of the ruling passion*—EPISTLE TO MRS. M. BLOUNT *on the characters of women*—FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE, *addressed to Mr. Fortescue—Quarrel of Pope with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey*—EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT—*Correspondence between Arbuthnot and Pope*—SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE, *addressed to Mr. Bethel—Visits his friends—Pope publishes the second volume of his Poems*—VERSIFICATION OF DR. DONNE'S SATIRES—*Death of Lord Peterborough.*

CHAP. VII.

In the course of our narrative, we have omitted to notice some important works of Pope, which he had published before the period at which we are now arrived. These, however, were chiefly either such as led to consequences and discussions which extended to a subsequent period, or were a portion of larger works, which were not completed till afterwards, and which it would have been inconvenient to have considered in their detached parts. Of the former of these was his *Epistle on Taste*, addressed to Lord Burlington, the first which was written of those which are now known by the name of Moral Essays. This piece was published in 1731, and such was its reception, that in the same year it passed through at least three editions,* in the second and third of which it was entitled, "*Of false Taste;*" but this title was afterwards changed to that "*Of the Use of Riches.*" The object of this Poem is to shew that taste, in order to be correct, must be founded on good

* *Of false Taste.* An Epistle to the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Burlington, occasioned by his publishing Palladio's Designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres, &c. of Ancient Rome. By Mr. Pope.

"Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?" Hor.

London: printed for L. Gilliver, at Homer's Head, in Fleet-street. 1731. Price 1s. Fol. The *third* edition in this year.

sense, a maxim which the Poet confirms by innumerable instances; and at the same time demonstrates how thoroughly he was himself acquainted with the principles of those elegant arts which he professed to inculcate. This piece is acknowledged to have had a considerable effect in banishing that formal style of building and gardening which had been introduced in the preceding reigns, and in giving rise to the improvements which have since taken place. The pleasure which Pope must have enjoyed, from the favourable reception of this attempt in a new department of composition, was however considerably diminished, by the odium that was excited against him, in consequence of some passages in the Poem, which were supposed to reflect on the Duke of Chandos; a nobleman to whom it was contended Pope was under the highest obligations, not only for his hospitality and kindness, but as having been generously presented by him with a considerable sum of money. These accusations, as usual, made their way into the public journals, with every exaggeration that could be invented.* Pope had said:

> "On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
> Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre."

* This Epistle was reprinted in the year 1732, with several other pieces, under the title of *A Miscellany on Taste, by Mr. Pope, &c.* 8vo., including several indecent Poems, ascribed to Pope; and was accompanied by a series of abusive notes, not wholly without point. To this publication is prefixed an engraved title-page, representing the Gate of Burlington House, Piccadilly;

This, it was said, exactly described the ceilings at Canons. In another passage we read:

> "But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
> A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
> The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
> And gaping tritons spew to wash your face."

Which was said to be a precise representation of the Duke's dining-room, and the exact list of his attendants. To these imputations it was impossible that Pope could long remain insensible. To the story of his having received any pecuniary present from the Duke, he gave a decided contradiction.* The other charges are adverted to in several letters to his friends, and in particular to Aaron Hill, to whom he thus writes:† "Your hint about my title of *False Taste*, you will see is made use of in the second edition. Your opinion

at the front of which a deformed figure of Pope appears, mounted on a scaffold as a plasterer, "white-washing and bespattering any body that comes in his way;" amongst whom is the *Duke of Chandos*, who as he gets out of his coach, receives a full shower upon his head.

* This report is attributed by Pope himself to Welsted, who had published, that he libelled the Duke of Chandos, with whom he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*. "The falsehood of which," says Pope, "is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatsoever." *Note on ver.* 375 *of the Prologue to the Satires.* And see the Note in the folio edition of 1735, where it is further added, that Pope "never had the honour to see the Duke but twice."

† Feb. 3, 1731-2, but erroneously dated in Hill's works, 1730-1, vide vol. i. p. 66. Also vol. ix. p. 321, of this edition.

also of my giving some public dissent or protest against the silly malicious misconstruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one step should be taken in it, but in concert with the Duke, whom they injure. It will be a pleasure felt by you to tell you, his Grace has written to me the strongest assurances imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his resentment of that report, which to him is an *impertinence*, to me a *villany*. —I will only tell you, that many circumstances you have heard, as resemblances to the picture of *Timon*, are utterly inventions of liars. The number of servants never was a hundred; the paintings not of Verrio or Laguerre, but Bellucci and *Zaman*; no such buffet, manner of reception at the study, terrace, &c.; all which, and many more, they have not scrupled to forge, to gain some credit to the application; and, which is worse, belied testimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulness of my calumniators—the one I forgive, the other I pity; and I despise both.".

On the same subject Pope also addressed a letter to Lord Burlington, (March 7, 1731,)* in which he reiterates nearly the same sentiments. "The clamour raised about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a great man, who is beneficent, and the parti-

* Vide vol. viii. p. 296.

cular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent."—"I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since malice and mistake are so long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which, my own heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself."

Notwithstanding these, and many other assertions and explanations to the same effect, in the letters of Pope to his correspondents, Johnson says, that "no man was satisfied, and that he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved, which he never had confidence openly to deny." To this it may be answered, that if to assert his innocence, be to deny the charge, he has repeatedly done it. Warton says,* "Pope *peremptorily* and *positively* denied the charge, and wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, with the asseverations of which letter, as the last Duke of Chandos *told me*, his ancestor was *not* perfectly satisfied."†

* Warton's Life of Pope, p. 43.

† The Duke, in his answer to Pope, said, that "*he took the application that had been made of it, as a sign of the malice of the Town against himself.*" Spence's Anec. p. 145. Singer's ed. And

On these discordant opinions I shall only observe, that the very *uncertainty* of the decision sufficiently exculpates Pope; for if he had intended to satirize any particular individual, he would not have left it in doubt for whom the portrait was intended. Timon is a *genus*, and includes many species of folly probably never found in a single person.

"A hundred smart in Timon, and in Balaam."

Not one of the works of Pope, as he assured Mr. Spence, was more laboured than his Epistle on the Use of Riches, addressed to Lord Bathurst.* This piece first appeared as a continued discourse, addressed by the Poet to his friend, and in that form was inserted in the folio edition of his works in 1735. But Pope, probably by the advice of Warburton, who, as we have already observed, claimed the merit of having suggested some improvements in these Epistles, afterwards altered it into the dramatic form, in which it now appears. That this alteration was by no means agreeable to Lord Bathurst, appears from the evidence of Dr. Warton, who says,† "That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord Bathurst, told me, 'that he was

the conduct of the Duke on this occasion was so gratifying to Pope, that he afterwards referred to him, in his Epistle on the Characters of Men, in the beautiful line:

"Thus gracious CHANDOS is beloved at sight."

* Of the Use of Riches, an Epistle to the Right Hon. Allen Lord Bathurst, by Mr. Pope. London, printed by J. Wright, for Lawton Gilliver, at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street, 1732. Fol. Price 1s.

† Warton's Essay on the Genius, &c. of Pope, ii. 153.

much surprised to see what he had, with repeated pleasure, so often read as an *Epistle*, addressed to himself, in this edition converted into a *Dialogue*; in which,' said he, 'I perceive I really make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the Dialogue, if it must be a *Dialogue*.'"

Another work, the publication of which had commenced some time before the period at which we are now arrived, was the celebrated poem of *The Essay on Man*, on which Pope has employed the utmost efforts of his acquirements and his genius. That he had for several years meditated some work of this nature, has been conjectured, with great probability, from a passage in one of his letters to Swift, 14th Sept. 1725,* in which he says, "Your Travels (Gulliver's) I hear much of. My own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land; but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country and for my own time."

Of the progress which he had made in this great undertaking, we find a more particular account in a letter from Atterbury, at Paris, dated Nov. 23, 1731:† "What are they doing in England to the honour of letters, and particularly, what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you pursue the *moral plan* you marked out, and seemed *sixteen months ago* so intent

* Vide vol. x. p. 127.

† Vide vol. ix. p. 245.

upon? Am I to see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather choose to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope *to peep into the manuscript before it was finished;* but alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us." From which it seems likely, that Pope had made some considerable progress in the work before the middle of the year 1730. At the end of 1731, he was still proceeding with it; for in a letter to Swift, of the 1st December in that year,* he says, "Whenever you see what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners."

In the latter part of the year 1732 the first Epistle of the Essay on Man was published, but without either the name of the author or that of Lord Bolingbroke, to whom it was addressed;† the motive for which, is said to have been an idea on the part of Pope, that he had by his Dunciad given such offence to his contemporary wits and critics, that if he gave his name to the work he

* Vide vol. x. p. 334.

† It began in the first edition:

"Awake MY LELIUS, leave all meaner things;"

and was intitled:

"An Essay on Man, addressed to a Friend. Part I." London: printed for J. Welford, at the Three Flower-de-luces, behind the Chapter House, St. Paul's. Fol. *Price One Shilling.*

should subject himself to the effects of their resentment; whilst by publishing it anonymously, it would be judged of by its real merits, and those who had once approved it could not afterwards retract their opinions. This proceeding gave rise to many singular, and some whimsical circumstances. The poem being of a new kind was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined or conjecture wandered. "It was given," says Warburton, "to every man, except him who only could write it." —"There had been," says Johnson, "for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a system of morality; but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Those friends of Pope that were intrusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the newborn poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival. Its reception was not uniform. Some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. When the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect. The sale increased, and editions were multiplied."

On this occasion Ayre has related an incident* which seems intitled to credit. "Soon after the appearance of the first Epistle, a gentleman who had attempted some things in the poetical way, called

* Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 215.

on Pope, who inquired from him, what news there was in the learned world, and what new pieces were brought to light? The visitor replied that there was little or nothing worthy notice; that there was indeed a thing called an Essay on Man, shocking poetry, insufferable philosophy, no coherence, no connexion. Pope could not repress his indignation, and instantly avowed himself the author. This was like a clap of thunder to the mistaken bard, who took his hat and never ventured to shew his unlucky face there again." The gentleman there referred to is supposed to have been *Mallet*.

There were few persons with whom Pope lived on terms of nearer intimacy than the Richardsons, father and son; yet it would appear from the following letter, that he had not communicated to them that he was the author of the Essay; on the contrary, he seems to have found no little amusement in endeavouring to obtain their remarks upon it:

To Mr. Richardson.

"DEAR SIR, "*Monday, 7 o'clock.*

"It was a sensible mortification that I could not find you and your son yesterday (the only time I have had to endeavour it this long time). I had a hundred things to talk to you of; and among the rest, of the Essay on Man, which I hear so much of. Pray, what is your opinion of it? I hear some cry it extremely up; others think it obscure in part; and some (of whom I am sure you are

not one) have said it is mine. I think I could shew you some faults in it, and believe you can shew me more, though, upon the whole, it is allowed to have merit, and I think so myself. I am so uncertain when I can be so near you again as I wish, that I desire to hear from you. I am this morning setting out for the country. Adieu! and commend me sincerely to your good son. He deserves to be called so: and believe me to be your really affectionate friend."

The Essay on Man is again referred to in the following letter; but when this was written, Richardson had probably recognized the Essay as the work of Pope:

To Mr. Richardson.

"SIR,

"The Essay on Man has many faults; but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world; and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. You will see another poem next week to employ more of your speculations, which the author likewise does not own.* I thank you for all. Your prudence I never doubt, nor your son's; to whom my services, and sincere ones. I am glad you publish your Milton. B——ly† will be angry at you, and at me too shortly, for what I could not help; a satirical poem on verbal Criticism, by Mr.

* The Epistle on the Use of Riches, to Lord Bathurst, published in 1732.

† Dr. Bentley.

Mallet, which he inscribed to me before I knew any thing of it. But the thing itself is good (another cause of anger to any critic). As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of men's, or women's anger, or scandal, with virtue in my eyes, and truth upon my tongue. Adieu, dear Sir. Yours,

" A. P."

" *Twitnam, Nov.* 2, 1732."

The following letter is also too interesting to be omitted on this occasion:

To Mr. Richardson.

" DEAR SIR, " *Sunday.*

" I thank you for your kind and facetious epistle, and particularly for your simile in it. But I must tell you it was not that idle poem* which I meant my caution of, in my letter to your neighbour Cheselden. That was the work of two mornings, after my brain was heated by a fever. But the thing I apprehend is of another nature, viz. a copy of part of another work, which I have cause to fear may be got out underhand; but of how much, or what part, I know not. In that case pray conceal entirely your having any knowledge of its belonging, either wholly or partly, to me; it would prejudice me both in reputation and profit. My services attend your son and your neighbour. I want much to see you all; but though I was ten days together in town, I could not bring it about, unless I had sent for you to Lord Oxford's, while

* Imitation of the second Satire of the first book of Horace.

I lay sick, which I thought not proper even in your regard. Adieu, and all health attend you. I think I have made a panegyric of you all in one line, saying of myself that I am

"To virtue only, and her friends, a friend."

"A. P."

Dr. Warton in his earnest endeavours to attach the charge of infidelity to the religious opinions of Pope, has adduced the testimony of the younger Richardson, which he considers as *decisive* on that subject, as follows:* "As for this Essay on Man, as I was witness to the whole conduct of it in writing, and actually have his original manuscript for it, from the first scratches of the four books to the several finished copies (of his own neat and elegant writing these last) all which he gave me himself, for the pains I took in collating the whole with the printed editions, at his request; as to this noblest of his works, I know that he never dreamt of the scheme that he afterwards adopted, perhaps for good reasons; for he had taken terror about the clergy, and Warburton himself, at the general alarm of its *fatalism* and *deistical tendency*, of which however we talked with him (my father and I) frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to understand it otherwise, or even thinking to alter those passages which he suggested as what might seem the most exceptionable."

The foregoing letters by no means, however, tend

* See vol. v. p. 5—7. Preliminary notes to the Essay on Man.

to confirm the narrative of Richardson, or to justify the *decision* which Warton has formed upon it; on the contrary, it appears that Pope conceived, that the Richardsons were not even *sufficiently* acquainted with the poem to discover, immediately on its publication, that he was the author. It must, however, be observed, that in the margin of the last of the foregoing letters, there appears a note, in the hand-writing of the younger Richardson, as follows :*

"This, I reckon, was the first part of the Essay on Man, which he *might apprehend* we remembered *some passages of*, and *think we might* safely say, or insinuate was his; he not owning it."

But if the younger Richardson had "been witness to the whole conduct of Pope in writing the work," and if Pope "had given him his original manuscripts of it, from the first scratches of the four books to the several finished copies;" how could Pope have *supposed* or *expected* (as he evidently did when he wrote the first of the foregoing letters) that the Richardsons would *not recognize him* as the author? Or how could he, in his second letter, have mentioned another poem of his, as "likely *to employ more of their speculations*," if they had found *no difficulty* in discovering a former? Yet further, how could Richardson, in his mar-

* It is very remarkable that the copies from which these letters are now, for the first time, printed, are in the *hand-writing* of the younger Richardson. They are from the Collection of J. L. Anderdon, Esq. who has obligingly permitted the use of them in the present edition.

ginal note, have expressed a *doubt* whether Pope *might apprehend they remembered some passages?* Could he suppose Pope could have *forgotten,* not only their conversations, on so important a topic as the tendency of his own religious opinions; but that they had collated the poem for him, with the printed editions, and that he had, in return, given them the original manuscripts? If to this singular inconsistency, we add the further assertion of Richardson, that Pope, at the time he was writing the Essay on Man, "had taken terror about the clergy, *and Warburton himself,*" and recollect that Pope was not acquainted with Warburton till several years afterwards; we may without much hesitation conclude, with all due deference to the character of the parties, that the inference of Dr. Warton, arising from the information of Richardson, and which he considers as *decisive,* as to the self-acknowledged *infidelity* of Pope, is wholly without foundation.

That amongst those who were mistaken in their conjectures respecting the author, even Swift is to be included, there is great reason to believe. On the 15th Sept. 1734,* Pope says to Swift, "I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not know mine in the *Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you,* as I should, had you been in England; but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of

* Vide vol. x. p. 424.

me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it." Swift, in his reply, Nov. 1, 1734,* rather evades than denies the charge. "*Surely* I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. *I confess I did never imagine* you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion; how a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole."

The reputation which Pope acquired as a philosopher by his Essay on Man, was scarcely inferior to that which he enjoyed as a poet. Attempts have however been made to deprive him of any honour he might derive, as a moralist, from this work; for the plan, and even the materials of which, he is said to have been wholly indebted to Lord

* Vide vol. x. p. 431.

Bolingbroke, and that his only merit was to express in verse what his Lordship had before given in prose. He has further been represented as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions directly contrary to his own. Some of these charges have of late been brought forwards in a more definite shape, and it has been distinctly stated, that "*Bolingbroke really wrote the Essay on Man, which Pope versified.*" This decision is founded on the authority of an anonymous Epistle, addressed to Dr. Warburton; the author of which is supposed to be *Mallet.* As this piece is considered as conclusive, on a subject of great literary controversy, which has been long and earnestly maintained, it will be necessary to give the passage at length.

"In a rough attack on Warburton," says Mr. D'Israeli,* "respecting Pope's privately printing fifteen hundred copies of the '*Patriot King*,' of Bolingbroke, I find a particular account of the manner in which the '*Essay on Man*' was written; over which Johnson seems to throw great doubts; and since I have discovered the present curious story, I have also found a letter by Dr. Blair, inserted in Boswell's Life of Johnson, which strongly confirms the whole, as received from the mouth of Lord Bathurst.

"The writer of this angry epistle, in addressing Warburton, says, 'If you were as intimate with

* Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 71.

Mr. Pope as you pretend, you must know the truth of a fact, which several others, as well as I, who never had the honour of a personal acquaintance with Lord Bolingbroke or Mr. Pope, have heard. The fact was related to me by a certain senior fellow of one of our Universities, who was very intimate with Mr. Pope. He started some objections one day at Mr. Pope's house, to the doctrine contained in the Ethic Epistles; upon which Mr. Pope told him, that he would soon convince him of the truth of it, by laying the argument at large before him; for which purpose he gave him *a large prose manuscript* to peruse, telling him, at the same time, the author's name. From this perusal, whatever other conviction the Doctor might receive, he collected at least this, that Mr. Pope had from his friend, not only the *doctrine*, but even the *finest and strongest ornaments of his ethics.* Now if this fact be true, (as I question not, but know it to be so,) I believe no man of candour will attribute such merit to Mr. Pope as you would insinuate, for acknowledging the wisdom and the friendship of the man, who was his instructor in philosophy; nor consequently that this acknowledgment *and the dedication of his own system put into a poetical dress by Mr. Pope*, laid his Lordship under the necessity of never resenting any injury done to him by the Poet afterwards. Mr. Pope told no more than literal truth in calling Lord Bolingbroke his '*guide, philosopher*, and *friend.*' The existence of this very MS. volume

is authenticated by Lord Bathurst, in the conversation with Dr. Blair and others, where he said 'he had read the MS. in Lord Bolingbroke's handwriting, and was at a loss whether most to admire the elegance of Lord Bolingbroke's prose, or the beauty of Mr. Pope's verse.' No fact," adds Mr. D'Israeli, "can now rest on sounder authority, and this disputed point has *now been finally ascertained.*"

Notwithstanding the circumstances thus particularly stated, and the opinions thus strongly expressed, a diligent and candid examination of the evidence that yet remains on this subject, will lead to a very different conclusion, and will shew that Pope, so far from having degraded his talents to the humble task of transferring *the prose of Lord Bolingbroke into a poetical dress,* was the *original* and *indisputable* author of the poem that bears his name. The fact is, that he had been employed in it several years, and had completed at least a considerable portion of it, before Lord Bolingbroke had written a single word upon the same subject. The philosophical work of Lord Bolingbroke, which it has been supposed Pope was employed in versifying, not having been in existence, until the greater part, if not the whole, of the Essay on Man was completed; and being, in many respects, rather a repetition of the same sentiments, than a model for that work.

That Pope and Lord Bolingbroke had for many years been accustomed to discuss together moral

and metaphysical subjects, and had thereby become acquainted with each other's opinions, is undoubted; and that his Lordship had requested Pope to apply his poetical talents to the illustration of such a subject, may also be fully admitted. That Pope had not only begun, but had made some progress in his poem, as early as the year 1729, is also evident, from a letter of his Lordship to Swift, of the 19th November in that year.* "Bid him (Pope) talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest. *It is a fine one,* and will be, *in his hands, an* ORIGINAL. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness; it flatters my judgment, who always thought that, (universal as his talents are,) this is *eminently and peculiarly his,* above all the writers I know, living or dead. I do not except Horace."

The progress of Pope in the Essay on Man is still more explicitly marked out in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated Aug. 2, 1731,† in which he says, "Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, *at my instigation,* he has begun, in such a manner, that he must be convinced, by this time, *I judged better of his talents than he did?* The first Epistle, which considers man and the habitation of man relatively to *the whole system of universal being;* the second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system; and the third, which shews how

* Vide vol. x. p. 264. † Vide vol. x. p. 319.

" —— a universal cause
Works to one end, but works by various laws.

How man, and beast, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same; *these three Epistles I say are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon.* It is a noble subject. He pleads the cause of God, (I use Seneca's expression,) against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence, a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it, indeed, for an extreme good purpose, and *you build on this admission the necessity of a future state* of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state, which you give up? Would it not have been better *to defend God's justice in this world,* against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The Epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book.* The plan of the second is

* The Essay on Man was to be the first book of Pope's great plan, of which the Moral Epistles were also portions.

settled. *You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted.*"

This letter is important to our purpose in several points of view: first, as it decidedly ascertains that in the month of August, 1731, Pope had finished *three books* of the Essay on Man, and was proceeding with the *fourth;* secondly, that Lord Bolingbroke considers it as wholly the work of Pope, without any pretensions to a share in it, further than having *instigated Pope* to the undertaking; and thirdly, in stating that Pope would not go so deep into the argument, or *carry it so far as his Lordship had hinted;* "that is," says the commentator on Swift, (Dr. Hawkesworth,) "*will not reconcile the present unequal distribution to the divine justice.*"* From which it clearly appears, that whilst Lord Bolingbroke contended that the justice of God is manifested in the present state of being, and that the idea of a future state is therefore unnecessary to vindicate the justice of God, Pope was of opinion, that in referring to the justice of the Supreme Being, we must take *another state into the account,* or that *all is right* only *as relative to all.* Hence, then, it is evident that Pope and Bolingbroke *perfectly* understood each other, and that Pope would not, by confining the idea of the divine justice to *this state of being,* render his

* In Sir W. Scott's edition of Swift, from which this note is extracted, it reads thus: "That is, will not reconcile the *perfect unequal disaffection* to the divine justice;" the meaning of which must, I presume, be that given in the text.

work subservient to that attack upon the doctrine of a future state, which it was the great object of Bolingbroke to promote.

After Pope had thus for some years been engaged in his great work, he expressed a desire to Lord Bolingbroke that he would also commit to writing his own opinions, on those philosophical subjects which they had been in the habit of discussing; to which his Lordship, in his turn, consented, and entered upon his arduous undertaking by a long letter addressed to Pope, which thus commences: "Since you *have begun at my request*, the work which I have long wished that you would undertake, it is but reasonable that I submit to *the task you impose upon me*. The mere compliance with any thing you desire, is a pleasure to me. On the present occasion, however, this desire is a little interested; and that I may not assume more merit with you than I really have, I will own that in performing this act of friendship, for such you are willing to esteem it, the purity of my motive is corrupted by some regard to *my private utility*. In short, I suspect you to be guilty of a very friendly fraud, and to mean my service while you seem to mean your own."

That his Lordship's suspicions were not without foundation, and that Pope had as great a share in inducing Lord Bolingbroke to engage in philosophical studies, as the latter had in prevailing on Pope to undertake the Essay on Man, is apparent, from a passage in a letter from Pope to Swift,

without a date,* in which he says, "I think it a merit if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party; and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that *I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and worthy his pen.*"

That this was the first occasion on which Lord Bolingbroke undertook to commit to writing his opinions on those philosophical and religious subjects which now form so great a portion of his works, is indisputable; and accordingly this letter to Pope is placed, in the general edition of his writings, as the commencement of his Essays on these subjects.† The omission of the date in this letter, prevents our deciding on the precise period when Lord Bolingbroke entered on this arduous undertaking, which occupied a great portion of his time during the remainder of his life, and composes nearly one half of the five quarto volumes of his works. But that it could not have been earlier than 1732, (being the *year after* Lord Bolingbroke had expressly stated to Swift, that Pope had finished *three Epistles* of his Essay on Man, and was intent on *the fourth*,) is apparent from a striking circumstance. In the year 1731, Pope had published his Moral Epistle on Taste, addressed to Lord Burlington, in which he had described the Villa of Timon, which, as has before been related, gave rise to a violent outcry against

* Vide vol. x. p. 295.

† Bolingbroke's Works, vol. iii. p. 311. 4to. ed.

him, as having intended to satirize the Duke of Chandos. That such a report was not in general circulation before the end of the year 1731, appears by a letter from Pope to Aaron Hill, of the 22d Dec. in that year, where he says, "If I have not lost my senses, the town has lost them, by what I heard *so late as but two days ago*, of the uproar on this head." Now it happens that Lord Bolingbroke, in his last mentioned letter to Pope, expressly refers to this charge. "You began to laugh at the ridiculous taste, or the no taste, in gardening and building of some men, who are at great expense in both. What a clamour was raised instantly! The name of *Timon* was applied to a noble person, with double malice, to make him ridiculous, and you, who lived in friendship with him, odious." As Pope was not himself informed of these reports till the end of 1731, and as Lord Bolingbroke refers to them as having occurred some time before he wrote, and as having been satisfactorily refuted, his letter could not have been written until some time in the year 1732. But there are other circumstances which serve to shew that it was not written till a still later period. In particular it contains the following remarkable passage: "*You have begun your Ethic Epistles* in a masterly manner. YOU HAVE COPIED NO OTHER WRITER, nor *will you, I think, be copied by any one.*" By the Ethic Epistles it is probable Lord Bolingbroke here meant some of those which are printed as the Moral Essays, and which were written for the

most part after the Essay on Man was finished; but at all events it demonstrates that his Lordship considered the philosophical works of Pope as the original performances of Pope himself. In another passage in the same letter, Lord Bolingbroke says, "Whilst your Muse is employed to lash the vicious into repentance, or to laugh the fools of the age into shame, and whilst she rises sometimes to the noblest subjects of philosophical meditation, I shall throw upon paper, for your satisfaction and my own, some part, at least, of what I have *thought and said formerly*, on the last of these subjects, as well as the reflections *they may suggest* to me further in writing on them." From which it may be inferred, that although Lord Bolingbroke had *formerly thought* and *spoken*, he had not till that time put pen to paper on philosophical subjects.

Lord Bolingbroke's intention of writing on such subjects, is again announced, though still in a *prospective* form, in a letter to Swift, of July 18, 1732,* where he says, "I *propose* however to reconcile you to metaphysics, by shewing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does; no, not those who write them." But the first distinct information that he *had actually begun*, and made a progress in such a work, is in a joint letter of Pope‖ and Bolingbroke to Swift, of Sept. 15, 1734,† (being subsequent to the publication of the four Epistles of

* Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 83. † Vide vol. x. p. 424.

the Essay on Man,) in which Pope says, " I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. *is doing* with metaphysics. I hope you *will live* to see and stare at the figure *he will make*, on the same shelf with Locke and Malebranche." To which Lord B. adds, in a postscript: " He (Pope) talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ *six letters and a half* to him, on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume." Of these six letters, the first is undoubtedly that to which we have before referred, as not having been begun till some time after Pope had finished his three first Epistles of the Essay on Man, and was intent upon completing the fourth. This *fourth* Epistle was published in 1733, as appears by a letter from Pope to Swift, of January 6, 1734,* in which he says, " You will have immediately by several franks, (even before it is here published,) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and *the last Essay on Man*." Yet the progress of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical work still continued to be adverted to in the correspondence. In a letter from Swift to Pope, of Nov. 1st, 1734,† he says,

* Vide vol. x. p. 414.

† Vide vol. x. p. 433.

"My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, *will be* a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he had attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he *will* succeed in this." Pope, during the later period of his correspondence with Swift, was accustomed to write his letters in imitation of print, that his friend might more easily read them; on which Swift says,* "I am happy that what your write is printed in large letters, otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B. to follow that example, *if I live to read his metaphysics.*"

The facts here stated may enable us to judge of the credit due to the narrative cited by Mr. D'Israeli, by which we are required to believe that Pope, in order to vindicate himself against the objections of a "certain senior Fellow of one of the Universities," produced to him "a large prose manuscript, from which he had taken not only the doctrines, but even the finest and strongest ornaments of his ethics." On which it may further be observed, that this transaction, if such an event ever took place, could not have occurred until after the publication of the *Ethics*, with which the Doctor was dissatisfied, and most probably not till after the year 1734, when it is acknowledged that

* Vide vol. x. p. 434.

Lord B. had written six letters and a half to Pope, and was proceeding to write the remainder; and that it could only therefore have been these letters that Pope could have shewn to the Doctor, or which could have been afterwards seen by Lord Bathurst. These letters have since been published in the form of Essays, in the works of Lord Bolingbroke; but are so far from containing any thing like a *plan or outline* of the Essay on Man, that the scope and tendency of the two works are entirely different, that of Pope being conversant chiefly with human life and manners, whilst religion and metaphysics form the whole subject of that of Bolingbroke. With the disputable and obnoxious opinions of Bolingbroke, Pope has no concern. He neither detracts from the doctrines of Christianity, nor attacks divines. Bolingbroke has always a covert purpose in view; but Pope has nothing to conceal. The work of Pope, though adorned with poetry, is popular, simple, and intelligible; whilst that of Bolingbroke, though in prose, is difficult, laboured, and abstruse. That the assiduity of Dr. Warton and others has selected a few passages, in which there is some coincidence, is certain; but this by no means decides whether Pope adopted the expressions of Bolingbroke, or Bolingbroke those of Pope. It may however be observed, that these coincidences are chiefly, if not entirely confined to the first Epistle of the Essay on Man, which was undoubtedly compleated before Lord Bolingbroke had written a single word upon the

subject. And it has therefore been justly observed by Ruffhead, "That Pope was so far from putting Lord Bolingbroke's prose into verse, as has been maliciously suggested, that, if we take his Lordship's word, he put Pope's verse into prose."*

It certainly appears extraordinary, that after the frequent mention made in the letters of Pope of his philosophical poem, Swift should not have been able on its publication to recognize the author; but this may perhaps be accounted for, by a circumstance, which if not intentional on the part of Pope, as was however probably the case, had the effect of misleading the judgment of his friend. A short time before the appearance of the Essay on Man,† he had published his Epistle on the Use of Riches, addressed to Lord Bathurst, to which he refers in a letter to Swift of the 16th of February, 1732—3.‡ "It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more

* Ruffhead, p. 217.

† The Essay on Man was originally published in detached parts, all without a date, price one shilling each. To the second, was prefixed the following address:

"TO THE READER.

"The author has been induced to publish these epistles separately for two reasons: the one, that he might not impose upon the public too much at once of what he thinks incorrect; the other, that by this method he might profit of its judgment on the parts, in order to make the whole less unworthy of it."

‡ Vide vol. x. p. 387.

care in my life of any thing, than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though, in truth, my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out. *I have declined opening to you by letters* the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon, *that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it,* and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will, in one respect, be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable."

By language of this kind in the letters of Pope, Swift was undoubtedly led to conceive that the epistles to Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, which Pope had communicated to him, were portions of the great philosophical work in which he had been so long engaged, and was therefore totally unprepared to expect it in any other form, or from any other quarter. This however was by no means the case; the work referred to in the last-cited letter being entirely different from and inde-

pendent of his Essay on Man.* It may serve perhaps more than any other circumstance of his life to give us an idea of his astonishing endowments, and of the inexhaustible powers of his mind, when we find, that before he had dismissed that great work, he had formed the idea of one still greater, more extensive, and more laborious; a work in which it has not been asserted, or supposed, that he had any incitement, advice, or assistance from any person whatever, and which, if completed, would have been an imperishable monument of the solidity of his judgment, the depth of his penetration, and the powers of his genius. Of this undertaking the fullest account appears in a letter to Swift, some years afterwards (March 25, 1736).† "If ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be; that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man; viz. 1, of the Extent and Limits of

* This misapprehension on the part of Swift, was probably still further confirmed by the address to the reader, prefixed to the first edition of the "Essay on Man," in which the author says, "As he *imitates no man*, so he would be thought to vie with no man in these epistles, particularly with the *noted author* of TWO *lately published*. But this he may most surely say, that the matter of them is such as is of *importance to all in general*, and of *offence to none in particular*."

† Vide vol. x. p. 450.

Human Reason and Science; 2, a View of the useful, and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful, and therefore unattainable Arts; 3, of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities; 4, of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and example."

This great idea he did not live to complete; but the fragments and portions of it, which he had prepared before the date of the last mentioned letter, are amongst the most interesting and valuable of his works, and will now require our more particular notice.*

* The pieces here referred to, constitute in the works of Pope what are called, "The Moral Epistles," and were written with a view that each piece should be complete in itself, but should at the same time form a part of the general plan. His own account of it is as follows.† "The first four or five Epistles will be on the general Principles, or of 'The Nature of Man;' and the rest will be on Moderation, or 'The Use of Things.' In the latter part, each class may take up three Epistles; one for instance, against Avarice; another against Prodigality; and the third on the Moderate Use of Riches; and so of the rest. These two lines contain the main design that runs through the whole:

"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

"He afterwards drew in the plan much narrower than it was at first, and mentioned several of the particulars in which he had lessened it. But as this was in the year 1734, the most exact account of his plan (as it stood then) will appear from a leaf which

† Spence's Anec. p. 48. Singer's ed.

These pieces were published in detached parts in folio, at different periods, between 1731 and 1735, in which latter year they were united, in the second volume of the folio edition of the works of Pope, not in the order in which they were published, but as it seems, with a view to their throwing a greater degree of light on each other. The epistles in this edition differ also considerably in the reading from the present text, and particularly in the order and disposition, which in many places has been entirely changed. The merit of a portion of these alterations is assumed by Warburton, who informs us, that "when he first examined, at

he annexed to about a dozen copies of the poem, printed in that year, and sent as presents to some of his most particular friends. Most of these were afterwards called in again; but that which was sent to Mr. Bethel was not."†

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† INDEX TO THE ETHIC EPISTLES.

BOOK I. OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN.

Epistle 1. With respect to the Universe.
2. As an Individual.
3. With respect to Society.
4. With respect to Happiness.

BOOK II. ON THE USE OF THINGS.

Of the Limits of Human Reason.
Of the Use of Learning.
Of the Use of Wit.
Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.
Of the Particular Characters of Women.
Of the Principles and Use of Civil and Ecclesiastical Polity.
Of the Use of Education.
A View of the Equality of Happiness in the several Conditions of Men.
Of the Use of Riches.

the author's desire, the epistle on the knowledge and characters of men, he was surprised to find it contain a number of exquisite observations, without order, connexion, or dependence; but much more so, when on an attentive review, he saw that if the epistle were put into a different form, on an idea he then conceived, it would have all the clearness of method and force of connected reasoning; that the author seemed as much struck with the thing as the editor, and agreed to put the poem into the present order; which has given it all the justness of a true composition; that the introduction to the epistle on riches was in the same condition, and underwent the same reform."*

The first epistle, in the order in which they are now placed, although not in order of publication, is that addressed to Lord Cobham,† written as Dr. Johnson observes, "with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life." "In this poem," adds the great critic, "he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *ruling passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly or more secretly, by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propension." "This

* Warburton. Note, vol. v. p. 245.

† The first edition appears in 1733. London, for Lawton Gilliver, &c., folio, price one shilling.

doctrine," he adds, "is in itself pernicious as well as false. Its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle, which cannot be resisted. He that admits it, is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of *nature*, in obeying the resistless authority of his ruling passion."*

It must however be observed, that in thus describing Pope's idea of the ruling passion, Dr. Johnson has mistaken and misrepresented the meaning of his author; who, notwithstanding the extent to which he has carried it, has cautiously guarded against the dangerous consequences which Johnson supposes to be deducible from it. So far indeed is Pope from asserting that the ruling passion cannot be controlled, modified, and directed to good and useful purposes, that he has expressly stated it to be the foundation of our highest virtues, and that it is in our power, if we think proper, to convert it to our greatest utility. In other words, when we have once discovered our peculiar propensity, although we never can wholly eradicate it, even to our last moments, yet we have it in our power to engraft upon it those virtues which seem most nearly allied to it, and thereby give them a stability which they could not derive from any other support. On this account we are told, that it is the business of reason,

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

" to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe."
Essay on Man, Ep. ii. ver. 164.

And we are further assured, in a technical kind of phraseology, not very usual with our author, that

" Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle;
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd:
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd."
Essay on Man, Ep. ii. ver. 175.

And this idea is more poetically illustrated in the following passage:

" As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root,
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear," &c.
Essay on Man, Ep. ii. ver. 181.

And thus the injurious consequences which Johnson supposes to be derived from Pope's idea of the ruling passion, are not only obviated, but *that passion* itself is shown to be conducive to our highest moral improvement.*

The next epistle " On the Characters of Women," is addressed to *a Lady*;† by whom we are

* Vide vol. v. p. 101. Note on ver. 163. Ibid, p. 239, &c. Ibid, p. 406, concluding note.

† " On the Characters of Women: an Epistle to a Lady, by Mr. Pope. London: printed by J. Wright, for Lawton Gilliver, &c. 1735. Folio. Price one shilling."

To the first edition is prefixed the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The author being very sensible how particular a tenderness is due

to understand Miss Martha Blount. To this poem, as originally published, great additions were afterwards made. The propensity manifested by the later editors of Pope to charge him with being abusive, ungrateful, and unprincipled, is no where more apparent than in their annotations on this epistle, as a few instances may sufficiently show. On the character of Philomedé (ver. 70,) Dr. Warton informs us, that "this was designed for the Duchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve, and after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table. "This connexion," says he "is particularly hinted at in verse 76.

'She sins with poets,' &c.

"Our author's declaration, therefore, *that no particular character was aimed at, was not true*;" to which accusation Mr. Bowles re-echoes—"for the want of delicacy, the coarseness and the vulgarity of these lines, no wit can atone." But what will be said, when it appears that the characters of Philomedé, Cloe, and Atossa, the only ones which have ever been supposed to apply to particular individuals, and on the first of which Dr. Warton has founded so direct a charge of falsehood against Pope, were not included in the *early* editions of

to the FEMALE SEX, and at the same time how little they generally show to each other, declares upon his honour, that no one character is drawn from the life, in this epistle. It would otherwise be most improperly inscribed to a lady, who, of all the women he knows, is the last that would be entertained at the expense of another."

this epistle, to which the declaratory advertisement was affixed; and that such advertisement was *omitted* after those characters were inserted?

The Duchess of Marlborough, alluded to by Dr. Warton, is Henrietta, the lady of Lord Godolphin, usually called the young Duchess of Marlborough, who succeeded to the title on the death of her father in 1722, and to whom Congreve left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about ten thousand pounds. It was she who erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription in terms of high admiration.* It is said that she also frequently placed a wax-work figure of Congreve on her table after his death, which she spoke to and treated as if living, and which Warton supposes Pope to have alluded to in the expression,

"She sins with poets;"

—A sin, if it be one, surely of a very venial nature, and which Pope, who loved and honoured Congreve, and who dedicated to him his great work of the Iliad, certainly never meant to refer to, any more than he meant to allude to this connexion, when he says,

"she stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon *a dunce*."

* For which see vol. v. p. 297.

Yet more injurious to the memory of the poet, is the story related by Warton, of the transactions that occurred between him and the Duchess of Marlborough, with respect to the character of Atossa. "These lines," says he, "were shown to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, *as the Duchess of Portland informed me,* and called out aloud: "I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom they are designed;" and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject; though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and *gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait;* which he accepted, *it is said,* by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and *after the Duchess's death* it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746,* and *afterwards* here inserted with those of Philomedé and Chloe. *This is the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character.*"† On which Mr. Bowles exclaims: "A blemish! Call it rather, *if it be fact,* the most shameful dereliction of every thing that was manly and honourable." If Mr. Bowles did not mean that it should be taken as a fact, why did he think it necessary to characterize it by these expressions?

* Pope had then been dead two years.

† Warton's note on Moral Essays, ep. ii. ver. 120. Vide vol. v. p. 299.

Yet in his Life of Pope (p. 101) he has himself allowed that a story *so base*, ought not, *for a moment*, to be admitted on the evidence of Walpole, (who has related it) and in his *Vindication*, he indignantly disavows his ever having charged Pope with such an offence.*

"To how casual a beginning," says Spence, "we are obliged for some of the most delightful things in our language." This reflection was suggested to him by the following anecdote which he has given in the words of Pope. "When I had a fever one winter in Town, that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke, who came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and in turning it over, dipped on the first Satire of the second book, '*Sunt quibus in satirâ*,' &c. He observed how well that would hit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over; translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to the press in a week or a fortnight after; and this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles afterwards."†

This imitation of the first Satire of the second book of Horace appeared in 1733, in folio,‡ under the title of "*Dialogue between Alexander Pope of*

* But see the late Mr. Gilchrist's second answer to Mr. Bowles, p. 6, &c.; and Mr. Bowles's *Vindication*, p. 9.

† Spence's Anec. p. 297. Singer's ed.

‡ "London: printed by L. G., and sold by A. Dodd, near Temple Bar; E. Nutt, at the Royal Exchange; and by the Booksellers of London and Westminster: 1733."

Twickenham, in Com. Midd., Esq., on the one part, and his learned Counsel on the other;" by whom we are to understand Mr. Fortescue. The sentiments of the Roman satirist are precisely and skilfully adapted to the period when this imitation was written. It is characterized by the author's contempt for Court favour, his independence on party, his attachment to his friends, and his resentment against his enemies. He avows his determination to persevere in the path he had chosen, and to give himself no anxiety as to the consequences.

> " Know, while I live, no rich or noble knave
> Shall walk in peace and credit to the grave;
> To virtue only, and her friends, a friend,
> The world beside may murmur or commend."

In this piece are two very gross and reprehensible lines, apparently intended, under the name of Sappho, to stigmatize some of the profligate female writers of the day, who were no less distinguished by their gallantries, than by their literary productions. By an injurious and unnecessary construction, these lines were supposed to relate to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and what is yet more extraordinary, she was herself so imprudent as to encourage such an idea, by the resentment she manifested on the occasion. This was fully displayed, shortly afterwards, in a copy of verses, the joint production of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey, addressed "*To the Imitator of Horace,*" in which the noble pair condescended to

make use of language not less offensive to decency than that of Pope. In these angry lines Lady Mary has perhaps gone further than she intended, and has not only injured her reputation much more than could have been done by the pen of another, but has given reason to suppose, that she had some share in propagating the ridiculous story of the flagellation of Pope in Ham-walks some years before.*

The opinion of Pope on these verses, and the conduct adopted by him on this occasion, may appear by a letter from him to Swift of the 2nd of April, 1733,† where he says: "I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord ——'s performance. They are certainly the top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be disavowed by themselves after each had highly cried it up for the others. I have met with some complaints, and heard, at a distance, of

* —— "if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel or a rod may draw;
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain;
The reason is, not that the world wants eyes,
But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise."

† Vide vol. x. p. 399.

some threats occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in Town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them; and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you."

As Pope had not condescended to give any explanation, much less to make any apology, it became necessary to repeat the blow; and this Lord Hervey undertook to do in an *Epistle* addressed *to a Doctor of Divinity,* (Dr. Sherwin) a piece so inferior in point of spirit and ability to the former, as evidently to shew to which of the pair of friends the Verses to the Imitator of Horace owed their pungency and their wit.* On the publication of this piece Pope instantly wrote a reply, dated the 30th of November, 1733, and intitled, "A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels written and propagated at Court, in the year 1732-3."

This letter, which may be considered as the manifesto of Pope, is a master-piece of its kind; and

* These lines are sufficiently characterised by his Lordship himself, as follows:

"Guiltless of thought, each blockhead may compose
This nothing-meaning verse, as well as prose;
And Pope, with justice, of such lines may say,
His Lordship *spins a thousand such a-day.*
Such Pope himself might write who ne'er could think,
He who at crambo plays with pen and ink,
And is call'd poet, 'cause in rhyme he wrote
What Dacier construed, and what Homer thought."

notwithstanding the decision of Johnson, that "to a cool reader of the present time, it exhibits nothing but tedious malignity," is not exceeded in justness of sentiment, keenness of irony, and elegance and compactness of style, by any of his productions. It was printed in the same year in which it was written, but was for a time suppressed by its author, as appears by a letter from him to Swift, of the 6th January, 1734,* where he says: "There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord. His weapons are the same which women and children use; a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it; otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me."

As the letter addressed to Lord Hervey will be found in the works of Pope,† it will not be necessary to dwell further upon it here, than to refer to a passage in which he disavows in the strongest terms the motives and conduct imputed to him. "In regard," says he, "to the Right Honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, *I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho*; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. *I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private*; and, *I firmly believe, not in any letter or conversation.*" "Whoever could invent a falsehood to support

* Vide vol. x. p. 414. † Vide vol. ix. p. 459.

an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more."

In addition to the foregoing asseverations, it may also be observed, that Lady Mary requested Lord Peterborough to expostulate with Pope on this subject, which he accordingly did, and wrote her the following reply:

"MADAM,

"I was very unwilling to have my name made use of, in an affair in which I have no concern, and therefore would not engage myself to speak to Mr. Pope; but he coming to my house the moment you went away, I gave him as exact an account as I could of our conversation.

"He said to me, what I had taken the liberty to say to you, that he wondered how the town would apply these lines to any but some noted common woman; that he should yet be more surprised, if you should take them to yourself. He named to me four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manly, and Mrs. Behn, ladies famous indeed in their generation, and some of them esteemed to have given very unfortunate favours to their friends, assuring me that such only were the objects of his satire.

"I hope this assurance will prevent your further mistake, and any consequences upon so odd a subject. I have nothing more to add.

"Your Ladyship's

"Most humble and obedient servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

After these express and public protests of Pope, it might have been advisable for Lady Mary and her friends, to have been satisfied with assurances, which, if true, it was only doing justice to Pope to believe, and if not true, were a concession and humiliation on his part, as honourable to the persons offended, as they were disgraceful to himself. To persist after such a disavowal, and after the express opinion of such a *Preux Chevalier* as Lord Peterborough, in asserting that the offensive passages in the satires of Pope could, from their internal evidence, be applied to no person but Lady Mary, is not only to acknowledge the resemblance, but to justify the author, and voluntarily to accept the chaplet of infamy. Yet the friends of Lady Mary, both in her own and subsequent times, have attempted to demonstrate, by various arguments, and the comparison of different passages, that this was actually the case; and their remarks have been answered with great effect by a late writer, who has powerfully vindicated the character of Pope, as well on this as on other occasions, and to whose writings it may here be sufficient to refer.*

In assuming the fact that Pope was the aggressor in the quarrel with Lady Mary, it became necessary to account for his animosity, and some of the reasons that have been advanced for it have already sufficiently attracted our notice. Another has however been advanced by the biographer of

* Vide Gilchrist's first letter to Bowles, p. 21; and also Mr. Bowles's Vindication, p. 10.

Lady Mary,* who supposes that Pope and his friends "were desirous to share the poetical fame, which Lady Mary had acquired by her *Town Eclogues*, but were unwilling to share the resentment which satire upon powerful courtiers necessarily excites;" whence it is suggested, that Pope was "himself subject to his own satire on Philips, and became

The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown."

Is it then possible that Pope could have conceived, that he could have derived any addition to his poetical reputation from his being the author of these pieces? On the contrary, they were disavowed by Pope in the strongest terms; and it was this disavowal, and not the claim of being their author, that appears to have been the real cause of offence. That Pope had, at Lady Mary's request, corrected some of these pieces, is certain; but it requires no great extent of critical judgment to perceive that whoever wrote any one of these Eclogues, must have written them all. It would indeed be highly injurious to the character of Pope to suppose he could have written such verses; nor is this to be considered as detracting from the merits of Lady Mary, because, although below the first poet of the age, they might still do credit to a lady of fashion. For these reasons the Town Eclogues will henceforth be conceded to their undoubted author, and are not reprinted in the present edition.

* Mr. Dallaway, Memoirs of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In the preceding account of the Moral Epistles of Pope, one piece has not been included, although written and published prior to some others; not because it is either inferior, or very different in style and character from the rest, but because it has been separated from, and placed under another head in the later editions of his works. This is the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot;* which, as the author informs us, in an advertisement prefixed to the first edition, "is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered." To this he adds: "I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune, (the authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace,* and of *an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court*) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge,) but my *person, morals,* and *family,* whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself,* and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *truth,* and the *sentiment;* and if any thing offensive, it will only be to those I am least sorry to offend, the *vicious,* or the *ungenerous.*"

* "An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot. London: printed by J. Wright, for Lawton Gilliver, at Homer's Head, in Fleet-street, 1734. fol."

This Epistle is one of the most spirited productions of its author. He has completely performed what he attempted, and has spoken of himself with grace and dignity. In this piece he inserted his lines on Addison; a circumstance which gave occasion to charge him with an implacable and ungenerous temper; but he considered the sentiments expressed in it to be true; and as it had already been generally known, he did not choose to shrink from the responsibility of publishing after the death of Addison, what he had communicated to him in his lifetime. Some part of this Epistle was written in the early months of the year 1733; or after the death of Gay, and before that of the author's mother. In the folio edition of his works, in 1735, it stands as the *seventh* of his Epistles; but in the later editions, it precedes his Imitations of Horace, under the title of *Prologue to the Satires.*

The freedom and severity which Pope displayed in some of his pieces, not only gave great offence to his enemies, but occasioned at times some uneasiness to his warmest friends. Amongst these was Arbuthnot, who after a long and dangerous illness had retired to Hampstead, with little hopes of recovery, from which place he addressed a most friendly and affectionate letter to Pope,* in which, after some passages which strongly speak the resigned and even cheerful state of his mind, he says: "As for you, my good friend, I

* July 17, 1734. Vide vol. x. p. 418.

think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundations of my friendship; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them. And I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice, which you seem naturally endued with; *but still with a due regard to your own safety;* and study *more to reform than chastise,* although the one cannot be effected without the other. A recovery in my case, and at my age is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is *euthanasia.* Living or dying, I shall always be, yours, &c."

To this, Pope (July 26, 1734*) replies: "I thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant, because it was founded on good principles; and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

"What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indig-

* Vide vol. x. p. 420.

nation I have. It is sincere; and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue without loving the good. *To reform and not to chastise,* I am afraid is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples. Precepts apply only to our reason, which in most men is but weak. Examples are pictures, and strike the senses; nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred; so that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort and encouragement to proceed, has been to see that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

"As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to man-

kind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such, in particular, as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of the day. The talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter, and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think it becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them. As for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had; for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it."

"I would not have said so much but to shew you my whole heart on this subject, and to convince you I am deliberately bent to perform that request, which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation, being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart, does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the

effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God, which I know will also be yours, that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me; for you are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend, and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy."*

On this interesting correspondence it may perhaps be allowable to observe, that to *chastise for the purpose of reform*, is the only reason that can justify it; but if our philosophy will not extend so far as to separate the offender from the offence, we shall feel no great earnestness in promoting his amendment. It must however be remembered, that the chastisement, the expediency of which is contended for by Pope, is a *moral* chastisement, or the influencing the *mind* of an individual, through the medium of his reason and his feelings, the only *kind* of chastisement, perhaps, that ever produced any beneficial effect. In this view he placed it in contradistinction, and preferred it to every other mode of correction, and considered himself as the person who could render the culprit sensible, or ashamed, of his failings, when all other methods had been tried without effect:

> "Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> But touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone."

In this high and dignified employment he there-

* Arbuthnot died in the month of February following.

fore resolved to persevere, and his satires appear to have been the result of this his serious and deliberate determination.

This piece was shortly followed by the second Satire of the second book of Horace,* in which the precepts which Horace puts into the mouth of Ofellus, are given by Pope to his friend Mr. Bethel; but, towards the close, the poet assumes the discourse in his own person, and gives us a most lively and interesting picture of his own frugally hospitable and elegantly simple manner of living; terminating with a beautiful recommendation of that true philosophy, which teaches us to conform our wishes to our situation, whatever that situation may be.

The latter part of the year 1734 was chiefly passed by Pope in endeavouring to counteract the effect of the misfortunes he had recently sustained, by visiting some of his noble friends. Of this he has himself given some account in a letter to Swift, of the 19th of December in that year:† "I am now an individual upon whom no other depends, and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborough, who upon all occasions commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now

* First printed, with a republication of the first satire of the second book of Horace, London, for L. G. in Fleet Street, 1734. Price two shillings.

† Vide vol. x. p. 434.

pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place, (Twickenham,) not studious, nor idle; rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot."

A part of the occupation of Pope at this period, was the preparing for the press a second volume of his Miscellaneous Poems, which was published in 1735 in folio and quarto, to suit the first volume, and the Translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. The title is ornamented with a vignette, from a design by Kent, representing a medallion of the Poet, with the motto, UNO ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS. At the commencement of the Poems are the arms of Lord Bolingbroke, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, and the motto, NIL ADMIRARI. This volume, to which we have already had occasion to refer, contains the Essay on Man, Moral Epistles to several Persons, Satires and Epistles of Horace, &c., Epitaphs, and the Dunciad, with notes and pieces in prose. At the conclusion of the address from the author to the reader, we find the following passage: "It will be but justice to me to believe that nothing more is mine, *notwithstanding all that hath been published in my name*, or added to my Miscellanies, since 1717, by any bookseller whatsoever.

"A. POPE."

In this volume were also published, probably for

the first time, the versification of the Satires of Dr. Donne, of which Dr. Johnson, with his usual superciliousness, observes, "that they made no great impression on the public. Pope," adds he, "seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them, while he was contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them, when he thought their deficiencies *more likely to be attributed to Donne than to himself*."

That the masculine sense of Donne and the acknowledged harmony of Pope united, could be productive only of imbecility, is a remark that none but Johnson would have ventured to make; and to suppose that Pope would have published them, if he had been conscious of such imbecility, is as absurd as it is to impute to him an intention to remove the supposed disgrace of their publication from himself to Donne, by publishing them at one time, in preference to another.

Pope, it is said, had been induced by the representations of two noblemen of taste and learning, the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford, "to melt down and cast anew the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vast fund of sterling wit and strong sense, by the most harsh and uncouth diction." He had however in all probability a stronger motive for this undertaking, in the opportunity it afforded him of shewing the folly and unreasonableness of the clamour raised against himself, for the free spirit of his satirical writings, by comparing it

with the still bolder and more unmeasured s
of our earliest English satirists. It appears
to have been the intention of Pope to have
dered a similar service to the works of Bishop I
which preceded those of Donne, but the
sification of which being much more smooth
correct, required less alteration. In a copy o
first edition of Hall's Satires, Pope had sele
the first of the sixth book, and had corrected
improved the versification throughout, althou
has never been published. That Pope has exec
his versification of Donne with great skill an
fect must be admitted; but the attempt to a
the satire of Donne to modern times and ch
ters is unfortunate, and does not present us
the real manners of any period. We meet, l
ever, occasionally in these satires with some l
of Pope, not excelled in any of his writings; s
that fine passage where he exclaims:

> " Bear me, some god! O quickly bear me hence,
> To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;
> Where contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
> And the free soul looks down to pity kings," &c.

The enjoyments of Pope were, however,
tined soon afterwards to be still further abrid
by the death of his friend Lord Peterboro
with whom he had of late maintained a pr
constant intercourse. From a curious note of
Warton's it appears, that in the year 1732 t
had paid a visit together to Winchester Coll
where they gave prizes to the scholars for the l

copy of verses on a subject proposed by Pope, *The Campaign of Valentia.* The prizes were sets of Pine's Horace. Hampton, afterwards the translator of Polybius, then very young, gained one of these prizes, and Mr. Whitehead another.* Although Lord Peterborough had fought more battles and seen more sovereigns than any person in Europe, and united in himself the talents of a great statesman and of a successful commander both by sea and land; yet he is perhaps not less known to the present day by his correspondence with Pope, in which his letters exhibit strong marks of original genius, and by the verses of Pope and of Swift, in which he is frequently celebrated. To which it may be added, that his own verses are far superior to those of most of his contemporaries. When advanced in life, he married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer, who conducted herself with great prudence, and after his death destroyed his memoirs, in which it is said he had confessed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. When upwards of seventy, he underwent an operation for the stone, which he bore with unshaken fortitude. Pope visited and remained in the house with him some time during his indisposition, of which he has left a very interesting account in a letter to Mrs. Martha Blount.† He shortly afterwards left England for Lisbon,

* Warton's ed. of Pope, vol. viii. p. 221.

† Without date. Vide vol. viii. p. 481.

but died on his passage, October 15, in his seventy-seventh year. This event is thus noticed by Pope, in a letter to Swift:* "Poor Lord Peterborough! There is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither. He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels,) with this reason, *that I might have something every day to put me in mind of him.* It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are engraved on the inner case. On the outer I have put this inscription:

VICTOR AMADEUS REX SICILIÆ, DUX SABAUDIÆ, ETC. ETC. CAROLO MORDAUNT, COMITI DE PETERBOROW, D. D. CAR. MOR. COM. DE PET. ALEXANDRO POPE MORIENS LEGAVIT, 1735."

* Without date. Vide vol. x. p. 442.

CHAP. VIII.

1736——1740.

POPE conceives his powers to be on the decline—Is encouraged by Swift—Undertakes to publish his EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE—*Imputations on his character to which this has given rise—Johnson's account confirmed by Warton and Bowles—Causes to which these misrepresentations are to be attributed—Surreptitious publication of Correspondence with Cromwell—Of Pope's Literary Correspondence by Curll—Authentic edition of Pope's Correspondence—Publication of Letters between Pope and Swift—Pirated by Curll*—IMITATIONS OF HORACE—FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK *of Horace, to Lord Bolingbroke*—SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK, *to Mr. Murray*—FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK, TO AUGUSTUS—SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK, *to Colonel Cotterel*—DIALOGUES, *intitled,* ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT, *or* EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

CHAP. VIII.

THERE are certain periods in a person's life, as there are certain stations in the course of a traveller, when he thinks it proper to look back on the track he has passed, for the purpose of reviewing what he has accomplished, and of estimating whether the strength he has left be sufficient to finish what yet remains to be done. This seems to have been the situation of Pope at this time. Whether he now found that his efforts cost him more labour than had been usual with him in his younger years, or whether he perceived in fact a diminution of intellectual vigour, he appears to have entertained an idea that his poetical talents were on the decline, and that the great task which he had planned, and which was to embrace the whole system of morals, would be beyond his power to complete. After referring to this undertaking in a letter to Swift, (March 25, 1736,)* he exclaims: "But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!*—My understanding, indeed, such as it is, is extended, rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry. The flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits per-

* Vide vol. x. p. 450.

haps will never ripen perfectly. The climate, (under our heaven of a Court,) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house. I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes; that is, a man whose friends are dead; for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends."

On the 22d April, 1736,* Swift replies: "I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner." That Pope was encouraged by these representations, which were repeated by his friend on other occasions, to persevere in the full employment of his talents, there is every reason to presume, and accordingly we shall see that

* Vide vol. x. p. 463.

he was yet destined to undergo some of his most arduous labours, and to produce some of his most vigorous and highly finished works.

As Pope advanced in years, his love of gardening, and his attention to the various occupations to which it leads, seem to have increased also. This predilection was not confined to the ornamental part of this delightful pursuit, in which he has given undoubted proofs of his proficiency, but extended to the useful as well as the agreeable, as appears from several passages in his poems; but he has entered more particularly into this subject in a letter to Swift, (March 25, 1736):* "I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you, (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have

* Vide vol. x. p. 451.

too much grace and wit than to be a bishop), even give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else,) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph."

During the year 1736, the principal employment of Pope was the arrangement and preparation of the letters of himself and some of his friends, with a view to their publication. He was now approaching the fiftieth year of his age; for upwards of thirty of which he had carried on a correspondence with many persons of the highest distinction and eminence, both for their literature and their rank; yet (excepting in the instance of a few letters to Wycherley, and the Letter to a Noble Lord,) he had never formed a serious resolution of submitting his letters to the press; nor is it certain that he would have undertaken such a task, even at this period, if he had not been compelled to it, by circumstances which, in justice to himself, it was impossible for him to resist. There are, however, few incidents of his life, which have been more injurious to his character, or that have been rendered the subject of greater censure upon him, than the measures supposed to have been adopted by him, in order to protect himself against the charge of vanity and presumption in publishing his own letters. That Pope, like every person of good sense and delicacy, might feel a reluctance, in bringing before the public writings

of this nature, the depositaries for a long series of years of the private opinions and sentiments of himself and his friends, may readily be conceived; but that he would, merely for the purpose of obtaining a colourable pretext in the eye of the world for such a measure, have resorted to a course of conduct, as contemptible for its weakness, as it would be detestable for its falsehood and its treachery, is a proposition not so readily to be believed. Yet upon this idea, the more recent editors of the works of Pope have founded a series of charges against him, which being repeated from one to another for the space of half a century, have tended to degrade him in the eyes of the public, and materially to diminish the influence which his writings are otherwise calculated to produce.

In seriously maintaining this accusation, Dr. Johnson seems to have taken the principal part; and as his account of this transaction has been adopted without hesitation by the subsequent biographers of Pope, it may here be proper to lay it before the reader.

"One of the passages of Pope's life which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume, containing some letters from Noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and

attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: he has, said Curll, a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him. When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

"Curll's account was, that one evening a man, in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorised to use his purchase to his own advantage.

"That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

"Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers: to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and

to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose, may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers shewed, that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

"It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that, when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself."

This strange tissue of gross mistakes and groundless imputations has been adopted by Dr. Warton, in his Life of Pope, in the same words, without further examination; and Mr. Bowles has not only given it his full sanction, but has endeavoured to confirm it by various arguments; and in particular by a supposed discovery, that "almost all the letters in the collection, which Pope calls the spurious one, were carefully corrected and amended." "That he did it himself," adds Mr. Bowles, "appears from the letters afterwards printed in his own name in 1735,* having retained all the corrections, amendments, and additions, which he had care-

* Pope printed no letters in his own name in 1735. It was not till 1737 that the authentic edition of his letters was published.

fully inserted in the spurious edition." This misrepresentation has before been noticed;* but it may here be proper to remark, that the supposed correction of these letters by Pope is a groundless assumption; the reason of the variation between the copies as published by the editors of the works of Pope, and those of Lady Mary, being, that the former were published from the draft or sketch as retained by Pope, and the latter from the corrected copy as actually sent by him to Lady Mary; between which, such diversities occasionally exist as may be supposed to have arisen in the transcription. Yet upon these grounds Mr. Bowles had ventured to assert that "the art and hypocrisy with which the whole stratagem was carried on, could only be equalled by the consummate assurance of appealing to the House of Lords, instigating them to punish the dupe who was his instrument."†

The publication of Pope's correspondence has also been made the subject of a particular discussion by Mr. D'Israeli, who in his very entertaining work, intitled, Quarrels of Authors,‡ has converted the history of this transaction into a lively and amusing narrative; but when we compare the intricate plot which Pope is supposed to have contrived, with the result intended to be produced, it reminds us of the complicated machine represented by Hogarth in one of his prints, with

* Vide ante, chap. iv. p. 198. Also vol. ix. pp. 4, 8, 11, &c.

† Bowles's Life of Pope, p. 96.

‡ Vide vol. i. p. 176, of that work.

innumerable wheels and counter-wheels, the object of which was only *to draw a cork.*

What might have been the determination of Pope, if left to his own decision with respect to the publication of his letters, it is now impossible to ascertain; but the immediate causes that induced him to this measure, were, 1. *The treachery of a woman;* 2. *The rapacity of a bookseller;* and 3. *The imbecility of a friend.* By attending to these distinctions we shall be able to obtain, without much difficulty, a correct idea of a series of transactions, which the negligence or the credulity of his editors, have concurred with the baseness or the falsehood of the perpetrators, to render as intricate as possible.

1. Amongst the obligations which Pope owed to his early correspondent Mr. Henry Cromwell, was the introduction of him to the acquaintance of Mrs. Eliza Thomas, a lady of doubtful character, but of considerable talent, and who is doubly immortalized, as the correspondent of Dryden and the *Corinna* of the Dunciad. Of the family and connexions of this lady, a narrative has been published, abounding in errors and inconsistencies, which deprive it of all authenticity.* By Pope's biographer, Ayre, Mrs. Thomas is described as being witty, generous, and young, and as having charmed Pope so much, that about the year 1711, he neglected to keep up his correspon-

* See Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's Works, vol. vii. p. 421.

dence with his friends as usual.* Such also was the influence that she at one time possessed over Mr. Cromwell, that he presented to her, or at least intrusted to her keeping, the correspondence between him and his friend. The course of a life of gallantry and dissipation, led, by its usual progress, to disgrace and distress; and in the year 1726, we find that Mrs. Thomas had formed an acquaintance with Curll, to whom she transmitted some letters from Dryden to her, highly complimentary to her poetical talents, and which were afterwards published by Curll, together with her letter to him on this occasion.† After this introduction, it may be presumed Curll found little difficulty in obtaining from her also the letters of Pope and Cromwell, which he immediately printed in a small volume, in duodecimo.

No sooner was Pope apprized of this surreptitious publication of his letters, than he applied to Mr. Cromwell to know by what means it had been accomplished. The inquiries of Mr. Cromwell on this head, produced an apologetical epistle from Mrs. Thomas, in which, after acknowledging that she "had lent the letters to a friend, who had conveyed them to the press, not altogether with her consent, or wholly without it;" and contending, that "Mr. Pope ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his genius was

* Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. i. p. 292.

† In Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 21, *surreptitious ed.*

no dishonour to his character;" she positively asserts, that "Mr. Cromwell made her a free gift of them, to do what she pleased with them." As this by no means tended to exculpate Cromwell, in having placed the letters of his friend in such hands, that gentleman, whose correspondence with Pope had then been discontinued for several years, wrote a letter to Pope, dated July 6th, 1727, in which he fully admits the indiscretion of which he has been guilty, but contends, that "her writing that he gave her the letters to do what she would with, was straining the point too far;" and that "severe necessity, which catches hold of a feather, had produced all this, which had lain hid and forgot by him for so many years." As it does not appear that Pope took any notice of this letter, Cromwell followed it by another, dated August 1st, 1727, in which he appears still more deeply sensible of his misconduct. "Though I writ my long narrative from Epsom," says he, "till I was tired, yet I was not satisfied lest any doubt should rest upon your mind. I could not make protestations of my innocence of *a grievous crime*; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might send you those letters as a clear evidence that I was a perfect stranger to all their proceeding." He thus concludes his letter: "As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the females, since that great original of Adam by Eve, you

will have a more favourable thought of the undesigning error of your faithful friend, &c."*

Such was all the satisfaction that Pope could obtain for this abuse of his confidence, by which the public obtained the sight of a portion of his correspondence, which would otherwise, in all probability, never have been divulged. In order however to prevent the recurrence of such a circumstance, he determined to regain possession of such of his letters as might happen to have been preserved, particularly of such as had been written to persons since deceased. Of these many were returned to him, which, as we are informed,† he inserted in two books, some originals, others copies; with a few notes and extracts here and there added. In the same books he caused to be copied some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own or his correspondents, which though not finished enough for the public, were such as the partiality of any friend would be sorry to be deprived of. To this purpose an amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. Pope, when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford, when they were in Town; and the volume was deposited in the library of Lord Oxford.

II. If Pope had been as desirous as he has

* The letter from Mrs. Thomas to Mr. Cromwell, and the two letters from him to Pope, may be found in the Appendix to the present volume, No. I.

† Vide preface to the correspondence, vol. viii.; also Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. i. pp. 297, 298.

been represented, of having his correspondence brought before the public, he had now as favourable an opportunity for it as he is supposed to have afterwards sought for with so much earnestness; yet upwards of seven years elapsed before he appears to have entertained any such intention, and even then, it was occasioned by an additional provocation, and still more offensive proceeding on the part of Curll. To this observation a slight exception however occurs. The works of Wycherley had been published in 1728, in a manner disgraceful to his memory, and contrary to his final injunctions respecting them. This induced Pope in the following year, with a view of clearing up some misrepresentations, to print some of the letters that had passed between him and Wycherley, accompanied with a few marginal notes, said to have been added by a friend. These letters were transcribed from the manuscripts in the library of Lord Oxford.

In the year 1735, Curll, having surreptitiously obtained copies of some of Pope's letters, formed an intention of republishing those to Cromwell and Wycherley, with such additions as he might be able to procure; but before he determined on this plan, he thought it advisable to endeavour to prevail upon Pope to countenance his undertaking. He accordingly addressed a letter to him, dated 22nd March, 1735, informing him "that he had in his hands some papers relating to the family of Pope, received from a gentleman whom

Pope had disobliged, the initials of whose name were P. T., which he would show Mr. Pope if he desired a sight of them; that the letters to Mr. Cromwell being out of print, he intended to reprint them in an octavo volume; that he had more to say than was proper to write; but that if Mr. Pope would give him the meeting, he would wait on him with pleasure, and close all differences between them." Pope was however too well aware of the danger of having any transactions with a man whose character he so well knew, and had so fully exposed. Instead therefore of writing to him in reply, he inserted an advertisement in the public papers, declaring, "that he never had, nor intended to have, any private correspondence with Curll; that he knew no such person as P. T.; and that he believed the whole to be a forgery." This however did not prevent Curll from proceeding in his project, and on the 12th of May, the following advertisement appeared in the Daily Post-boy:

"This day are published, and most beautifully printed, price five shillings, Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years, from 1704 to 1734. Being a collection of letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C. ——, Gen. ——, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq., Honourable Edward Blount, Esq., Mr. Addison,

Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnell, &c. Also letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many other ladies, with the respective answers of each correspondent. Printed for E. Curll, in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and sold by all booksellers. N.B. The original *Manuscripts* (of which affidavit is made) may be seen at *Mr. Curll*'s house by all who desire it."

This advertisement could not fail to attract the notice of some of the noble persons therein named, or their friends, and produced consequences which perhaps Curll himself had not anticipated. The bill "*for the better Encouraging of Learning*," being then depending in the House of Lords, the Earl of Jersey took the opportunity to move, that the printer and publisher of the work thus advertized, had been guilty of a breach of privilege; in consequence of which it was ordered, that the impression of the book should be seized, and that *Curll*, and *Wilford* the printer of the Post-boy, should attend the House. On the following day they accordingly made their appearance; when the matter was referred to a committee, and the books ordered to be produced. On his examination, Curll told the Lords, that he did not know from whence the books came, and that his wife received them; and it appearing on

referring to the volume, that no letters of any of the *Peers* were inserted therein, Curll was discharged, and the books restored to him. This was considered as a complete triumph by Curll, who afterwards asserted that the proceedings against him had been instigated by Pope, through his friends Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, &c., and that he had not said in his advertisement that there were any Peers' letters in the book. That Pope incited the prosecution, and attended in the House of Lords to stimulate the resentment of his friends, as Johnson has stated, no evidence appears, nor is it likely that he would have been present on such an occasion.

The publication of this volume gave, as may be conceived, great offence to Pope; who soon afterwards sent another advertisement to the daily papers, offering a reward of twenty guineas to any of the parties engaged in the transaction, who would discover the whole affair, and of double the sum, if he could prove that he had acted by the direction of any other and what person. Whether it was in consequence of this advertisement, or because the parties had quarrelled amongst themselves, seems uncertain; but a few days afterwards a parcel of papers were sent to Pope's publisher, *Cooper*, containing the correspondence between P. T. and Curll; from which a full narrative of the whole transaction was drawn up and published. This however did not deter Curll from proceeding with a second volume of Pope's correspondence,

which made its appearance in the same year, and in which he did not scruple to reprint the account so published on the part of Pope, accompanying it with a series of abusive notes thereon. As this piece contains a full statement of these transactions, as far as they had then been disclosed, and as it has been omitted, or only partially given by the last editor of the works of Pope, it has been thought advisable to re-publish it here entire, with the notes of Curll thereon; which may serve to give some idea of the gross abuse with which Pope was assailed, by the person whom he has exhibited to immortal ridicule, in his "Account of the poisoning of Edmund Curll."*

* Vide Appendix, No. II. In Mr. Bowles's introductory note to the correspondence of Pope, (vide Bowles's edition, vol. vii. p. 3.) he says, "*in the Appendix to this volume will be seen the statement of the transaction as first published, when the unauthorised edition came out, that the reader may form his opinion.*" When however we turn to examine this important document, which extends to many pages, Mr. Bowles, after giving only a single page, observes, "*it would be trifling with the reader's patience to carry him through the whole of the correspondence, but the following letter is too singular to be omitted.*" The narrative of Pope is therefore from thenceforth abandoned, and *three* letters only are inserted in its stead. This conduct of Mr. Bowles has called down upon him the severe animadversion of Mr. Gilchrist, who in his *third letter to Mr. Bowles*, p. 44, asks: "Now, Sir, is this statement, *as first published*, to be found in the Appendix, as you have affirmed? Is as much of it given as will enable any reader to form an opinion of the nature of the transaction? and is it a seemly supplement to your affected abhorrence of duplicity and disingenuousness, that you have only given such *extracts from this narrative* as may serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's suspicion?" (vide *Bowles's Pope*, vol. vii. p. 426.) It does not however appear, that even Mr. Gilchrist

To the before-mentioned narrative Curll however subjoined, in the same volume, a counter-statement or narrative of his own, which he intitled, "*The Initial Correspondence or Anecdotes of the Life and Family of Mr. Pope.*" As this piece contains many letters, besides those before published, which, as Curll pretends, passed between himself, P. T., R. S., &c.; and as the volumes of Curll are not now of frequent occurrence, this piece is also now reprinted, by which the reader will be in possession of all that can throw light upon the subject.*

In his first account of this transaction, Curll pretended that the books were brought to him on horseback, at the Standard Tavern. When questioned before the Lords, he asserted that he did not know from whence they came, and that they were received by his wife; but in his *Initial Cor-*

himself was aware of the *extent* to which the injustice to Pope has been carried by his last editor; as it consists, not merely in *withholding* the narrative which he had promised to lay before the reader, but in *substituting* for the part so omitted, *other* pieces *not found in the original;* the *two first* of the *three* letters given by Mr. Bowles, which appear to the reader as documents adduced by Pope, being, in fact, extracted from the *counter-narrative* of Curll. That this has been done by Mr. Bowles, with an intent to injure the character of Pope, I do not believe; but whether done *intentionally* or *inadvertently*, the effect with regard to Pope is the same; and it would be a dereliction of the duty I have undertaken not to state the fact; which is irrefragably proved, by comparing the *narrative* of Pope as published in Mr. Bowles's edition, with the same, as *originally published*, and as reprinted in the Appendix to the present volume.

* See the Appendix, No. III.

respondence he states, that "a short squat man came to his house at near ten o'clock at night, in a clergyman's gown, and his neck surrounded with a large lawn barrister's band; who showed him a book in sheets, almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised the whole at their next meeting." The person here referred to, is said, by Johnson, to have been "James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negociations, but whose veracity was very doubtful; and who declared that he was the person who carried, by Pope's directions, the books to Curll:" yet Johnson has ventured to assert, that in Curll's account of these transactions *no falsehood was ever detected.*

Notwithstanding the efforts of Pope and his friends, Curll still continued his surreptitious edition under the title of *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence,* till it extended to five volumes; in each of which he inserted introductory pieces of his own addressed to Mr. Pope, or referring to the transactions between them. In one of these addresses he gravely accuses Pope of having treated him at the Swan Tavern, in Fleet-street, with half a pint of Canary, *antimonially prepared*; "for the emetic effects of which," says he, "it has been the opinion of all mankind you deserved the *stab.*" "My purgation," he adds, "was soon over; but yours will last (without a timely repentance) till, as the ghost says in Hamlet, *with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your account, and your offences purged by fire.* Yet not-

withstanding your behaviour to me in turning this matter into ridicule, and making me the subject of several of your libels, all which I have equally despised, I made you an offer of reconciliation, though you yourself was the aggressor."

This assertion of Curll, which he had propagated some time before, had already given rise to Pope's humorous account of *A horrid and barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller;* which was followed by another piece, entitled, *A further Account of the most deplorable Condition of Mr. Edmund Curll.* The last was probably suggested by Congreve, who says, in a postscript to one of his letters to Pope: "By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impressed and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but I thank God I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another emetic."

It has been very properly asked,* "how it happened that the letters which P. T. actually printed were genuine?" Undoubtedly, as Mr. D'Israeli has himself noticed, because they were extracted from Pope's volumes, in the library of Lord Oxford. That this was the uniform conviction of Pope himself, appears from a passage in the narrative, where it is said that several of the letters published by Curll "could only have come from this MS. book; "and this receives the fullest confirmation from a passage in a letter in Curll's *Initial Correspondence,* under the signature of

* By Mr. D'Israeli, Quarrels of Authors, vol. i. p. 195.

P. T. where it is said: "He is no man of quality, but conversant with many; and happening to be concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above. This incident put first into his head the thought of collecting more, and afterwards finding you did not comply in printing his advertisement, he went on with it himself, found Cromwell's answers in the same Lord's possession, with many others, which he printed as near as possible to correspond with the letter and paper, &c." After this explicit acknowledgment, either from Curll himself, or the person through whose agency he obtained the letters of Pope and his friends, it would be equally unjust and absurd to consider Pope as the contriver of this ridiculous manœuvre, and to presume that he had printed, and sent to different booksellers, some hundred copies of his correspondence, intermixed with pieces grossly indecent, and containing many letters, both of himself and his friends, which he rejected from the authentic edition of his works; justly observing, in his preface to that edition, that "they are such as no man of common sense would have published himself."

But it may be asked on the other hand, was Curll then the contriver of this dark and intricate transaction? and are we to suppose that he was the sole author of the numerous letters, advertisements, and proceedings, which brought him before the House of Lords, and subjected him to the indignation of Pope, which he was aware left a

brand which was never to be erased? Considering the turbulent and shameless character of Curll, evinced in his publications, it is not impossible but this may have been the case; but it is perhaps still more probable, that other persons were the contrivers, or at least had a share in the plot, and that the letters signed P. T., R. S., &c. were actually written to Curll, by some person who had obtained copies of Pope's letters from the originals in the library of Lord Oxford, and who not choosing to take the risk of bringing them himself before the public, had thought it advisable to apply to Curll, who had already published some of Pope's letters, and to put the copies already printed into his hands. This supposition, coupled with the knowledge of the litigious and irritable character of Curll, sufficiently explains the angry notes which passed between the parties, respecting the payment of the sum agreed on, the making the copies perfect, and many other circumstances, which are of no importance to the plot, and yet occur too naturally to be mere pretexts. James Worsdale, a painter of some talent, mentioned by Johnson, and connected with the theatres, but who was notorious for his disregard of truth, and who is said to have asserted, that he had been employed by Pope in this transaction, was most probably the person who acted the part of the invisible agent, and by obtaining the copies from Lord Oxford's library, gave rise to the whole affair.

After all, it is still obvious to remark, that if Pope, in the publication of many of his po-

ems, as the *Dunciad*, and the *Essay on Man*, took all possible precautions to conceal himself as the author, and actually deceived his nearest friends, who were not apprized of the fact till some time afterwards; why should he not resort to a similar stratagem with regard to his letters, and endeavour to attribute the act of their first publication to some other person? To this it may be satisfactorily answered, that the cases are wholly dissimilar, and that the motives which led to the former, did not exist in the latter. In his Essay on Man, for instance, and some of the first of his Moral Epistles, to which he did not affix his name, his object was evidently to obtain the impartial opinion of the public, which he conceived (from his many friends and admirers on the one hand, no less than from his numerous and exasperated enemies on the other) was not likely to be the case, if he avowed himself the author. In this, there was certainly nothing to reprove. It was dealing fairly with the public and with himself. The result fully answered his purpose; every person spoke of these pieces as he thought, and a more correct opinion was obtained, even from his nearest friends, than would probably otherwise have been given. But with respect to his letters, these motives did not apply. By whomsoever they were published, they could no sooner have made their appearance, than they must have been known to be his. All concealment was therefore impossible. Hence Johnson and the subsequent editors of Pope have been obliged to resort to another

motive, and to suppose that he had recourse to these underhand measures, in order to avoid the imputation of *vanity* in publishing his own correspondence! But although he might feel some reluctance on this head, as is perhaps rendered probable by his postponing it to so late a period of his life; yet that he should for that purpose engage in an intricate and infamous plot to impose upon the public, should counterfeit letters, personate characters, solemnly disavow in repeated advertisements his own acts, and intrust his honour and reputation to the mercy of low and dangerous associates; and all this for no other purpose than to commit the publication of his letters to one of the most profligate of his profession, whom he had for a long course of years held up to public ridicule, whose offers of reconciliation he had always treated with disdain, and of whom he never ceased to express his detestation and contempt to the close of his life, is a supposition so far beyond the range of all reasonable probability, as to require only to be stated in order to obtain for it the degree of estimation it deserves.

The surreptitious publication of the letters of Pope by Curll excited, however, in a high degree the curiosity of the public, and Pope was earnestly entreated to give a genuine edition of his correspondence. Amongst those who interested themselves on this occasion was Mr. Allen, of Bath, whose esteem the perusal of the letters already published is said to have conciliated, and who offered to pay the whole expense of a new edition. This Pope

declined, choosing rather to trust to the support of the public by a subscription, as he had before done with respect to his Homer, than to incur a personal obligation. Having obtained the names of a sufficient number of persons to indemnify him from loss, he devoted himself to this task with great earnestness. His motives and views are thus explicitly stated in a letter addressed to Mr. Allen:* "I will put the book to the press in three weeks time, and determine to leave out every syllable, to the best of my judgment, that can give the least ill example to an age too apt to take it, or the least offence to any good or serious man. This, being the sole point for which I have any sort of desire to publish the letters at all, is, I am persuaded, the chief point which makes you, in friendship to my character, so zealous about them; and therefore, how small soever be the number so printed, provided I do not lose too much, (for a man of more prudence than fortune,) I conclude that work will be done and that end answered, were there but one or two hundred books in all."

The letters were accordingly sent to press in the month of August, and were published early in the following year, both in quarto and octavo, with a preface,† which an acquaintance with the circumstances before stated will tend more fully to ex-

* Referred to by Ruffhead, as dated 30th April, 1736; but this passage does not appear in the letter of that date. Vide vol. x. p. 505.

† Prefixed to vol. viii. of the present edition.

plain. Johnson says, that "as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, these letters awakened no popular kindness or resentment, and that the book never became much the subject of conversation." Certain however it is, that this edition was followed shortly afterwards by another,* including not only the letters from the author's own edition, but *all that were genuine from the former impressions,* with *some never before printed.* To this edition is prefixed an address from the booksellers to the reader, stating that they had distinguished those which were printed without the author's consent, from those of his own edition, by an asterisk. In this impression was also first published the catalogue of the various surreptitious editions of Pope's Letters, which has been erroneously attributed to Warburton, who had as yet had no share in the publication of Pope's works.† Another edition was also published by Cooper, with the concurrence of Pope, in consequence of which Curll served him with a process, on which it appears Pope applied on behalf of Cooper to his friend Mr. Fortescue.‡ Other editions were shortly afterwards called for; from which we may presume that the reception of

* Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane. 1737. 3 vols. 8vo.

† A corrected copy of this list, which was very erroneous, follows the preface, at the beginning of vol. viii. of the present edition.

‡ Vide vol. ix. p. 403.

these letters was not so cold as the narrative of Johnson would incline us to believe.

III. But neither the misconduct of Mrs. Thomas, nor the insolent and persevering hostility of Curll, seem to have occasioned so much anxiety and vexation to Pope, as the publication of his letters to Swift, by or under the sanction, (real or pretended,) of his friend, who was now rapidly sinking into the last stage of his most deplorable and irremediable malady. That Pope had for some time entertained great apprehensions on this head, appears by a letter from Swift, of the 3d Sept. 1735,* in which he refers to one of Pope, where he had complained of "that profligate fellow, Curll;" on which Swift observes: "You need not fear any consequences in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me. Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire; but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loth that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age; and from your middle age it must be continued till

* Vide vol. x. p. 440.

my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month." That Curll, however, still continued his predatory exertions, and even obtained some letters from Swift, probably by the treachery of some of those by whom he was in his later days surrounded, appears from a letter of Pope, of the 30th Dec. 1736,* in which he says: "I have too much reason to fear that those (letters) which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out, in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality, and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723,) and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, (wit, as well as money,) to these needy poetical readers." This letter seems not to have produced the desired effect, for in the month of March following, we find Pope addressing himself with the utmost earnestness to Lord Orrery,† entreating him to interfere with Swift to return him his letters. "I have been down," says he, "with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean,

* Vide vol. x. p. 461. † Ibid. p. 465.

full of my heart, and amongst other things pressed him, (which I must acquaint your Lordship I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past,) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters; which, if he valued so much, I promised to send him copies of, that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure perhaps of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, that he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side of the water, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either,) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, is silent upon this, and the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands; and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my Lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think in this I made the Dean so just a request, that I beg your Lordship to second it, by shewing him what I write." Lord Orrery lost no time in complying with the request of his friend, as appears by a letter from him to Swift,

of the 18th March, 1737,* in which he says: "I send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke,) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see Curll, like his friend, the devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets." In the same letter, Lord Orrery undertakes, on his intended departure for England, to be the bearer of the letters which Pope was so earnest to recover. "I entreat you," says he to Swift, "give me that pleasure; it will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life." This request appears to have been complied with; for in a letter from Lord Orrery, then in England, to Swift, July 23, 1737,† he says: "Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo, Mrs. Barber her conversation, and Mr. Pope his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham. The *olim meminisse* will be our feast."

It appears, however, that notwithstanding the interference of Lord Orrery, a considerable number of the letters of Pope still remained in the hands of Swift; who, to the frequent applications of Pope to have them sent to him, gave the most unsatisfactory and contradictory answers. In a letter of August 8, 1738,‡ he says: "I can faithfully

* Vide vol. x. p. 468.

† Swift's Works, Sir W. Scott's edition, vol. xix. p. 176.

‡ Vide vol. x. p. 480.

assure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. W. (Whiteway,) a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease;" but in a P. S. at the close of the letter, very imperfectly written with numerous blanks, he says, he shewed his cousin the letter, and she assured him that a great collection of Pope's letters to Swift, and Swift's to Pope were put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand. During these transactions, Pope received information that Swift had been prevailed upon to give the letters to Faulkner the printer in Dublin, to be published, and that they were already actually printed. In this emergency he again applied to Lord Orrery, who in a letter dated Marston, Oct. 4, 1738,* says: "I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by *a safe hand* in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of these letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious to discover where they lie. Mrs. W. did assure me *she had not one of them*,

* Vide vol. x. p. 482.

and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me, she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were;" but this information is not perfectly consistent with a letter written by Mrs. Whiteway herself to Pope, some time afterwards, (May 16, 1740,*) in which she informs him she had then several of his letters to the Dean, which she would send by the first safe hand she could get to deliver them; an offer which Pope in his reply thankfully accepted.

The state of Swift's health, and the consequent unwillingness of Pope to add to his anxiety, prevented him from making those remonstrances which his proceedings might otherwise reasonably have occasioned; but the feelings of Pope are strongly expressed in a letter to Mr. Allen, referable to this period,† and giving us the fullest information now to be obtained on this mysterious subject; which has led to reports that the cordiality of the friendship which had so long subsisted between Pope and Swift, was interrupted before their death; a charge which has been already sufficiently repelled.‡

No sooner had the correspondence of Swift and

* Vide vol. x. p. 497. † Vide vol. x. p. 516.
‡ Vide Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, p. 442.

Pope made its appearance in a Dublin edition, than it was seized upon by Curll, who immediately reprinted it, as a continuation of the volumes he had before published, under the title of *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence.* He thought proper, however, to alter the title on this occasion, and to denominate it, *Dean Swift's Literary Correspondence for Twenty-four Years, from* 1714 *to* 1738. To this he prefixed, as usual, a preface of his own, in which we find the following passage.

"As to the present case, it is well known that the Dublin edition of these letters is lawful prize here; and whatever we print is the same there. The safe hand to whom Dean Swift delivered them, conveyed them safely to us; so that all the pretences of sending a young peer to go in search of them, or the attempts of an old woman to suppress them, was arrant trifling."*

* It appears that a bill was filed by Pope against Curll, and an injunction obtained upon hearing, which is thus cited in Tonson *v.* Collins, 1 W. Blackstone, 321.

"*Pope* and *Curll*, 5 June, 1741, coram Hardwicke, C. For printing Pope's Letters to Swift. This is the case of an unpublished MS. like *Webb* and *Rose* * * *. They were published with the connivance, at least, if not under the direction of Swift."

Lord Mansfield. "Certainly not. Dr. Swift disclaimed it, and was extremely angry. The only question was whether the property was in Pope, who filed the bill, or in Swift, who was no party to the suit."

Counsel. "Mr. Pope seems to hint his suspicions of his friend; but it was allowed that a property did subsist in the writer, *for the injunction was granted and acquiesced in.*"

And *Pope and Curll* is also alluded to by Lord Mansfield, in Mil-

In this transaction Curll seems to have anticipated the prophecy of Swift, who supposed that he would pirate his works after the death of their author:

> "—Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains,
> Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains;
> And then, to make them pass the glibber,
> Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
> He'll treat me as he does my betters;
> Publish my life, my will, my letters;
> Revive the libels born to die,
> Which Pope must bear as well as I."

The year 1737 was with Pope a season of great activity; no less than four of his Imitations of Horace having made their appearance in this year,* all bearing evident indications that they were chiefly, if not entirely, written about that period. "These pieces," says Dr. Warton, "by the artful accommodations of modern sentiments to ancient, by judicious applications of similar characters and happy parallels, are become some of the most pleasing and popular of all his works, especially to readers of years and experience." The first Epistle of the first Book is addressed to

lar *v.* Taylor, 4 Burr. 2397, as follows: "Dean Swift was certainly proprietor of the paper upon which Pope's letters to him were written. I know Mr. Pope had *no* paper upon which they were written, and a very imperfect memory of their contents, which made him the more anxious to stop their publication, knowing that the printer had got them."

* Dr. Warton has enumerated also the Epistle addressed to Mr. Bethel, which was published some years before.

Lord Bolingbroke,* and marks the time when it was written in the third line:

"Why will you break *the sabbath of my days*,"

being the *forty-ninth* year of the age of the author. This piece is written with great spirit, and displays a perpetual and favourable commentary on his own life and character. His independence and philosophical moderation are particularly dwelt upon; and the impatience of a mind conscious of its powers, and restrained from its pursuits by the common concerns of life, was perhaps never more strikingly or more beautifully described.

In the early part of the year 1736, Pope had been attacked by a complaint which rendered surgical assistance advisable; in consequence of which he had found it necessary to reside a while with the eminent practitioner Cheselden, in London, of whose abilities he wrote to Swift in terms of high commendation, and who removed his complaint. Swift, in a letter of Feb. 7, 1736, says: "Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can about that report of your illness; and let me know who this *Cheselden* is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour?" This information Pope communicated, (March 25, 1736,) as follows: "As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr.

* "The first Epistle of the first book of Horace, imitated by Mr. Pope. London: printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, and sold by T. Cooper, in Paternoster Row, fol. 1737. Price One Shilling. 1st edition."

Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension, in a few days after you had despatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your *quære*, who *Cheselden* was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of *chirurgery*, and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well; or what I must call so."

That celebrity which Pope conceived it was only in the power of poetry to bestow, he has conferred upon Cheselden in a passage in this Epistle, from which we are also enabled to conjecture, with great probability, that the disorder, for which Pope had resorted to his assistance, was a complaint in his eyes. The compliment paid to Cheselden, it may be observed, is much enhanced by his name being thus publicly and professionally united with that of the eminent and excellent Dr. Mead:

> "Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
> Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
> I'll do what MEAD and CHESELDEN advise,
> To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes."

The same idea, as to the complaint under which Pope suffered, is confirmed by a note from him to Cheselden, written from Bath, by which we also perceive the friendly and familiar terms on which they lived:

"Dear Sir,*

"You know my laconic style. I never forget you. Are you well? I am so. How does Mrs. Cheselden? Had it not been for her, you had been here. Here are three cataracts ripened for you, (Mr. Pierce assures me). Adieu. I do not intend to go to London. Good night, but answer me.

"*Bath, Nov.* 21. Yours, A. POPE.

"P. S. Shew this to Mr. Richardson, and let him take it to himself, and to his son. He has no wife.

"*To Mr. Cheselden.*"

It is remarkable, that after the request of Swift, that Pope would address to him one of his Epistles, repeating to him the expression, *orna me;* and after Pope had promised to comply with his wishes, and assured him he had made some progress in a piece with that intention, he should have neglected, or voluntarily omitted, this mark of friendship, and should afterwards have inscribed several of his works to friends less connected with him, or of later date. The sixth Epistle of the first book of Horace† is addressed to Mr. Murray, whose ac-

* Now first printed from Mr. Upcott's Collection.

† "The sixth Epistle of the first book of Horace, imitated, by Mr. Pope. London: printed for L. Gilliver, at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, 1737, folio, price One Shilling. 1st edition."

quaintance he had for some time assiduously cultivated, and whose future eminence fully justified the high hopes which Pope had formed respecting him; although we can scarcely agree with Warburton, that in the comparison "with *Tully* and with *Hyde*," he was "equal to either in the ministry of his profession, and where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, *superior to them both.*" But it is yet more remarkable, that Pope has introduced the name of Swift into this Epistle in the following lines, which though ironical and playful, could scarcely have been satisfactory to his friend:

> "If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
> The cordial drop of life is love alone;
> And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle!*
> The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

To be associated with Lord Rochester, in recommending us to pass life away in dissipation and trifles, could scarcely have been expected by Swift, when under the pressure of the severe calamities by which he was afflicted, he acknowledged that "his companions were amongst those of the least consequence and most compliance—that he read the most trifling books he could find—that whenever he wrote, it was upon the most trifling subjects, and that he loved *la bagatelle* better than ever." It is still more unfortunate for Swift, that these lines have given occasion to both War-

burton and Warton,* who seldom agree in other respects, to unite in censuring his character and temper in the most unmeasured terms. The general conduct and known benevolence of Swift, ought to protect his memory from ungenerous censure, which Pope, notwithstanding the interpretation of this passage by Warburton, certainly did not mean to convey. If his writings appear at times outrageously sarcastic and indignantly severe, we may with more charity, and perhaps with more justice, attribute it to an idea, apparently imbibed by their author, that caustics and cauteries are as necessary in morals as in medicine; in which case it may indeed still remain a question, whether he has applied them properly or not. But we may as well condemn a practitioner who trepans a skull, or amputates a limb, as consider every writer who displays to our abhorrence, our disgust, or our ridicule, the abuses, the vices, and the follies of mankind, as an enemy to the human race.

As the first Epistle of the second book was addressed by the Roman poet to Augustus, the imi-

* Warburton conceives the remonstrance of Pope to have been serious; and that he could not bear to see a friend he so much valued live in the miserable abuse of one of nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly, &c.; and Warton has cited the Philological Inquiries of Mr. Harris, p. 538, where that author has said, that "he esteems the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos), to be a worse book to peruse than those which we forbid as the most flagitious and obscene."

Vide Imitation of Horace, Book. i. Ep. vi. ver. 128. *in Note.*

tation of it by Pope* is addressed by the same name to George II.; but instead of applying to his sovereign the extravagant praises with which Horace has flattered the Roman despot, Pope has availed himself of them only as a vehicle for the most refined satire, on both the author he professes to imitate and his own patron, rendered still more severe by the inimitable tone of irony in which it is conveyed. The attempt at the close to celebrate the great actions of the king, in verses worthy of Blackmore or of Settle, and the sudden resumption of his own character, and assertion of his own independence, and contempt of court favour, are amongst the boldest efforts of his satirical powers. Some threats of a prosecution were thrown out against him for the fourth line of the following passage, in which he has endeavoured to compensate Swift, for the allusion to him in the sixth Epistle of the first book, which has subjected him to such extreme reprehension:

"Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws:
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engraved:
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn."

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* "The first Epistle of the second book of Horace, imitated.

"Ne rubeam, pingui donatus munere?" HOR.

London: printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Paternoster Row, 1737. Price One Shilling. fol. (1st edition)."

In other respects this Epistle may be considered as a supplement to the Essay on Criticism, executed indeed with greater ability and spirit; but containing observations on poetry and poets, as important to those who wish to be acquainted with our literature, as those of Horace were to his own countrymen and the times in which he lived.

The second Satire of the second book of Horace* is addressed to Colonel Cotterell of Rousham, near Oxford, a descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell. In this piece the imitator, like the Roman poet, humorously excuses himself for his negligence in not writing to his friend, and amongst several ludicrous passages, has interspersed many judicious reflections and acute remarks, relating as well to general life and manners as to his own history, and his peculiar feelings and situation at the time it was written. He particularly recurs to the idea, which he had about the same time expressed to Swift, that his poetical powers were on the decline, a sentiment which the following passage will perhaps scarcely be thought to contradict:

"Well, on the whole, then, prose must be my fate,
Wisdom, (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull;
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school.

* "The second Epistle of the second book of Horace; imitated by Mr. Pope.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

London: printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, 1737. Price One Shilling. fol." (1st edition.)

To rules of poetry no more confined,
I learn to sooth and harmonize my mind;
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of my soul."

In the same year Pope produced his beautiful imitation of the first ode of the fourth book of Horace,* in which he took the opportunity of paying another compliment to his friend Mr. Murray. In this piece, it has been observed, he adopted precisely the same measure as had been before used by Ben Jonson in translating the same ode. The occasion which gave rise to this happy effort, was probably an idea that had occurred between Mr. Murray and Pope respecting the house and grounds at Twickenham, the reversion of which Pope was desirous of purchasing, if any of his friends wished to have it for a residence after his death. This Mr. Murray had at one time intended; but the extent of his business, and the rapid rise of his fortunes soon raised him above the poet's humble dwelling. A short time afterwards the house and gardens were offered to sale in consequence of the death of the owner, Mrs. Vernon, to whom Pope refers in the lines:

"Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*."

But it was then too late for Pope to avail himself of the circumstance; and it has since passed through the hands of strangers. The last

* "Horace, his Ode to Venus, Lib. iv. Ode I. Imitated by Mr. Pope. London: printed for J. Wright, and sold by J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, 1737. Price Sixpence, fol." (1st edition.)

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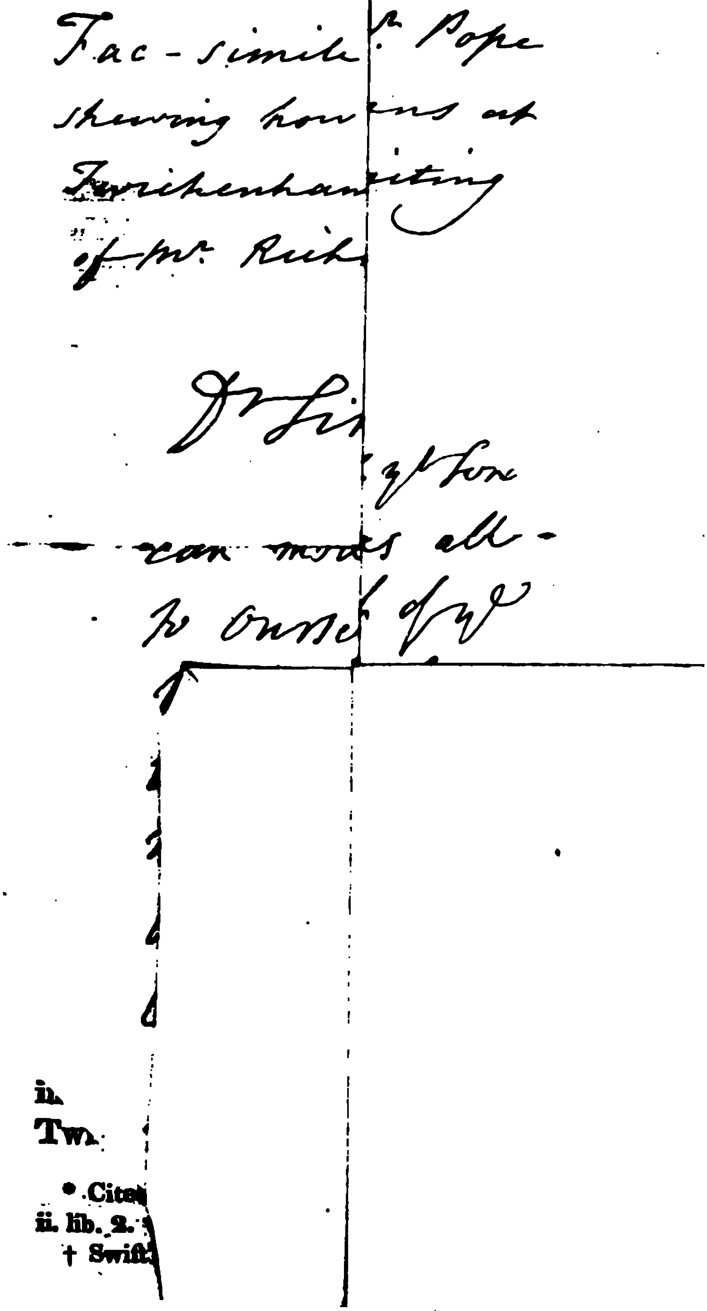
Fac-simile Pope
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* Cite
ii. lib. 2.
† Swift

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

by Mr.

notice of it occurs in a letter to Mr. Bethel, of March 20th, 1743, in which he probably again alludes to Mr. Murray:* "My landlady Mrs. Vernon being dead, this house and garden are offered me in sale; and I believe (together with the cottages on each side my grass-plot next the Thames) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it, after my death (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life) I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the grave."

Towards the close of the year, Pope passed a considerable portion of his time in Town, where he appears to have taken a greater interest in the political concerns of the day, than at any former period. Lord Bathurst, writing to Swift, Dec. 6, 1737,† says: "I met our friend Pope in Town. He is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight, but I doubt it much."

* Cited by Warburton, in a Note on Imitation of Horace, Sat. ii. lib. 2. ver. 165. Vide vol. vi. p. 140.

† Swift's Works, by Sir W. Scott, vol. xix. p. 193.

The flattering reception which the Satires and Epistles had experienced, induced him soon afterwards to proceed further in the same track, and to publish two Dialogues in verse, which appeared separately under the title of *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*, from the year in which they were written;* but which were afterwards affixed in the collection of his works as the *Epilogue to the Satires*. "The satire," says Warton, "is of the strongest kind; sometimes direct and declamatory, at others ironical and oblique; it must be owned to be carried to excess."—"Every species of sarcasm, and mode and style of reasoning, are here alternately employed; ridicule, irony, mirth, seriousness, lamentation, laughter, familiar imagery, and high poetical painting." It must however be observed, that the subject of this piece is, upon the whole, of a more dignified nature, and the introduction of individual and personal satire less frequent, than in any similar productions of his pen. The first Dialogue is written in a strain of the severest irony, and represents vice as enjoying the full patronage of the great, and superseding morality, religion, and law. The second treats the same subject seriously, and

* "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, a Dialogue something like Horace. By Mr. Pope. London: printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Paternoster Row. Price one shilling, fol." (first edition).

"One thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, Dialogue II. by Mr. Pope. London: printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall, 1738. Price one shilling, fol." (first edition.)

shows that the highest ranks are not independent of public opinion, or by any means exempt from those rules of moral conduct, which are of universal obligation. In the first part of this poem are four lines relating to Queen Caroline, who died in the preceding year:

> "Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
> Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA'S urn;
> And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
> All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!"

Sarcastically referring, as has been supposed, to the refusal of the Queen to see the Prince of Wales on her death-bed; to whom however she sent her blessing and forgiveness. On this passage Warton observes, that "no subtle commentary can torture these words to mean any thing, but the most pointed sarcasm on the behaviour of this great person to her son, on her death-bed;"—alluding to the note of Warburton on these lines, in which he seems to explain them in a commendatory sense, by referring to a letter written by Pope to Mr. Allen, about the time of the death of the Queen, in the following terms:* "The Queen showed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony of sincere tears." And in a note on the passage, Pope has also observed, that

* Vide vol. x. p. 512.

"her last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution." It must however here be observed, that in whatever sense these lines may be taken, they are not found in the *first edition* of the poem; but have been inserted on some subsequent occasion; a circumstance which, if we consider them as ironical, must add to our disapprobation of a passage, which has perhaps given occasion to attribute also to Pope, two lines in the form of an epitaph on the Queen, that ought never to have been printed, and are too disgusting to be here repeated.

In his Epistle to Lord Bathurst, published in 1732, Pope in a beautiful and well-known passage,* had introduced to his readers the favourite character of the Man of Ross; whose real name, which he had almost lost, was John Kyrle, of Ross, in Herefordshire; who with the produce of a small estate, and the assistance of benevolent persons whom he interested in works of charity and public utility, was enabled to accomplish many extraordinary and useful undertakings. "The truth is," says Johnson, "that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes. This influence he obtained by an example of liberality, exerted to the utmost of his power; and was thus enabled to give more than he had." Kyrle was a man of good family, and was educated at Baliol College,

* Ver. 249. Vide vol. v. p. 352.

Oxford; but being possessed only of a small patrimonial estate, the works he accomplished appeared to be much beyond the limits of his fortune. "He raised the spire of Ross upwards of one hundred feet. He made a causeway on the Monmouth road for the use of foot-passengers. He inclosed within a stone wall, ornamented with two elegant entrances, a space of ground of near half an acre, in the centre of which he sunk a bason, as a reservoir of water for the use of the inhabitants of Ross, over one of the doors of the entrance to which, his family arms were cut in stone. He employed the old and infirm persons in his neighbourhood in gathering seeds and plants for the planting his hedge-rows, and embellishing his estate." Such are some of the particulars communicated to the editor of a paper in 1787.* He died in the year 1724, at 90 years of age, and is interred in the chancel at Ross. There was some years since a female descendant of his living at Ross, who from a due regard to his memory, repaired and embellished a favourite seat of his, known by the name of Kyrle's seat.

In the second part of the Epilogue to his Satires, Pope has again recurred to this distinguished individual; declaring that he had never

"Dined with the MAN OF Ross, or my Lord Mayor."

Meaning thereby to imply the independence of his

* Republished by Mr. Bowles, in his edition of Pope, vol. iv. p. 475. in App., and see additional note on the *Man of Ross*, vol. v. p. 365, of the present edition.

own character, and that he had not been influenced in his praise of deserving individuals by any favours conferred on himself.

About the same time that Pope published his two Dialogues, a poem was published by Dodsley, intitled *Manners*, written by Paul Whitehead; in which were some passages that gave great offence, and particularly the line:

"And *Sherlock's* shop and *Henley's* are the same."

In consequence of which, the bishop of Salisbury moved that Whitehead should be called before the House of Lords; but he having disappeared, Dodsley was apprehended by a messenger, and detained for a short time in custody. He remained however long enough to show, that any attempt to infringe on the liberty of the press, would meet with a formidable resistance. The street in which the house in which he was detained stood, was crowded with carriages of some of the first nobility and gentry, who came to offer their services, and to be answerable for his appearance. Amongst these were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Marchmont, Lord Granville, Lord Bathurst, Lord Essex, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Pulteney, &c. The promptitude and respectability of such support, probably deterred the prosecutor from further proceedings, and Dodsley was discharged; after being put to an expense of seventy pounds. Dr. Warton, who had his information on this subject from Dodsley, says that this prosecution was intended "as a hint to Pope; and that he understood it as such; and

did not publish a third Dialogue, which he certainly had designed to do."*

The time was now approaching when Pope was to be deprived of one of the chief pleasures he yet enjoyed, the correspondence of Swift; not indeed by the death of his friend, but by a more afflicting event, the gradual loss of his intellectual powers, terminating at last in the most hopeless state of insanity. This event was the more distressing as it was foreseen by Swift himself, whose letters for several years afford a melancholy and affecting history of the progress of this dreadful disorder. That the attachment of Pope remained uninterrupted, notwithstanding the reasons for dissatisfaction given him by the publication of his correspondence, is evinced by a letter of the 17th of May, 1739;† which relates many circumstances, and more fully ascertains many facts that have before been noticed. From this it appears that Lord Bolingbroke had again taken up his residence in France, having sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his satisfaction. "His plan of life," says Pope, "is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country in France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a-day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables, dogs, &c.;

* Warton's Life of Pope, pp. 60, 61.

† This interesting letter, the *last* of the correspondence between Pope and Swift, is given for the *first time* in the works of Pope, in the present edition. Vide vol. x. p. 488.

his Lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my Lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood."—"We often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham; at which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world." This is followed by some account of several others of their common friends, who have before occurred to us in the course of this narrative. "The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance, Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples, purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he has returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expense of parting from one's friends. Mr. Lewis* every day remembers you. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others; the least so in regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarcely know two more women worth naming to you. The rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards."

The remainder of the letter is so complete a

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq.

piece of auto-biography, that it cannot be omitted on this occasion: "You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The Prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with the courtiers I ever was, or would be, acquainted with. At least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body. Yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men, whereas the old ones, experience too often proves not to be so; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polworth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

"You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit. I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

"Since my protest, for so I call my Dialogue

of 1738, I have written but ten lines which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years."—"Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement. The first is better, as to head-aches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life. In the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation; but my eyes fail; and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down; so I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

"Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat, and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest ma-

lady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years."—"Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

"P. S. May 19. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine."

In the year 1740, Pope appeared as the editor of a collection of Latin Poems by Italian writers since the revival of learning, in two volumes, octavo, under the title of *Selecta Poemata Italorum*, which were published by his friends, the Knaptons, at whose request he probably undertook the task; which, in fact, was only a republication of a former work, published in 1684, in a small volume, and intitled, *Anthologia, seu selecta quædam Poemata Italorum qui Latinè scripserunt;* to which Pope made some additions. Of this former volume Atterbury is supposed to have been the editor, and has the credit of having written the elegant Latin address to the reader, which is prefixed to it; in which he has briefly celebrated the merits of the different writers of whose works the collection consists; a piece which Pope has injudiciously

omitted, without having added much to the merit of the former impression.

Amongst the extensive designs left unfinished by him, we must not omit an epic poem which he had long meditated; and which being designed to celebrate the arrival of *Brutus*, the supposed grandson of Æneas, in England, was intended to have been called by his name. This story, for the foundation of which he was indebted to Geoffrey of Monmouth, he had extended in a plan of considerable length, with episodes, &c., which will be found amongst his works in prose, in the present edition.*

It also appears from his papers, as preserved by Warburton, and published by Ruffhead, that he had at one time entertained thoughts of writing a history of English poetry, from its earliest traces amongst the Provençal poets to his own times. With this view he seems to have adopted an excellent and judicious plan, by which he has divided the English poets into their different schools, thereby tracing them in their respective series, and marking their occasional relation and interference with each other; the only plan by which this most interesting and extensive subject can be fully developed and distinctly understood. Fortunately his outline, or first sketch, of this great design yet remains; and it is to be hoped, may yet serve to excite further efforts, and lay the foundation of a work which may rescue the genius of English poetry from

* Vide vol. viii. p. 331.

the dominion of unfeeling criticism, and relieve its professors from the obloquy so unjustly cast upon their fame.

Sketch for a History of the Rise and Progress of English Poetry.

ÆRA I.

Rymer. 2nd part, pp. 65, 66, 67, 77.
Petrarch. 78. Catal. of Provençal Poets.

1. School of Provence.
- Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt of the Rose.
- Pierce Plowman. Tales from Boccace.
- Gower.

2. School of Chaucer.
- Lydgate.
- T. Occleve.
- Walt. de Mapes.
- Skelton.

3. School of Petrarch.
- E. of Surrey.
- Sir Thomas Wyat.
- Sir Philip Sydney.
- G. Gascoyn, Translator of Ariosto's Com.

4. School of Dante.
- Mirror of Magistrates.
- Lord Buckhurst's Induction, Gorboduc. Original of good Tragedy, Seneca, [his model].

ÆRA II.

Spenser, Col. Clout, from the school of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

5. School of Spenser, and From Italian Sonnets.
- W. Brown's Pastorals.
- Ph. Fletcher's purple Island, Alabaster, Piscatory Ec.
- S. Daniel.
- Sir Walter Raleigh.
- Milton's Juvenilia, Heath-Habinton.

Translators from Italian.
- Golding.
- Edm. Fairfax.
- Harrington.

6. School of Donne.
- Cowley, Davenant.
- Michael Drayton.
- Sir Thomas Overbury.
- Randolph.
- Sir John Davis.
- Sir John Beaumont.
- Cartwright.
- Cleveland.
- Crashaw.
- Bishop Corbet.
- Lord Falkland.

- Carew, T. Carey, — in matter,
- G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, Fairfax, — in versification,

— models to Waller.

- Sir John Mennis, Tho. Baynal, — originals of Hudibras.

CHAP. IX.

1740——1743.

Impartiality of Pope in his political attachments—His acquaintance with Warburton—Character of Warburton—First interview between him and Pope—Latin translation of the Essay on Man—MEMOIRS OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS—*Pope and Warburton visit Oxford—Pope introduces Warburton to Mr. Allen at Bath—Writes and publishes the* FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD—*Quarrel between Pope and Cibber and between Cibber and Warburton—Quarrel between Mr. Allen and Pope—Pope's conduct towards Savage and correspondence with him—Pope's acquaintance with physicians—Letter to Dr. Oliver of Bath.*

CHAP. IX.

The apprehensions that Pope had entertained of a prosecution for the Epilogue to his Satires, were not wholly without foundation. Mr. Fox, in a reply to Mr. Lyttelton, had openly reproached him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged. "Pope never afterwards attempted," says Johnson, "to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen." His politics indeed were of a peculiar kind, and were so intermixed with his private attachments to individuals of all parties, as to prevent their producing any great public effect. These attachments, it may be said, were pretty equally divided between the great contending parties of Whig and Tory; and whilst on the one hand he kept up his connexions with Wyndham, and Bolingbroke, and Cobham, and Bathurst, he maintained, on the other, the same friendly intercourse with Pulteney, and Lyttelton, and Chesterfield, and received frequent instances of attention and favour from the Prince of Wales, then in warm opposition to administration, and who on some occasions honoured him with a visit at Twickenham. Even when these political dis-

tinctions were for a time abolished, and the first example of a coalition of parties in this country was seen, in the union of the high Tory or Jacobite party with the great Whig leaders, for the purpose of overturning the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, Pope did not come forward in aid of his friends with any public expression of his sentiments. He had in fact experienced, for several years, from that great minister, a uniform series of attention and kindness, and the sense of gratitude and personal attachment seems to have neutralized, in some degree, those feelings of hostility which Swift openly avowed, and which Pope also might be supposed to have entertained.

He was therefore an occasional guest at the table of the minister, and has celebrated his good temper and social qualities in several passages in his writings, in which he has introduced the names of such persons as were most hostile to each other in their politics in the same circle of his friends; insomuch that he appears to have prided himself on his impartiality, and on the delicacy and ability with which he could express his attachment to individuals of both parties, without giving offence to either. In a letter to Mr. Fortescue, written soon after the publication of the Epilogue to his Satires, in 1738, he says: "You see I have made him (Sir Robert) a second compliment in print, in my second Dialogue; and he ought to take it for no small one, since in it I couple him

with Lord Bolingbroke. As he shows a right sense of this, I may make him a third in my third Dialogue."*

The same independence of party that appears in his writings, seems also to have actuated his conduct at this serious crisis, at least if we may judge from the indications that appear in his very limited correspondence. In a letter to Mr. Allen, he says: "The face of public affairs is very much changed, and this fortnight's vacation very busy. It is a most important interval, but I never in my life wrote a letter on these subjects. I content myself as you do, with honest wishes for honest men to govern us, without asking for any party denomination beside. This is all the distinction I know." And again in another letter: "The public is indeed more my concern than it used to be, as I see it in more danger; but your reflection and advice ought to alleviate these uneasy thoughts; when, to trust to Providence, is all I can do; since

* Letter to Mr. Fortescue, July 31, 1738. Of this third Dialogue a portion is said to have been discovered in the hand-writing of Pope, which has been published by Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles, under the title of *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty*, as being written in that year. The manner and spirit of this piece are however so greatly at variance with the opinions expressed by Pope at this period, and so derogatory to his own character, as well as to that of his nearest friends, that although it is reprinted in the present edition for the satisfaction of the reader, I conceive that, for the reasons I have assigned in the notes that accompany it, it cannot be the production of Pope, but rather of some person at a later period who has imitated his manner, and even adopted some of his lines. Vide vol. vi. of the present edition.

my sphere is resignation, not action." As the political contest increased, he writes thus to Mr. Allen: "My mind at present is as dejected as possible; for I love my country and I love mankind; and I see a dismal scene opening for our own and other nations, which will not long be a secret to you;"* evidently alluding to the war with Spain, into which Sir Robert had been driven against his will, and which finally occasioned his removal from office.

About the year 1738, Pope had formed an acquaintance with a person, who by his character and talents, was destined to have a considerable effect, not only on his subsequent conduct in life, but on his literary estimation and posthumous fame. This was William Warburton, afterwards bishop of Gloucester, already well known as the author of those celebrated works, *The Alliance between Church and State*, and *The Divine Legation of Moses*. Warburton was the son of an attorney, at Newark-upon-Trent; and was born in 1698. He was himself educated to the same profession, but whether he ever engaged in the practice of it, is doubtful. A decided predilection for the church induced him to qualify himself for orders, and he was ordained deacon in 1723. The want of an academical education was supplied by his own talents and industry, and he, as well as Pope, may

* These extracts from Pope's letters do not appear in his works, but are extracted from Ruffhead's life of him, being a part of the manuscripts of Pope with which he was supplied by Warburton.

be enumerated amongst those men of eminence, who have been the architects of their own fame. From this circumstance, his biographer, Bishop Hurd, has suggested an important remark, which is not less applicable to Pope, than to Warburton himself. "An industry and genius like his," says he, "overcame all difficulties. It may even be conceived that he derived a benefit from them. As his faculties were of no common size, his own proper exertion of them probably tended more to his improvement, than any assistance of tutors and colleges could have done. To which we may add, that living by himself, and not having the fashionable opinions of a great society to bias his own, he might acquire an enlarged turn of mind, and strike out for himself, as he clearly did, an original cast both of thought and composition:

"Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos;"

while his superior sense in the mean time did the office of that authority, which in general is found so necessary to quicken the diligence, and direct the judgment of young students in our universities."*

The unjust attack made upon the Essay on Man by M. de Crousaz, who undertook to show that it was written on the system of Spinosa, excited Warburton to undertake its defence,† which

* Life of Warburton by Dr. Hurd, in Warburton's Works, vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

† His reasons for this are stated in a letter to Dr. Middleton, July 16, 1739. "A certain great man is very angry with me for

he inserted in a journal of the day, intitled the Republic of Letters. "This defence was much read, and gave a new lustre to his reputation. It showed the elegance of his taste in polite literature, as well as his penetration into moral subjects. Mr. Pope was supremely struck with it, and might now exult as his predecessor Boileau had done, when he cried out, in the face of his enemies:

'Arnauld, le grand Arnauld, fait mon apologie.'

"From this time there was an intimate acquaintance formed between the poet and his commentator;"* and the series of letters commenced which still forms a part of the correspondence in the works of Pope.

In the winter of 1739, Pope found it advisable, on account of his health, to quit Twickenham and pay a visit to Mr. Allen, at Bath, at which place and at Bristol, he passed the chief part of his time for upwards of three months; "endeavouring," as he says, "to amend a complaint, which more or less had troubled him all his life."† "I hope," says he, "the regimen this has obliged me to, will

speaking of you in the manner I did. I make no question, but another sort of those they call *great* men will hold themselves outraged by me in my vindication of Mr. Pope against M. de Crousaz, in some letters which are going to be collected together and published. But I cannot forbear showing my esteem of merit, and my contempt of their calumniators, or *thinking that it is of use to religion, to prove so noble a genius is a friend to it.*"

* Hurd's Life of Warburton, p. 25.

† Letter to Warburton, Jan. 17, 1740; vide vol. x. p. 529.

make the remainder of it more philosophical, and improve my resignation to part with it at last." Being desirous of seeing a person to whom he considered himself so highly indebted, he wrote to Warburton from Bath,* inviting him either to meet him in London, or visit him at Twickenham in the course of the ensuing spring. "Let us meet," says he, "like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whose friendship is not to begin but continue." Early in the year Pope returned to Twickenham; and soon afterwards Warburton performed the promise he had made, and took up his residence for about a fortnight there. Their first interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, near Pope's, at Twickenham. Dodsley was present, and professed himself astonished "at the high compliments Pope paid to Warburton as he approached him."† This visit, as may be supposed, led to the frequent discussion not only of what had already been done with respect to the writings of Pope, but to the plans which he had formed for his future exertions, and on which he earnestly wished to have the advice of Warburton. What these were, will appear in the course of the present narrative. In the mean time some very curious information respecting this interview, is given in a letter from the Hon. Charles Yorke to his brother the Earl of Hard-

* April 16, 1740. Vide vol. x. p. 530.

† This was communicated by Dodsley to Dr. Warton. *Warton's Pope*, vol. ix. p. 342.

wicke, dated Benet College, Cambridge, June 1, 1740,* of which the following is an extract:

"Mr. Warburton has lately been near a fortnight with Mr. Pope, at Twickenham. He speaks of him in strains of rapturous commendation. He says, that he is not a better poet than a man, and that his vivacity and wit are not more conspicuous than his humanity and affability. He tells me that Mr. Pope is tired with imitating Horace, that he thinks he could make something of the *Damasippus*, and intends to do it; but that the great scheme which he has in view, is the continuation of *The Essay*. The first, you know, was only a general map of man, wherein the extent and limits of his faculties were marked out. The second is to treat of false science at large; and the third is to inquire into the use and abuse of civil society. In a conversation which he held with Mr. Pope, one evening in his garden, the latter began to open himself unreservedly to the former, upon the praises which the world had bestowed upon him and his own excellences. He declared, with great sincerity, that he really thought he had been exceeded in every part of writing, and on the side of invention more peculiarly. Mr. Warburton told him that he would not offend his modesty by entering into a particular disquisition of his merit; yet he would take the liberty to mention one thing in which he thought Mr. Pope was unrivalled and alone; and it was, that he is the only poet who

* Warton's ed. of Pope, vol. ix. p. 340.

has found out the art of uniting wit to sublimity. 'Your wit,' says he, 'gives a splendour and delicacy to your sublimity, and your sublimity gives a grace and dignity to your wit,' &c. In short, Mr. Warburton declares he never spent a fortnight so agreeably any where as at Twickenham. He was presented to all Mr. Pope's friends, who entertained him with singular civility, and received him with an engaging freedom."

The desire of Pope to obtain a good Latin translation of the Essay on Man, has before been noticed. This he communicated to Warburton, who engaged Mr. Christopher Smart, of Cambridge, who had distinguished himself as well by his poetical talents as his classical acquirements, to undertake the work. In consequence of this, some communication took place between Smart and Pope; of the latter of whom a letter has been preserved, which as it expresses the opinions and views of Pope at this period, respecting some of his own productions, and is not published in his works, is here submitted to the reader.

"SIR, "*Twickenham, Nov.* 18, 1740.

"I thank you for the favour of yours. I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole *Essay* you mention. The two first Epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion will be sufficient for a trial, whether you yourself can like

the task or not. I believe the *Essay on Criticism* will in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject, which appears in the foreign versions; in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one indeed in Latin verse, printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant, and another in French prose; but in these the spirit of poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my ode which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving as good poetry. I am, Sir, your most obliged and sincere humble servant, A. POPE."

It had for some time past been the intention of Pope to publish the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; the work of himself and Arbuthnot, with some hints, and perhaps assistance, from Swift; but he had been deterred from it, by the vexation he experienced in the apprehension of his letters to Swift being published in Ireland, without his consent. In a letter to Warburton of Oct. 27, 1740, he says: "Scriblerus *will*, or *will not* be published according to the event of some papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmost endea-

vour to hinder;" and again, Feb. 4, 1740—1: "My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done; the other is one that will continue with me till some prosperous event to your service shall bring us near to each other." "This," says Warburton, "was the strongest resentment he ever expressed of the indiscretion of his old friend, as being persuaded that it proceeded from no ill-will to him, though it exposed him to the ill-will of others." The fact is that Swift was at this time wholly incapacitated from forming a proper judgment on the subject; and Pope lay at the mercy of those, who from the most unjustifiable and interested motives, had possessed themselves of his letters, which they did not transmit to him, till the whole of the volume was printed. The delay which had taken place in the publication of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, did not however long continue. They were included in a general collection of the letters and prose works of Pope, in two volumes in quarto, in the year 1741. The design of this work, as stated by Pope himself, was, "to ridicule all the false tastes in learning." But its object, as well as its merits, is now too well known, to render it necessary to dwell upon it more at large.

It was the intention of Pope to have paid a

visit, towards the end of the year 1740, to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester; but in this he was prevented; probably by the political engagements of that nobleman, who took an active part in public affairs at this stormy period. He therefore altered his plan, and went to Mr. Allen, at Bath, where he passed a great part of the winter, and returned to Town in the spring, where, by a letter from Bath, he had invited Warburton to give him the meeting. Warburton accordingly came, and after passing some days together at Twickenham, they set out on an excursion through different parts of the country, which led them at last to Oxford. Whilst passing a day or two at this seat of learning, an intention was announced on the part of the University, of presenting each of them with a Doctor's degree; that of divinity being intended for Warburton, and that of civil law for Pope; but when the proposal was to be carried into effect, the friends of Warburton were out-voted, and his degree refused. Pope was so exasperated by the insult offered to his friend, that he not only refused to accept the honour intended for him, but expressed his resentment in strong terms against the University; which he afterwards satirized in the fourth book of the Dunciad, under the appellation of Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen. And this may also explain another passage in the same book, where the Queen of Dulness grants her degrees:

> "The last, not least in honour or applause,
> *Isis* and *Cam* made DOCTORS OF HER LAWS!"

The design of adding a fourth book to the Dunciad seems to have had its origin in the conversations which took place between Pope and Warburton respecting the future publication of Pope's writings, which their author wished should be edited by and accompanied with the notes of Warburton. During the summer of 1741, Pope had made a considerable progress in this undertaking; and in a letter of the 20th September in that year he says to Warburton: "If I can prevail on myself to complete the Dunciad, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my verses (for poems I will not call them) and I hope your friendship to me will be then as well known as my being an author, and go down together to posterity; I mean to as much of posterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the commentator (as usual) will lend a crutch to the weak poet, to help him to limp a little further than he could on his own feet. We shall take our *degree* together in fame, whatever we do at the University; and I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you."

In the following month (October) we find Pope again at Bath, under the hospitable roof of his friend Mr. Allen, where it is probable he completed what yet remained of his fourth book of the *Dunciad*, which he was desirous that Warburton should see. He accordingly, with the assent of Mr. Allen, invited his friend to undertake a journey to Bath, by a letter, dated November 12, 1741,

in which he says: "My third motive for now troubling you, is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me resume the studies I have almost laid aside by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you; and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit than that of aiming by his moral strokes to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either case this place, and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you, from all you would desire to avoid in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it invites you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world call civility and regard. He is sincere and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and the man will serve us. Here is a library; and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whithersoever you would take the air with me. Mr Allen

tells me you might on horseback be here in three days. It is less than one hundred miles from Newark, the road through Leicester, Stow-in-the-Wolde in Gloucestershire, and Cirencester, by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency. Is all this a dream? Or can you make it a reality? Can you give ear to me?

"Audistin'? an me ludit amabilis
Insania?"

With a request so earnestly and so kindly expressed, Warburton could not refuse to comply, and this visit was the foundation of his future fortune. Here the fourth book of the Dunciad was read and approved, furnished with additional notes by Pope and Warburton, and the publication finally determined on. On the return of Pope to London, early in the year 1742, it was committed to the press, and made its appearance as a separate piece.* The publication of this, like that of the former part, was enveloped in that sort of mystery in which Pope seems to have delighted. It was represented in the advertisement prefixed to it, as having been "found, merely by accident, in the *library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so

* "*The New Dunciad:* as it was found in the year 1742, with the illustrations of Scriblerus, and notes variorum. *London: printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe, in Paternoster Row,* 1742. *4to.*" (first edition). It was also printed by Dodsley in 1742, in 8vo., along with the Memoirs of Scriblerus, and said in the title-page "not before printed."

blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*." To which it was added, that "if any person were possessed of a more perfect copy, or of any other fragments of it, and would communicate them to the publisher, the next edition should be made more complete." Statements which seem to have been intended merely to keep up that vague idea of an unknown author, which is supported through the former part of the work.

Of all the writings of Pope, this addition to the Dunciad has given rise to the greatest diversity of opinion. Warton conceives that Pope was unfortunately persuaded to this undertaking by Warburton, and "cannot forbear considering it as an injudicious and incongruous addition to that poem." Yet he admits, that "after all, the chief fault of the Dunciad, in its last state, is the violence and the vehemence of its satire, and the excessive height to which it is carried; and which," says he, "may justly be compared to that marvellous column of boiling water near *Mount Hecla*, thrown upwards, *above ninety feet*, by the force of a subterraneous fire."*

The severe castigation which Pope had bestowed on Colley Cibber, as well in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, as in the former part of the Dunciad, had been submitted to by that singular personage for several years, with greater forbearance than might have been expected, from the readi-

* Warton's Life of Pope.

ness of his talents and the vivacity of his character. He thought proper, however, in the year 1740, to publish his own memoirs, under the modest title of an *Apology for his Life;* in which he has referred to the treatment which he had received from Pope, in a manner, which although not to be compared with the severity by which he had himself been assailed, served to renew the animosity between them. "When I find my name," says he, "in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but *profit* to himself. For he considers that *my face* is more known than most in the nation; and therefore *a lick at the Laureat* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus,* to catch little readers." This humble attempt of Cibber to relieve himself in some degree from the stigma under which he laboured, gave additional offence to Pope, who now availed himself of the publication of the fourth book of the Dunciad to expose him again to derision, and to represent him as the darling favourite of the *Goddess of Dulness:*

"Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines."

The patience of Cibber was now exhausted; and conceiving that he was, at least, able to combat Pope with the weapons he had chosen, he resolved that the laugh should not be always on one side of the question. He therefore addressed a letter to Pope, dated July 7, 1742,* in

* "A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the motives that might induce him, in his Satirical Works, to be so

which he protests he never used him with ill-manners, and endeavours to account for the animosity with which he is treated; averring at the same time that he was not conscious of having done any thing that ought to have incurred it. "That Cibber ever murmured at your fame, or that he was not always, to the best of his judgment, as warm an admirer of your writings as any of your nearest friends could be, is what you cannot, by any one fact or instance, disprove. How comes it then, that in your works you have so often treated him as a dunce or an enemy? Did he at all intrench

frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's Name. London: printed and sold by W. Lewis, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. 1742. Price One Shilling." This was answered in an anonymous pamphlet, of 26 pages, intitled, "A Blast upon Bays, or a new Lick at the Laureat; containing Remarks upon a late tattling Performance, intitled, A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, &c.

"And, lo, there appeared an old Woman!
Vide the Letter throughout.

"London: printed for T. Robbins, in Fleet Street; and sold at all the Booksellers' and Pamphlet Shops in Town and Country. 1742. 8vo. (Price Sixpence.)"

On the other hand there was published: "A Letter to Mr. C—b—r, on his Letter to Mr. P - - -.

"Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito. Virgil.

"London: printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane. 1742." 26 pages, 8vo.

These pieces, on both sides, are equally undeserving of further notice; but the following passage, with which the last mentioned of them concludes, seems to be the germ which some of his editors have since so happily expanded:

"I think Mr. Pope, therefore, at best, a *second rate poet*, a *bad companion*, a *dangerous acquaintance*, an *inveterate, implacable enemy, nobody's friend*, a *noxious member of society*, and a *thorough bad man*."

upon your sovereignty in verse, because he had now and then written a comedy that succeeded?" After having, as he presumes, "said enough to clear himself of any ill-will or enmity to Mr. Pope," he proceeds to account for the persevering hostility he had experienced from him, from a circumstance which occurred many years before, respecting the comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage.*

"The play of the *Rehearsal,* which had lain some few years dormant, being by his present Majesty (then Prince of Wales) commanded to be revived, the part of *Bays* fell to my share. To this character there had always been allowed such ludicrous liberties of observation, upon any thing new or remarkable in the state of the stage, as *Mr. Bays* might think proper to take. Much about this time, then, the *Three Hours after Marriage* had been acted without success, when *Mr. Bays,* as usual, had *a fling at it;* which in itself was no jest, unless the audience would please to make it one. But, however, flat as it was, Mr. Pope was mortally sore upon it. This was the offence: In this play two coxcombs being in love with a learned virtuoso's wife, to get unsuspected access to her, ingeniously send themselves as two presented rarities to the husband; the one curiously swathed up like an Egyptian mummy, and the other slily covered in the pasteboard skin of a crocodile; upon which poetical expedient, I, *Mr. Bays,* when the two kings of Brentford came from the clouds into the throne again, instead of what my part di-

rected me to say, made use of these words: 'Now, Sir, this revolution I had some thought of introducing by a quite different contrivance; but my design taking air, some of your sharp wits, I found, had made use of it before me; otherwise I intended to have stolen one of them in the shape of a *Mummy*, and t'other in that of a *Crocodile!*' Upon which I doubt the audience, by the roar of their applause, shewed their proportionable contempt of the play they belonged to. But why am I answerable for that? I did not lead them by any reflection of my own into that contempt. Surely, to have used the bare words *Mummy* and *Crocodile* was neither unjust nor unmannerly. Where then was the crime of simply saying there had been two such things in a former play? But this, it seems, was so heinously taken by Mr. Pope, that in the swelling of his heart, after the play was over, he came behind the scenes, with his lips pale and his voice trembling, to call me to account for the insult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul language that a wit out of his senses could be capable of. 'How durst I have the impudence to treat any gentleman in that manner? &c.' Now let the reader judge by this concern, who was the true *mother* of the child! When he was almost choked with the foam of his passion, I was enough recovered from my amazement to make him (as near as I can remember) this reply: 'Mr. Pope, you are *so particular a man*, that I must be ashamed to return your language as I

ought to do; but since you have attacked me in so monstrous a manner, this you may depend upon, that as long as the play continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the same words over and over again.' Now, as he accordingly found I kept my word for several days following, I am afraid he has since thought that his pen was a sharper weapon than his tongue to trust his revenge with; and however just cause this may be for his so doing, it is, at least, the only cause my conscience can charge me with."

If Cibber had confined himself within reasonable bounds, he had in some respects the advantage of Pope, who had certainly attacked him with a degree of animosity much beyond any provocation he had received; but unfortunately for his own cause, he laid aside all pretensions to decency; and being himself regardless of character, and superior to shame, not only admitted the accusation thrown out against himself by Pope in the line:

"And has not Colley still his lord and whore?"

but endeavoured to retort upon him by a ridiculous tale, which may, without any loss to the reader, be suffered to remain confined to the pages where it was first published. This accumulation of offences was not to be pardoned. Pope was now preparing a new edition of the Dunciad, which was intended to include the whole of the four books. He therefore determined to avail himself of the opportunity of rendering his antagonist still

more ignominiously conspicuous.* For this purpose he dethroned Theobald from the rank he had

* At this crisis another pamphlet made its appearance, intitled: "*The Egotist*, or *Colley upon Cibber;* being his own picture retouched, to so plain a likeness, that no one *now* would have the face to own it but himself.

'*But one stroke more, and that shall be my last.*'

Dryden.

"London, printed: and sold by W. Lewis, in Russel Street, Covent Garden. 1743. (Price one shilling.)"

This piece, which Mr. D'Israeli considers as Cibber's Supplement to his *Apology for his Life*, is a dialogue between the author and his friend Mr. Frankly, and exhibits, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, "a curious exemplification of what Shaftesbury has so fancifully described as '*self-inspection;*'" of which Mr. D'Israeli has given some interesting specimens; (*Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 226, &c.) to which I have only to add, that one principal object of this publication seems to have been to avert or moderate the storm which Cibber was aware was rising up against him, and of which some rumours had already gone abroad, as may be inferred from the following passage:

"*Author.* Unless my keeping my temper could make him (Pope) lose his, I will not suppose I have hurt him. If I did him wrong, I hurt myself; if justice, he has nothing to complain of. Let truth answer for herself then; what I did was by her direction. In a word, I had no other way of turning the jest upon my ralliers, than by getting the public to head it against them; in which I have so far succeeded, that they are now, it seems, forced to be fond of a *new joke*, that is *not come out yet.*

"*Frankly.* What do you mean?

"*Author. Terrible rods in pickle for me,* that are to give them a tickling triumph!

"*Frankly.* I do not hear of any; but have you really no dread of them?

"*Author.* If I were conscious that truth could hurt me, I should not have courage enough to defy it; but, unless I were a pickpocket, why am I to be in fear of a whipping-post?

"*Frankly.* Have a care! a man may be a very ridiculous subject for satire, without being a criminal.

held as the hero of the Dunciad, and substituted Cibber in his place. In the ensuing year,* the new edition made its appearance,† accompanied by a long Discourse of Richardus Aristarchus, of the Hero of the Poem, intended as a reply to the various attacks upon Pope dispersed through the letter and memoirs of Cibber. This piece, not without humour from its pretensions to gravity and affectation of abstruse learning, is the production of Warburton; who also accompanied the new publication with numerous notes, which were afterwards transferred into his own edition. Warton

"*Author.* If a satirist, that knows them, tells me of my faults, he had better let them alone; for whenever he does, I will try to mend them, I can tell him that.

"*Frankly.* A terrible menace indeed, if you keep your word.

"*Author.* If I do not, it will be at my own peril; if I do, I make him an involuntary friend, and then his satire will be no more than a wholesome dose of physic. But if he puts my name to follies or faults that do not belong to me, his libel will be directly then a purge with a wrong label, and the author must only talk like an apothecary, who does not mind his business.

"*Frankly.* And who shall be judge, whether the faults imputed belong to you or not?

"*Author.* I 'gad! I will even trust to the wide world for that, as wicked as it is."

* Oct. 29, 1743.

† "The Dunciad, in four Books; printed according to the complete Copy found in the year 1742, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus, and Notes Variorum. To which are added, several Notes now first published, the Hypercritics of Aristarchus, and his Dissertation on the Hero of the Poem.

"Tandem Phœbus adest, &c.

"London: printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe, in Paternoster Row. 1743." 4to.

has been at some trouble in pointing out the flat pleasantry and dull jokes in this discourse of Warburton, forgetting that they are perfectly in character with a modern Aristarchus; and that this was intended, in the manner, to be a ridicule on Bentley, as it was, in the matter, on Cibber.

This new attack on the part of Pope, and the unprovoked interference of Warburton, called forth another letter from Cibber,* a great part of which is addressed to Warburton, as "*the supposed author of the preface to Mr. Pope's last edition of the Dunciad;*" in which he had referred to Cibber as "one who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, had constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it." For this, Cibber has bestowed upon him some pages of angry invective, intermixed with grave advice to stick to his *Divine Legation of Moses.* Pope had said that *Cibber's new pamphlet would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him,* and

* "Another occasional letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, wherein the new hero's preferment to his throne, in the Dunciad, seems not to be accepted, and the author of that poem his more rightful claim to it is asserted. With an expostulating address to the Rev. M. W. W——n, author of the new preface, and adviser in the curious improvements of that Satire. By Mr. Colley Cibber.

"Remember Sawney's fate,
Bang'd by the blockhead whom he strove to beat.
Parodie on Lord Roscommon.

"London: printed, and sold by W. Lewis, in Russel Street, Covent Garden. 1744. (Price one shilling.)"

Johnson was informed by the younger Richardson, who had accompanied his father the painter on a visit to Pope, that when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into his hands, he said, *These things are my diversion;* but that on his perusing it, *they saw his features writhing with anguish.* On this eaves-dropping kind of information, in which Johnson delighted, not much reliance can be placed. Mr. D'Israeli, in his account of the quarrel between Pope and Cibber, has entered upon a professed *vindication of the comic writer,* whose originality of genius has, as he conceives, been little suspected, and who obtained an honourable triumph over the malice of his opponent. Before we can assent to this conclusion, we must consider the question not only as it regards the literary character and talents of the parties, but also as it respects the justice and moral propriety of their conduct. On the first of these, little is necessary to be said. Cibber has himself uniformly acknowledged the superiority of his antagonist, and on many occasions, in a manner so humiliating, as to excite our pity, whilst it diminishes our respect for him. "After all," says Mr. D'Israeli, "one may perceive, that though the good humour of poor Cibber was real, still the immortal satire of Pope had injured his higher feelings. He betrays his secret grief at his close, while he seems to be sporting with his pen; and though he appears to confide in the falsity of the satire, as his best chance for saving him from it,

still he feels that the caustic ink of such a satirist must blister and spot wherever it falls."

But however inferior Cibber was in this respect to Pope, it did not follow that he was therefore a *dunce*. On the contrary, he was doubtless a man of considerable talent, and some originality of character. To represent him therefore as the chief favourite and hero of the Goddess of Dulness, as reposing in her lap, and enjoying her highest honours, is not only poetically unjust, but wholly inconsistent with the vivacity of his character.

For these misrepresentations, and for the bursts of indignation which occur in the writings of Pope, it must be acknowledged, that nothing which has appeared before the public on the part of Cibber, can be supposed to afford sufficient cause; but Pope might have had other reasons for his resentment, of which we are uninformed. He had in his youth associated with Cibber, and had been led by him into a course of life, which it is possible he might not recollect with any peculiar satisfaction; although Cibber not only persevered but even gloried in it; and this feeling was certainly not diminished by the scandalous attempt of Cibber to degrade him in the eyes of the public. That he hated the man as much as he despised the Laureat, there seems every reason to believe.

But whatever may be thought of the moral justice of Pope's satire, its apparent inapplicability to the character and writings of Cibber, has not only deprived it of its intended effect, but has pro-

bably been the cause of adding to the celebrity of the person it was intended to depreciate, and it is not improbable that Cibber will be much longer remembered as the object of the criticism and animosity of Pope, than he will be by any productions of his own.

Towards the latter part of the life of Pope, a circumstance occurred which we may presume was productive of more anxiety and regret to him, than any which the resentment of Cibber could occasion. The attachment that subsisted between him and Mr. Allen was mutual and sincere, and was founded on feelings of the highest respect and admiration on the one hand, and the warmest esteem and gratitude on the other; yet some alienation took place between them, for which it is not easy to account. Ruffhead, the amanuensis of Warburton, who seems not less hostile to Martha Blount than the other biographers of Pope, has stated, that "about a year before Mr. Pope's death, this lady, at the desire of Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, paid a visit to the latter at Prior Park; where she behaved herself in so arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occasioned an irreconcileable breach between her and some part of Mr. Allen's family." From the account of Dr. Johnson it appears that by some part of Mr. Allen's family, we are to understand Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Blount," says he, "as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where

she comported herself with such *indecent arrogance*, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcileable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her." In a note on this passage, we are told, that "upon an invitation in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen, at Prior Park; and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount, who was of the Romish persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time Mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which, as a magistrate, he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress; and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at *his return*, and so infected him with her rage, *that they both left the house abruptly*." That this account, although hitherto uncontradicted, cannot be correct, a more attentive examination of the documents that yet remain on the subject will show.

In a letter of Pope* to Martha Blount, he expressly says, that he was *himself wholly the unhappy cause of the quarrel*, and that it was in resentment of the conduct of the Allens *to him*, and

* Vide vol. viii. p. 507.

to remove *him from such treatment*, that she staid alone to suffer it herself. "All I beg is," says he, "that you will not stay a moment at the only place in England (I am satisfied) where you can be so used; and where for your sake and for my own too, I never will set foot more;" a resolution to which however he did not adhere.

Neither did Pope and Miss Blount "leave the house together abruptly" on this occasion, she having continued there for some time after Pope had left it, although on very uncomfortable terms, and with frequent remonstrances from Pope to leave it. This account, founded on Pope's own letter, is confirmed by that of Martha Blount herself, in answer to some inquiries made respecting Pope's life and character by Mr. Spence.* Speaking of the Allens, she said, "they had often invited me to their house; and as I went to Bristol with Lady Gerard for some time, while Mr. Pope was with them, I took that opportunity of paying the visit they had desired. I soon observed a strangeness of behaviour in them. They *used Mr. Pope very rudely*, and Mr. Warburton with double complaisance, (to make their ill-usage of the other more apparent); me they used very oddly, in a stiff, and *over-civil* manner. I asked Mr. Pope, after I had been there three or four days, whether he had observed their usage of *him;* he said he had taken no notice of it; but a day or two afterwards he said, 'that the people had got some odd thing or

* Vide Spence's Anec. p. 368. Singer's ed.

other in their heads.' This oddness continued, or rather increased, as long as we staid. Some time after, Mr. Allen came to London, and I asked Mr. Pope whether he had ever inquired into the cause of their behaviour. He had not; and I urged him to clear it up. In urging this, I used the word *satisfaction*. Mr. Hooke, who was by, took this in the *genteel* sense of the word, and imagined that I would have had Mr. Pope *fight* Mr. Allen; which I declare was not the least in my thoughts."

The *satisfaction* to which Miss Blount alluded, Pope however endeavoured to obtain, on Mr. Allen's next visit to Twickenham; and the result of their meeting is thus communicated in a letter (now without date) to Miss Blount.* "Writing is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or sitting, it hurts my breast, and in the afternoon I can do nothing, still less by candle-light. I would else tell you every thing that passed between Mr. Allen and me. He proposed to have stayed only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he said he would take a bed here, and fast with me. The next morning I desired him to come into my room before I rose, and opened myself very freely upon the subject, requiring the same unreserve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me *before you came*, and both her's and his *after*. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkind-

* Vide vol. viii. p. 504.

ness or coolness, and protested his utmost desire, and answered for hers to have pleased you; laid it all upon the mutual dissatisfaction between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him, by any *misrepresentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him, you never made any such; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed *I saw with my own eyes*, and *heard with my own ears*. I told him I did not impute the unkindness shown me, in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him, I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he utterly denied this too. I pressed then that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all easy in; and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment. I said much more, being opener than I intended at first, but finding him own nothing, but stick to this, I turned to make slighter of it, and told him he should not see my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen, *so much as hers had been to me* (which he declared he did not see) and that I

could answer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, so far from misrepresenting any particular."

Such is the only authentic account that can now perhaps be given of the quarrel between Pope and his friend, which has been so uniformly attributed to the unbecoming conduct, indecent arrogance, and unreasonable expectations of Martha Blount; charges which have no existence whatever in Mr. Allen's vindication of the conduct of himself and his wife, in which he utterly denies any unkindness or coolness towards her on their part, and protests their utmost desire to have pleased her; whilst Pope attributes the quarrel not to any cause originating with Miss Blount, but to her interference *on his behalf*, when disrespectfully treated by Mrs. Allen. It has also been repeated by all the biographers of Pope, from Ruffhead to Bowles, that Martha Blount was so exasperated against Mr. Allen, that she declared to Pope she would not accept of any provision intended for her under his will, unless he returned back, by way of a legacy, all that he had ever, on any account, received from Mr. Allen; an imputation which it seems had been made in her lifetime, but which she expressly denied to Mr. Spence. "I had never," she said, "read his will, but he mentioned to me the part relating to Mr. Allen, and *I advised him to omit it*, but could not prevail on him to do so. I have a letter of his by me on that subject. I sent it to Mr. Hooke."*

* Spence's Anec. p. 357. Singer's ed.

Although Pope had expressed himself in some of his letters with great warmth respecting the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, yet it is certain their misunderstanding occasioned no long discontinuance of that friendly intercourse which had so long subsisted between them. In a letter from Pope to Warburton, dated March 24, 1743,* we find him speaking of Mr. Allen with great respect, and expressing his satisfaction that he had been the means of introducing Warburton to his acquaintance. "I only mean to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words soever I make of it. A greater pleasure to me is, that I chanced to make Mr. Allen so, who is not only worth more than—— intrinsically, but *I foresee will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live.* My confidence in any man less truly great than an honest one, is but small." This prediction was completely verified. In the course of a few years Warburton recommended himself so highly to the favour of Mr. Allen, as to enable him to obtain in marriage Mr. Allen's favourite niece, Miss Gertrude Tucker, and eventually to take up his residence at Prior Park. For this he was wholly indebted to the friendship of Pope, as he was also for his introduction to Lord Chesterfield; who on being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was desirous of taking him as his first Chaplain, an offer which Warburton thought proper to decline. After enjoying several

* Vide vol. x. p. 552.

ecclesiastical preferments, he was, in the year 1760, advanced, through Mr. Allen's interest with the minister Mr. Pitt, to the bishopric of Gloucester, which he held to the time of his death.

During a considerable portion of the latter part of his life, Pope had been acquainted with Savage, the unfortunate son of Ann, Countess of Macclesfield, by her adulterous connexion with Lord Rivers; the peculiar circumstances of whose life have furnished one of the most interesting subjects for the pen of Johnson. Their acquaintance seems to have commenced about the time of the publication of the Dunciad, soon after the unhappy occurrence by which Savage had nearly forfeited his life,* and when the relentless persecution of his unnatural mother, combining with his own ill-regulated disposition, indicated but too clearly the consequences that were likely to ensue. Amongst those who endeavoured to preserve him from the dangers with which he was threatened, no one was more earnest than Pope. He abhorred the cruelty with which he had been treated, he pitied the misfortunes which he incurred, and he admired the spirit and independence, if not the

* He was tried on the 7th of Dec. 1727, for the murder of Mr. Sinclair, in a brawl that arose in a tavern, from one of the party overturning a table. The trial lasted eight hours, when two of them were found guilty of murder, and one of manslaughter; the former obtained His Majesty's pardon. Shortly after was published, "The Life of Mr. Richard Savage, who was condemned with Mr. James Gregory, the last sessions at the Old Bailey, for the murder of Mr. James Sinclair, at Robinson's Coffee-house, at Charing Cross, &c. London, 1727."

correctness and polish of his writings, and particularly of his *Wanderer*, in which there are undoubtedly many striking passages. Under these circumstances, Pope not only furnished him with pecuniary aid, and promoted his interests amongst his friends, but employed him occasionally as an amanuensis, and admitted him to some degree of his intimacy and friendship.

It was not long however before the misconduct of Savage compelled Pope to retire from his society; but he did not withdraw his protection and his bounty. After Savage had in vain attempted to obtain the place of Poet Laureat, and had been deprived by the death of Queen Caroline of a pension derived from her generosity, he fell into the most dissolute and idle habits, and for some time passed his days in wandering from one receptacle of misery to another, till all means of subsistence were exhausted. In this emergency a contribution was raised for him by such as yet remained his friends, amongst whom Pope seems to have taken the most active part, for the purpose of enabling him to reside in the country, and of furnishing him with a moderate but sufficient income. The place of his choice was Swansea, but having taken Bristol in his way, he was induced to remain there for a longer time than his finances warranted, and the money collected for his support was dissipated before he arrived at the place of his retreat. In the winter of 1739, Pope paid a visit to Bristol, where Savage then was, but did

not think proper to have an interview with him for reasons assigned in a letter to Mr. Mallet, who it appears had also contributed to the assistance of Savage. From this letter, hitherto unpublished, the following is an extract:*

"*Bath, Dec. 17th*, 1739.

"My ill state of health carried me to Bristol at so severe a season, as made my stay there impracticable. There was Mr. Savage *to be* found; but indeed I could not persuade myself to find him, thinking it would have given him some confusion (as it would have given me) to meet the face, unawares, of a friend with whom he had broken his word. But I wrote to him a very sorrowful letter, which he answered in a higher key than I deserved, and a much harsher than his other friends deserved; however it ended in a promise to go in a few days to Swansey. I replied in sober strain, and laid hold on that circumstance, as the only one upon which I could fix any good to himself. And I have renewed my orders since for prompt payment of my part of the *subscription for his retirement* (for so he calls it) *to his own hands* this Christmas. For he declares against all measures by which any of us pretend to put him into *a state of infancy*, and the care of another."

In consequence of these remonstrances, Savage left Bristol and proceeded to Swansea, whilst Pope still continued to exert himself in procuring assistance for him, and to contribute himself to-

* Communicated by I. D'Israeli, Esq.

wards his support, as is evinced by another hitherto unpublished letter to Mr. Mallet, written from Bath, to which place Pope had retired from Bristol.*

"DEAR SIR, "*Bath, Jan. 25th*, 1740-1.

"I am always sincerely yours, and always glad to hear of you, with or without business. Surely nothing can be said *to*, or I fear done *for* this poor unhappy man, who will not suffer himself to have a friend. But I will immediately send him another ten pound (besides my own, which is paid him) and take what money you can collect in repayment: if more it shall be accounted for to him; if less I will be at the loss. I would not trouble Mr. Lewis nor you further at present; and perhaps if you give it Dodsley, he will take umbrage at that too. I have really taken more pains not to affront him, than if my bread had depended on him. He would be to be forgiven, if it was misfortune only, and not pride, that made him captious. All I can say is, I wish Providence would be kind to him in our stead, but till then he is miserable.

"What I writ to him, you may easily imagine he has mistaken. It could only be, that you was trying to collect for him, or that I would take care it should be sent by Mr. Lewis, or to that purpose."

Having resided at Swansea about a year, Savage became weary of his retirement, and determined to return to London, in the hopes, as he represented it, of succeeding with a tragedy which he

* For this letter I am also indebted to Mr. D'Israeli.

intended to bring on the stage. He therefore again visited Bristol, where notwithstanding the generosity and kindness of many of the inhabitants, his extravagance brought him into circumstances of great difficulty and distress; and he was at length compelled to take up his abode in the common gaol of that city, for a small debt which no one could be found to pay for him.

The disposition of Savage had now become petulant and morose. He had already satirized the inhabitants of Bristol in the most gross and abusive terms; he had offended, by impertinent and insolent letters, all those who had contributed to his support, and he had expressed his dissatisfaction to Pope in such a manner, as to occasion him no little vexation, as sufficiently appears from one of his letters to Savage, dated the 15th Sept. 1742.*

"I am sorry to say there are in your letters so many misunderstandings, that I am weary of repeating what you seem determined not to take rightly.

"I once more tell you that neither I, nor any one who contributed at first to assist you in your retirements, ever desired you should stay out of London, for any other reason than that your debts prevented you from staying in it.

"No man desired to confine you to the country,

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 504.

The letters here cited are given probably from the MSS. by Ruffhead, and have not been published in the works of Pope.

but that the little they contributed might support you better there than in a town.

"It was yourself who chose Swansey for your place; you no sooner objected to it afterwards (when Mr. Mendez* stopped his allowance, upon complaint that you had used him ill) but I endeavoured to add to it, and agreed to send remittances to any other country-place you pleased. Indeed I apprehended Bristol was too great a city to suit a frugal expense. However I sent thither all I could, and now, with as good a will, I add this little more at your desire, which I hope will answer your end you propose of making easy your journey to London.

"I heartily wish you may find every advantage, both in profit and reputation, which you expect from your return and success; not only on the stage, but in every thing you shall commit to the press. The little I could contribute to assist you, should be at your service there, could I be satisfied it would be effectually so; (though intended only while you were obliged to retire). But the contrary opinion prevails so much with the persons I applied to, that it is more than I can obtain of them to continue it. What mortal would take your play, or your business with Lord T. (Tyrawley) out of your hands, if you could come and attend it yourself? It was only in defect of that,

* Probably Moses Mendez, Esq., author of the Chaplet, and of several poems in Dodsley's collection, who joined the rarely united characters of an elegant poet and a rich man.

these offices of the two gentlemen you are so angry at, were offered. What interest but trouble could they have had in it? And what was done more, in relation to the Lord, but trying a method we thought more likely to serve you, than threats and injurious language? You seemed to agree with us at your parting to send some letters, which after all were left in your own hands, to do as you pleased. Since when, neither they nor I ever saw or spoke to him, on yours or any other subject. Indeed I was shocked at your strong declarations of *vengeance* and *violent measures* against him, and am very glad you now protest you meant nothing like what those words imported."

But neither these nor any other remonstrances produced any favourable effect on the conduct and temper of this unhappy man. "He had now," says Johnson, "ceased from corresponding with any of his subscribers *except one*, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very short time enlarged, because he had directed the keeper to inquire after the state of his debts." What could be the motive of Johnson for not informing his readers that this *one subscriber* was Pope?

After Savage had remained in prison six months, he received, as we are told by Johnson,* "from one of his friends, in whose kindness he had the greatest confidence, and on whose assistance

* Life of Savage.

he chiefly depended, a letter that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in such terms as sudden resentment dictated. Henley, in one of his advertisements, had mentioned *Pope's treatment of Savage*. This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was therefore mentioned by him with much resentment." The following letter has been preserved amongst those published by Ruffhead,* and although without a date, is probably that referred to by Johnson, being undoubtedly the last written by Pope to Savage. How far its contents are justly characterized by Johnson, the reader will judge:

"SIR,

"I must be sincere with you, as *our correspondence is now likely to be closed*. Your language is really too high, and, what I am not used to from my superiors, much too extraordinary for me; at least sufficiently so to make me obey your commands, and *never more presume to advise or meddle in your affairs*, but leave your own conduct entirely to your own judgment. It is with concern I find so much misconstruction, joined with so much resentment, in your nature. You still injure some, whom you had known many years as friends, and for whose intentions I could take upon me to answer; but I have no weight with you, and cannot tell how soon *(if you have not already)* you may misconstrue all I can say or do; and as I see, in

* Life of Pope, p. 505.

that case, how unforgiving you are, *I desire to prevent this in time.* You cannot think yet I have injured you or been your enemy, and *I am determined to keep out of your suspicion, by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of your concerns,* further than to wish you heartily success in them all, and will never pretend to serve you, but when both you and I shall agree that I should."

In return to this letter Savage sent a very solemn protestation of his innocence; but before he could receive any reply he was seized with an indisposition, not very violent, but constant, and, growing every day more languid and dejected, he took to his room, where the symptoms becoming more formidable, and his condition not enabling him to procure assistance, he was found dead in the morning of the first of August, (1743) and was buried at the expense of the keeper.*

Such was the conduct of Pope towards a person whom all his other friends seem to have deserted. The behaviour of Savage manifests strong and frequent traits of insanity; and it is a strange reflection of Johnson, "that no wise man will presume to say that had he been in Savage's condition, he should have lived or written better than Savage!"

"As for Mr. Savage's mother," says Ayre, "when the news of his death reached her ears, she expressed such cruel joy, that Mr. Pope gave her *an epithet* when it was retold him, *which decency forbids us to repeat here;* though *she deserved it.*" This

* Ayre's Life of Pope, vol. ii. p. 308.

epithet was probably the same that he applied, in his Imitation of the second Satire of the second book of Horace, to the wife of *Avidien*.

The infirm state of Pope's health naturally led him to form connexions in the latter part of his life with the most eminent medical men of the time, some of which, (besides those with Mead and Cheselden, which have before been noticed) terminated in affection and friendship. Amongst these were Dr. Hartley and Dr. Oliver of Bath; to the latter of whom some letters yet remain, written a short time before his death, and remarkable for a warmth of expression not always discoverable in younger friendships. As none of these letters have hitherto been printed, it may here not be unacceptable to give one of the most interesting.*

" DEAR SIR, *Monday, Aug.* 28, 1743.

" I ought to give you some account of two people you shewed yourself so much interested about, as Mr. Arbuthnot and myself. But to me, and my welfare, you have a double title, as it employed the greater part of your care and concern. The medicine you gave me cannot relieve my breast and stomach more, than the *medicina animæ*, administered in your conversation, did my spirits. It cannot displease you to hear, that is what I now want most; for I found myself mend upon travelling. The air and exercise about Bristol certainly did me good, and I had no sooner put myself into the post-chaise, than I felt an in-

* From the Collection of Mr. Upcott.

crease of spirit that carried me quite to Reading the first day; and I found no ill consequence of lying four or five nights in London, from whence I am but now got home. It was a very melancholy call to that place which hastened me so much, the last sight, (I fear) of a most valuable dying friend, Mr. Bethel, who is now gone to Scarborough, I do not see with what hope, but to lie down among his friends in Yorkshire. I wish you and Dr. Hartley would let Mr. Allen know the impracticability of my calling upon him the only half afternoon that I was at Bath, (after my first intention of coming two days later was altered, which you know to be true, and which I had reason not to doubt Mr. Pyne had told him of). Pray make my compliments to Dr. Hartley, as I shall yours to Dr. Mead. I have had such obligations to the best of your faculty, during my whole life, that I wish all others, both my friends and my enemies, were their patients; in which I show that I wish well to my friends, and not ill to my enemies. That every physical and moral evil may be far from you, is the philosophical prayer of, Dear Sir,

"Your very obliged and very affectionate servant,

"A. POPE."

"*To Dr. Oliver, at Bath.*"

CHAP. X.

1743——1744.

DECLINE of Pope's health—His attention to the correction of his writings—Disturbed by political events—Circumstances that preceded his death and particulars attending it—Lord Bolingbroke after his death accuses him of a breach of trust—Warburton's defence of him—Character of Pope—His personal deformity—How far prejudicial to him—His manners and social qualities—Successful application of his talents—His independence, and its effects—His liberality and humanity—His religious opinions—His dislike to scientific pursuits—His taste for works of art—His filial and social affections—His ruling passion the Love of Fame—Comparison between him and Swift.

CHAP. X.

We now approach a period, in which it is not difficult to perceive that a great change was taking place, as well in the ideas and feelings, as in the health, objects, and exterior circumstances of Pope. Although not, in fact, an old man, yet he had already survived nearly all his most intimate correspondents and friends; and even such as yet remained were separated from him by distance, or incapacitated by disease, so that in this respect he might have considered himself as the *ultimus suorum*. His poetical labours appear also to have been terminated; and the muse, whom he had promised never to forget during life, had withdrawn her smiles from him. Of these alterations he was fully aware, and he appears to have resigned himself to them, not only without complaint, but with grace and cheerfulness. "I have lived," says he, (March 24, 1743,*) "much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my gardens and house, to which, possibly, I shall (if I live) be much more confined." But his principal occupation was the correction and preparation of his writings, so as to render them as deserving as possible of the approbation of posterity. On this account he continued his intimacy with Warburton, whom he

* In a letter to Warburton, vol. x. p. 552.

considered as capable of affording him the most effectual assistance; and when he found himself able to write, his letters were generally addressed either to him or to Mr. Allen, who were now united together in the closest friendship.

That Warburton was not slow in performing the task which Pope had assigned him, is evident from the frequent and earnest acknowledgments to which it gave rise. On the 5th June (1743,*) Pope thus addresses him: "I wish that instead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you some service as often; for I am arrived at an age when I am as sparing of words, as most old men are of money; though I daily find less occasion for any. But I live in the time when benefits are not in the power of an honest man to bestow; nor indeed of an honest man to receive, considered on what terms they are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you; who not only monthly, but weekly, of late, have loaded me with favours of that kind which are most acceptable to veteran authors, those garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not blossoms springing from the dry author." In the same letter Pope desires his friend to revise for him his Essay on Homer; and in several of his other letters, he communicates to him his views respecting the future publication of his works. As his illness in-

* Vide vol. x. p. 554.

creased, his anxiety respecting them seems to have increased also. "My present indisposition," says he, (Jan. 12, 1743-4,*) takes up almost all my hours to render a very few of them supportable, yet I go on softly to prepare the great edition of my things, with your notes; and as fast as I receive any from you, I add others in order." And in a subsequent letter (printed without a date,†) he says: "Whatever very little respites, I have had from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in revising the papers on *The Use of Riches;* which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here. I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one, in a full resignation of my being, to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader; and no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day as your own.‡ This obliges me to con-

* Vide vol. x. p. 557. † Vide vol. x. p. 559.

‡ On this passage Dr. Warton "expresses his hope, that without incurring the censure of *a short-sighted and malevolent critic,* he may venture to say, that our author's *fond expectation* of his commentator's setting his works in the best light, *was extremely*

fess, that I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill; the rather, as every attempt of the physician, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. (Marchmont) and Lord B. (Bolingbroke) sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression, and recovered what I have three months wanted, some degree of expectoration, and some hours together of sleep."

That his friendship with Mr. Allen was continued to the last, appears from several letters giving him an account of the declining state of his health, and proposing plans for their meeting. In one of these,* he says: "I am in no pain. My case is not curable; and must in course of time, as it does not diminish, become painful at first, and then fatal. And what of all this? Without any dis-

ill founded." Did Dr. Warton then imagine that his own endeavours to place Pope in a secondary rank as a poet, and to represent the Essay on Man as *an infidel poem*, were calculated to *set his works in so good a light*, or to *turn their best side so well to the day*, as the labours of Warburton? who has certainly performed with diligence, and not without a considerable share of ability, the task assigned to him.

* Extracted by Ruffhead, from the original furnished by Warburton, in his Life of Pope, p. 472.

temper at all life itself does so, and is itself a pain if continued long enough. So that Providence is equal, even between what seems so wide extremes as health and infirmity." And again, in another letter:* "I am very sure I have not much strength left, nor much life. All it can allow me will be to see you, and (if I can stretch it so far) one friend more abroad. In either of your houses, if I drop, I drop contented—otherwise Twickenham will see the last of me." He still kept up his friendship with Richardson. In a small scrap, written in pencil, and dated 26th March, 1744,† he says: "You had seen me had I been well. Ill news I did not care to tell you, and I have not been abroad this month, not out of my chamber, nor able to see any but nurses. My asthma seems immoveable, but I am something easier. God preserve you. Yours ever,

"A. POPE."

The last moments of the life of Pope were embittered by political events. The alarm of the approach of the Pretender had become general, and a proclamation had been issued, prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. On the 6th March (1744,)‡ Pope writes to Mr. Allen: "I thank you very kindly for yours. I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met; and I could wish it were at

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 472.

† From the original in the collection of Mr. Upcott.

‡ Vide vol. x. p. 518.

Twickenham, though only to see you and Mrs. Allen twice there instead of once. But as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has since obliged me to reside here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I must see you here or no where. Let that be an additional reason for your coming and staying what time you can. The utmost I can do I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognizance) to Battersea, and thence cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you, or so. But to be in town I fear will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation." Pope was however too weak to undertake even this easy journey. In the ensuing month he wrote a few lines to Warburton, who was to have been of the party, (April, 1744): "I am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse as to make my journey thither impracticable; even if there was no proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition, from the Highest of all Powers, I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably choose to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder —— from printing the

comment on the *Use of Riches* too hastily, since what you write me; intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twickenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship."

Of the circumstances immediately preceding the death of Pope, various accounts are given, which are not easily reconcilable to each other. That of Ruffhead, undoubtedly inspected, and probably written, by Warburton, seems to be most intitled to credit, and is therefore principally adhered to on the present occasion.

During the course of his illness, and in his last hours, he behaved with that composure and serenity which seldom fail to attend a pure conscience and an elevated mind.

He seems to have risen superior even to his last infirmities. But two days before he died, he sat in the garden for three hours in a sedan; and took an airing in Bushy Park the very day before he died. He would dine in company, when many under the like circumstances would have languished in bed. One day, being brought to table, he appeared so ill that the company thought him expiring, which occasioned Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, the excellent daughter of an excellent father, to exclaim: "Mercy upon us! this is quite an Egyptian feast!" Lord Bolingbroke, who was likewise

present, seemed to be affected with the deepest concern at his friend's desperate condition.*

Mr. Pope, however, not only beheld his approaching end with magnanimity, but spoke of it with cheerfulness; in adoring the goodness of the Deity, in the flattering hopes he has permitted nature to indulge men, even amidst the sense of the desperateness of their condition. "*A dropsy in the breast, which is my case, I know to be incurable,*" said he one day to the bishop of Gloucester, "*and yet I frequently catch myself in indulging, before I am aware, with this pleasing, delusive hope.*"

Not long before his death, having sent out several of his *Ethic Epistles* as presents to his friends, he pleasantly said: "*I am like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends just as I am dying.*"

He preserved the same temper to the last. On the morning of his death, the physician who attended him observed that his pulse was very good, and took notice of other favourable circumstances. To which our author answered with great calmness: "*Here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms.*"

"Towards the end of his life," says Dr. Johnson, "he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who by large promises and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to

* Spence's Anec. p. 321. Singer's ed.

be a dropsy, but he had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him." This account is in some degree confirmed by a letter from Pope to his friend Mr. Bethel, without a date, but written very shortly before his death, and now first published. This letter is in the hand-writing of a friend, and is, in all probability, the *last* of his correspondence.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I continue ill, and have been the worse for the same northerly winds that have affected you so much. This day they are getting into another quarter, and I hope will continue out of the bad one. I have had the bishop's book as a present, and have read it with a good deal of pleasure; but my own doctors having disagreed with your Yorkshire doctor, Thomson, on the use of waters in a dropsical asthma, I am at present confined only to gum ammoniacs, sal volatile, and senna, in small quantities, and to take comfortable things rather than too much physic. I have severely suffered, but am obliged to your brother† for the wine, which was very good. I long to see you whenever you can come. I am utterly unable to come to you. I am now so weak that I can hardly read; or write at present, but shall as soon as I can. I feel all my friendship for all my friends as strongly as ever, and for you as much as any. Heaven preserve you! A. POPE."

* Communicated by W. J. Bethel, Esq.

† Mr. Slingsby Bethel.

Just before his death he fell into continual slumberings, and yielded his breath so imperceptibly, that the people who attended him could not tell the moment when he expired.

"He died on the thirtieth day of May, 1744, about eleven o'clock at night."*

Many other circumstances respecting his last hours have been preserved, which will be read with peculiar interest.

A short time before his death he said: "I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition."

When Mr. Hooke asked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest;—he said: "I do not suppose that is essential; but it will look right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."†

* Soon after his death a poem was published, intitled, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty-four, by a great poet lately deceased*, being a supposed dialogue between the author and Pope on his death-bed, in which the dissensions that arose amongst his physicians are frequently adverted to.

"Discord's my bane; I fall the prey of fools,
And die by rule, or by neglect of rules.
What matters which? for when the man's once dead,
By leaden bullet, or by leaden head,
The case is one."

This poem ends with two lines that have frequently been quoted:

"Dunces, rejoice, forgive offences past;
T—— the dunce, has done your work at last!"

† Spence's Anec. p. 322. Singer's ed.

Hooke told Warburton that the priest whom he had provided to do the last office to the dying man, came out from him, penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent, resigned, and wrapped up in the love of God and man.

In the morning after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."*

On the sixth of May he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards, as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man. He afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours; and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked, what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.†

In a temporary absence of mind, which occurred a few days before his death, he left his bed at four in the morning, and went into his library, where he was found by a friend who attended him, very busy in writing. He was prevailed on to desist, and the paper was brought to Warburton, who found it to be on the subject of the *Immortality of the Soul*, on a theory of his own, "in which he speaks of those material things which tend to strengthen and support the soul's immortality, and of those

* Ibid. p. 322.

† Johnson's Life of Pope.

which weaken and destroy it. Visions suggested to him by former reflections on his own case."*

It has been said that Martha Blount treated him in his last illness with "shameful unkindness;"† and Johnson relates, that whilst he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who when he came to her, asked: "What, is he not dead yet?" a story scarcely intitled to credit; as it is not probable that whilst Pope was yet capable of sitting in the open air, and enjoying the company of his friends, she would have been so ignorant of his situation, as to ask Lord Marchmont *if he was not yet dead!*

The conduct of Lord Bolingbroke, on the other hand, is said to have been peculiarly kind and affectionate. He sometimes wept over him in his state of helpless decay, and being told by Spence that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind, either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, an-

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope, p. 543.

† Johnson's Life of Pope.

swered, "*It has so*;" and added: "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said: "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than ——" His grief then suppressed his voice.* On the morning of the 21st, he was observed leaning against Mr. Pope's chair, and crying over him a considerable time, with more concern than can be expressed. On another occasion he exclaimed: "O great God! what is man?" looking on Mr. Pope, and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs.†

These demonstrations of friendship and affection on the part of Lord Bolingbroke, however sincere, did not prevent him from attempting, soon after the death of Pope, to injure his memory by an accusation, which, if living, he would have considered as the darkest imputation that could have been brought against him — a breach of friendship and good faith. The circumstances attending this extraordinary transaction, were briefly these: Lord Bolingbroke's political tract of *The Patriot King*, had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might procure the impression of a few copies, to be distributed amongst his Lordship's friends; which was accordingly done; but after the death of Pope, it appeared that a much greater number (amounting, it is said, to 1,500)

* Johnson's Life of Pope.

† Spence's Anec. p. 320. Singer's ed.

had been taken off, and left in the hands of the printer, who, after Pope's death, delivered them up to his Lordship.

This Lord Bolingbroke affected to consider as a most heinous breach of trust, which was formally brought before the public, not in the name of Lord Bolingbroke, but in that of the editor of a volume of his tracts, published in 1749, and now known to be Mallet; in which every effort is made to represent the conduct of Pope in the most unfavourable light.

Such was the effect produced on the public mind by these charges, that Warburton thought it necessary to enter upon a vindication of the character of Pope; which he performed with spirit and effect, in a letter to the editor of Lord Bolingbroke's tracts.* In which he has sufficiently shown that Pope could not possibly have had any motive for his conduct, but his high admiration of Lord Bolingbroke, and particularly of the work in question; which it was doubtless his intention to have obtained, at some seasonable opportunity, his Lordship's permission to publish more generally; and that malice itself could not impute it

* "A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, the Idea of a Patriot King, the State of Parties, &c. Occasioned by the Editor's Advertisement.

"Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?"

Pope to L. B.

Printed in the year 1749, and reprinted at the conclusion of Ruffhead's Life of Pope.

to any sinister intention on the part of Pope; who had not only expended his time in correcting the work, but his money in printing it; without any possibility of deriving from it either *credit* or *advantage*.

The following observation of Warburton must not only have touched his Lordship's feelings, but deeply wounded his literary pride. "Whatever you, Sir, (the editor of Lord Bolingbroke's tracts) may think, his Lordship's glory will never stand brighter with posterity than in the lines of this immortal poet; so that to defile the mirror which holds his Lordship up by a kind of *magic* virtue, to the admiration of all times and places, would indeed show him *more detached from the world and indifferent to censure*, than even you, his apologist, think fit to represent him. It must surely be some *strong necessity* that could induce his Lordship to be thus accessary to his own undoing; that is, undoing the charm which his poetical friend had worked so high."

To this apology of Warburton, an answer was written in *A Letter to the most impudent man living*; and the contest rose to a degree of acrimony, for which the pretended cause will scarcely account. Why indeed should Lord Bolingbroke have been so averse to the printing a greater or less number (for that is the whole question) of one of his favourite pieces, remarkable only for containing a series of political truisms, and so free from any thing liable to animadversion, that it has been ob-

served, its contents might have been proclaimed at Charing-cross?

In fact there is every reason to suppose that the complaint of Lord Bolingbroke was only a pretext, and that the real ground of offence was, that although Pope had by his will left all his manuscript and unpublished papers to his Lordship, yet he had left his property in his printed works to Warburton. Of the former nothing of any value has ever been discovered, whilst the latter must have been highly profitable to the proprietor. So marked a preference of a new acquaintance to an ancient and almost venerated friend, was more than could be with patience borne; and any circumstance that could tend to injure the character of Pope was seized on with avidity, although at the expense of even that fame which the writings of Pope had contributed, more than his own merits, to confer on his Lordship. Miss Blount assured Mr. Spence, that "she could take her oath that the *Patriot King* was printed by Pope out of his excessive esteem for the writer and his abilities;"* which seems to be the only rational mode of accounting for it.

THE personal defects of Pope, and the infirmities of his constitution, have been sufficiently dwelt upon by his biographers, and particularly

* Spence's Anec. p. 358. Singer's ed.

by Johnson. That he was low of stature, slender of frame, and deformed in shape, is well known; yet it does not appear that these defects were such as to debar him from enjoying the pleasures of society, associating with persons of rank, even about court, or paying visits, sometimes on horseback and to a considerable distance, as in his two journeys to Oxford. That there was nothing displeasing, either in his person or behaviour, may be inferred from the earnestness with which his company was courted by the sensible and polite, and the readiness with which he obeyed the call of either business or friendship. "His manners," says Lord Orrery, (speaking of Pope in his life of Swift) "were delicate, easy, and engaging; and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table." The deformity of his shape was probably soon forgotten in the expression of his features. All his portraits bear the character of genius, of penetration, of sensibility, and of elegance. We immediately perceive that they represent no common man, and that they are the indications of the mind that dwelt within. Personal deformity, like almost every other accidental circumstance, is neither advantageous nor disadvantageous, but according as it is sustained; and where one has been rendered miserable by it,

thousands have been ruined by personal accomplishments. The comparison between him and his friend Swift, is in this respect striking. Swift had all the advantages of a fine figure, superior accomplishments, and easy and attractive manners; and, as his biographer informs us,* was on that account, "readily admitted to the intimate society of many of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age." Yet, it is justly observed, that "these enviable talents of pleasing, became, through an unfortunate contingence, the means of embittering, if not of abridging, the life of the possessor." The piety and good sense of Pope taught him not only to counteract the painful consequences that too often arise from striking defects of person, but, perhaps, to turn them to account; and it may justly be doubted, whether he would have been either as great or as good a man, if he had possessed all the advantages of personal figure. That he was far superior to any mortifications to which the ill-judged kindness of his friends, or the malice of his enemies, might accidentally or intentionally expose him on this head, is apparent from the manner in which he always refers to the subject in his writings:

"There are, who to my person pay their court;
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose—and, 'Sir, you have an eye.'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me."

* Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, p. 227.

And in a letter to Mr. Cromwell (June 24th, 1710) he says: "Death has of late been very familiar with some of my size. I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and though I may now, without vanity, esteem myself the least thing of a man in England, yet I cannot but be sorry two heroes of such a make should die inglorious in their beds, when it had been a fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of cranes, or other warlike animals, those ancient enemies to our Pygmean ancestors."

Doubtless the perpetual exertion of that resolution, patience, and self-command, which are necessary to enable a person to treat such an acknowledged misfortune as personal deformity with indifference, and even with pleasantry, must extend its influence to every other part of the character of the individual, and render him more able to bear, with fortitude and with resignation, every other calamity of life.

It is indeed a remarkable circumstance, that a person like Pope, deprived of all the advantages of wealth and connexions, without academical education, and disabled no less by his religion than by his bodily health and imperfections, from all professional pursuits, should, by the mere powers of his own mind, and by the cultivation and proper direction of the faculties with which he was endowed, not only have surmounted those disadvantages, but have raised himself to a degree of rank

and eminence, which enabled him to live in ease and affluence, and to associate on terms of friendship and familiarity with the first nobility of the land. Still more remarkable is it, that this eminence was not obtained by any sacrifice of principle, by any subservience to authority or power, by any disavowal at one period of opinions which he had professed at another, but was the result of a steady and persevering adherence to what he conceived to be the cause of truth and virtue, the defence of which he thought essential to the best interests of the human race. In this respect he set an example, which, at the time it occurred, was of the utmost importance to the honour and prosperity of his country. For a series of years the interests of literature had been neglected, and its professors degraded or despised. Even the conduct and example of Dryden had not tended to raise them to respectability, or to excite a spirit of emulation and independence amongst those who attempted to distinguish themselves in these pursuits. The success of Pope led the way to a better state of things. He stood a living monument of the power of genius; and by the dignity and importance which he gave to the cultivation of those arts and studies which adorn and ennoble human life, probably conferred a greater benefit on mankind, than by all his writings. A new æra was opened in English literature. The slavish and disgraceful connexion of the author and his patron was abandoned to ridicule, and the person to

whom a poem was addressed, instead of looking down on the poet with contempt, or rewarding him with a pitiful remuneration, considered the insertion of his name in the works of Pope, as a passport to immortality.

That independence of character which prevented him from devoting his writings to the purposes of a party, or degrading them by servility and adulation, prevented him also from accepting those offers of pecuniary assistance, either by way of pensions from government or otherwise, which were at different times proposed to him. For such offers, he observed, he was wholly indebted to the Whig ministry. He has himself assured us, that Lord Oxford never made any such proposal to him; although he frequently talked with great kindness to him, and expressed his regret that his religious profession, and his unwillingness to occasion anxiety to his family, prevented his holding a place under government. But both Lord Halifax, and Mr. Craggs, when in power, had voluntarily pressed him to accept of a pension, which in both cases he declined. It is probable also that a similar offer was made to him by Sir Robert Walpole, soon after he had presented the Dunciad to the King and Queen, in the year 1729. Such at least is the inference that may be drawn from one of his letters to Swift, who had on one occasion, without the knowledge of Pope, mentioned the subject to *a certain Lord* (probably

Lord Carteret);—"I was once before displeased with you for complaining to Mr. —— of my not having a pension. I am so again, at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my life, from the time that I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this time, when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole, that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause, as to deserve their money; and therefore *never would have accepted it.* I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left upon his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thoughts of being beholden to him or any other in that way." It must not therefore be regarded as an idle boast when he speaks of himself, in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, as

"Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave."

This is also confirmed by what he observed to Mr. Spence. "If I am a good poet (for in truth I do not know whether I am or not) but if I should be a good poet, there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce be said of any of our good poets; and that is, that I have *never flattered* any man, nor *ever received any thing of any man for my verses.*"* This rejection on the part of Pope, of whatever might be supposed to influence his opinions and his writings, has had the happiest result; and has given to them a charac-

* Spence's Anec. p. 141. Singer's ed.

ter of veracity, impartiality, and dignity, which they could otherwise scarcely have obtained.

But Pope has himself informed us, that our excellences and defects, our virtues and our vices, are separated from each other by such insensible shades, that it is difficult to say

"Where ends the virtue, and begins the vice."

The truth of which was, in one respect, at least, destined to be exemplified in his own conduct. To the lofty idea which he entertained of his own integrity and independence, we must doubtless attribute much of that assumption of superiority, which induced him to treat many of his contemporaries, and particularly those of high rank, with supercilious indifference, acrimonious censure, or marked contempt; so as on many occasions to exceed the bounds of either justice or decency. In no instance was this more conspicuous than in his conduct towards his illustrious contemporary, the Duke of Marlborough, to whom he continued inflexibly hostile during his life, and on whose memory he has, in one of his gravest works, attempted to affix a stigma, which, though not applied to him by name, cannot be misunderstood.* That the Duchess endeavoured to soften his animosity, and conciliate his favour is certain; but although he had never received from her any personal offence,

* *Essay on Man*, book iv. ver. 291, &c. The character of that great man has however been most ably and effectually vindicated in the excellent life of him by Archdeacon Coxe.

he persevered in his hostility, and his character of *Atossa*, however severe, will be taken as her portrait, when her memoirs of her own life are no longer remembered.

Strong indications of this propensity appear also in his correspondence; which unequivocally demonstrate the high opinion he entertained, no less of his moral character, than of his intellectual powers.

In the various quarrels in which he was engaged, he always associated his own cause with the cause of virtue, of truth, and of morality; and whilst resenting a personal, and perhaps a trifling offence, conceived himself to be the champion of the dearest interests of mankind. This idea of himself, not only obscured in some degree his real excellence, but was doubtless the chief cause of the animosity he had to encounter, and the dissensions in which he was so frequently engaged, and which in many cases would have been prevented, and in all would much sooner have terminated, had he possessed a due share of that humility which ought to be inseparable from the consciousness of human imperfection, and which softens the asperities and corrects the pride even of virtue herself.

That the disposition of Pope was however substantially kind and beneficent, is evinced not only by his writings, which inculcate the most unbounded benevolence, but by the general tenor of his conduct through life. The earnestness with which he promoted on all occasions the interests

of his friends, was as remarkable as the animosity he manifested against his opponents, and several of them were indebted to him for the eminent stations which they filled. The correspondence between him and Swift, particularly towards the close, affords many instances of this trait in his character, and we are surprised to find even that severe misanthropist, who professed to hate mankind in the gross, endeavouring, amidst all his own calamities, to promote the interests of the individuals of whom that mass is composed. That Pope constantly devoted a certain portion of his limited income to charitable purposes, has already been shewn, and that he was happy in exciting the benevolence, and distributing the bounty of others, is apparent from his correspondence with Mr. Allen. Nor was he insensible to those feelings which are indeed inseparable from a humane and generous character, and which are founded on a sense of compassion and kindness towards the lower orders of animated being. Of this he gave a decisive proof in an excellent paper in the Guardian, of the 21st May, 1713, in which he has endeavoured to inculcate just notions of the relations that subsist between man and the inferior animals, and to rescue them from those persecutions and cruelties to which they are so frequently and so inconsiderately exposed. "I cannot think it extravagant," says he, "to imagine that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than

for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this." A friend of Pope's having mentioned to him the celebrated Dr. Stephen Hales (whose experiments on living animals can scarcely be justified by any results derived from them), as a very good and worthy man: "Yes," replied Pope, "he is a very good man; only I am sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood.—What, he cuts up rats?—Ay, and dogs too: (with what emphasis and concern he spoke it!) Indeed he commits most of these barbarities with the thought of being of use to man, but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?"*

In his pecuniary concerns, Pope was both liberal and economical; and liberal because he was economical; for otherwise it would have been impossible for him, out of his moderate income, to have performed the acts of charity which he is known to have done. In the investing his moneys at interest, and receiving the proceeds, he was very exact; as abundantly appears from his correspondence with Mr. Slingsby Bethel, a merchant on

* Spence's Anec. p. 203. Singer's ed.

Tower Hill, and brother of his friend, Mr. Bethel,* to whom many original letters of Pope yet remain. Although not strong in his person, he appears to have taken considerable exercise, particularly in his garden; to which as he advanced in years he grew still more attached. On this account he was accustomed occasionally to rise early in the morning, at least so we may be allowed to conjecture from the following note to his friend, Mr. Richardson, now first published:†

"DEAR SIR,

"If yourself and your son can mount this day, and enjoy my groves all to ourselves all this day, and as much of the night as the fine moon now allows, I am wholly yours for this day, and till noon to-morrow. This being the first vacancy I have been able to obtain, I offer it you before courts and crowds and confusion come upon me. Good morrow! "I am truly yours,

"A. POPE."

"*Five o'clock, Wednesday, in the morning.*
29th June, 1737."

Of the state of his affairs as they were found at his death, the most particular account appears in a letter from Mr. George Arbuthnot to Miss Martha Blount; which will be found in the Appendix to the present volume, together with his will.‡

The religion professed by Pope was that of a Roman Catholic, and to this he invariably adhered

* In the Collection of W. I. Bethel, Esq.
† From Mr. Anderdon's Collection.
‡ Appendix, No. IV.

through life. This was the faith which he was on all occasions ready to avow, and for which he was always prepared to make such sacrifices as the circumstances of the times required. He lived therefore under the various disqualifications and inconveniences to which all papists were exposed; paid double taxes, was liable to be called before justices and vestries, and occasionally was prohibited from approaching within a certain distance of the city of London. Whatever might have been the result of his deliberations on this subject, if left to the impartial decision of his own mind, the idea of compulsion naturally gave rise to resistance; and when obstinacy became virtue, conformity would have been meanness. But although he chose to pay so dear for his adherence to a particular sect, it served him for little more than an exterior; and his real opinions were probably as independent as those of any of the professors of the reformed churches. He has himself told us that he was neither Papist nor Protestant, but something between the two:

"Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean."

He was too well acquainted with the genuine doctrines of Christianity, to suppose that all merit consisted in the profession of a particular creed; and he held in abhorrence the uncharitable doctrine, by whatever sect advanced, which pretends to limit within its own pale, the universal goodness of God. These sentiments were strongly expressed by him at different periods of his life, and

have already been the subject of our more particular notice;* nor were they in fact much at variance with the more liberal opinions, which about that period had begun to make their way into the bosom of the church itself; insomuch that Clement XI. is said to have declared in one of his decrees, "that any one who held that grace might not be had out of the pale of the church, *should be* accursed." On which one of the cardinals, who was complimenting his Holiness upon it, said, he could have wished it had run thus: "Whoever holds that persons out of the church *cannot be saved, let him* be accursed." The Pope answered: "That would have been better, if it had been time for it yet, and that it might be hoped to come to that, about a hundred years hence."† The period limited by the good Pontiff is now expired; yet the world still waits for the manifestation of that Christian charity, which would tend more than any other measure to moderate the violence of religious dissensions, and would abrogate a dogma which is as inconsistent with real Christianity, as it is with the spirit of the times, and the true interests of the Catholic church.

In his riper years, Pope used to say that the true use of reading was not to know facts, but to under-

* Vide ante, chap. ii. p. 70; chap. iv. p. 208; chap. v. p. 270, &c.

† On the information of the Chev. Ramsay. Vide Spence's Anec. p. 50. Singer's edition. Clement XI. was Pope from 1711 to 1721.

stand human nature, and therefore recommended the study of history. "I should read," said he, "in a very different manner now, than when I had my early fit of reading, from fourteen to twenty. Then it was merely for the amusement the story afforded me; now it should be with the view of learning how to make myself and others better."*

It is singular that the inquisitive mind and extensive researches of Pope were almost wholly devoted to metaphysical subjects, or moral pursuits, and that he seems not only to have had no predilection for natural knowledge and experimental science, but to have held them in derision and contempt. The play of *Three Hours after Marriage*, in the success of which, at least, he appears to have taken so active a part, is a professed satire on the study of natural history, in the person of Dr. Woodward, the most celebrated collector of his time. The fourth book of the Dunciad abounds with similar sarcasms:

"The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander through a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Poised with a tail, may soar on *Wilkins'* wings."

"O would the sons of men once think their eyes,
And reason given them, but to study flies;
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape;
Learn but to *trifle;* or, *who most observe*,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."

* Ruffhead, Life of Pope, p. 19.

Surely it is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more injurious to the progress of human knowledge, and even to the innocent avocations and pleasures of life, than the inculcation of such sentiments as these. To close up from our observation the wide field which nature has spread for our instruction and amusement is, as far as possible, to deprive mankind of those rational and inexhaustible occupations, which Providence doubtless intended to enlarge the faculties of the human mind, and to furnish an unfailing resource for those hours of leisure, which a well regulated state of society affords, and which might otherwise be occupied by low and degrading pursuits. Nor will it readily be conceived that they who have learned to wonder at their Maker, and to trace him in his works, will not be more inclined to serve him than they who are ignorant of them. In a letter to a friend, written prior to the publication of the fourth book of the Dunciad, Pope says: "An army of virtuosi, medallists, Ciceroni, Royal Society men, schools, universities, even florists, freethinkers, and free-masons, will encompass me with fury; but a good conscience, a bold spirit, a zeal for truth at whatever expense, of whatever pretenders to science, or of all imposition, either literary, moral, or poetical, these animated me, and these will support me." But if Pope could have foreseen the astonishing discoveries and important advantages which have in these days been derived from the prosecution of studies which he seems to have indiscriminately

condemned; could he have conceived that ships would be navigated across the ocean against wind and tide, that human beings would ascend and sail through the middle regions of the air, that cities would be lighted by invisible fluids poured through them in tubes below the streets, with a thousand other astonishing improvements that have in our times been accomplished, he would doubtless have been no less strenuous for the advancement of these pursuits, than he appears to have been for their degradation.

For the productions of taste in painting and sculpture, Pope seems to have had a decided predilection, and even to have aspired to the character of a practical artist; but a proficiency in this study is not to be expected without a greater sacrifice of time than his other avocations would permit, and one or two specimens, and those only copies, are all that are said to remain of his labours. That he was attracted by works of merit, and understood their value, is however apparent not only from various passages in his writings, but from the intimacy which he maintained with the most celebrated painters and chief artists of the time—with Mr. Jervas, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the elder Richardson; of whose works he possessed specimens, and all of whom appear amongst his correspondents and friends. He had also pretensions to some knowledge of the works of the elder masters of Italy, in consequence of which he was applied to by Mr. Allen

for his advice in the purchase of such as he wished to obtain, and his house at Twickenham was adorned with statues and busts, which he considered to be of such value, as to be subjects of bequests to several of his noble friends in his will.

The filial affection of Pope, manifested through a long series of dutiful attention, is universally allowed, and forms one of the finest features of his character; nor was he less distinguished by the warmth and sincerity of his friendships, from which he derived a great portion of the happiness of his life. These attachments appear to have been indiscriminately formed with persons of either sex; a circumstance which has given occasion to charge him with having indulged a licentious passion under the mask of virtue and of friendship. That he was highly gratified by the favour and society of elegant and accomplished women, is indisputable; and that his regard for them was heightened by that indescribable charm, which always attends a disinterested friendship between persons of different sexes, may also be allowed; but further than this he appears to have had no pretensions. He could admire, and he could esteem, but it may be doubted whether he was susceptible of that passion which colours every sentiment, influences every action, and absorbs every other feeling, whenever it has once obtained the ascendency. Of any traits of this kind his works afford few indications. No writer on general subjects has produced so small a number of amatory poems. The Epistle of Eloisa to Abe-

lard is in fact the work of a poet, not of a lover; a description of the feelings of another, not of his own; intended to obtain applause, not a return of passion; the offspring of imagination, not of the heart. It was probably from the result of this characteristic temperament, no less than from his infirm constitution and defective figure, that he seems never to have had an idea of entering into the matrimonial state.

Attempts have, however, been made to impress the public with the idea that the connexion which subsisted for so many years between Pope and Martha Blount, was of a criminal nature. "Many facts," says his last editor, "tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions, nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature so *pure* and *innocent*, as his panegyrist Ruffhead would make us believe. But whatever there might be of criminality in the connexion, it did not take place till the *hey-day* of youth was over; that is, after the death of her brother (1726), when he was *thirty-eight, and she thirty-six*."* On this it may be observed, that if the connexion was not pure and innocent, it was disgraceful and guilty; and that if this was the case, the circumstance so strangely alluded to above, is surely no alleviation of their misconduct.

So far was Pope from entertaining any disho-

* Bowles's observations on the character of Pope in his edition of his works, vol. i. p. 128.

nourable views with respect to Miss Blount, that he was most earnestly desirous to see her placed in a situation suitable to her rank and her merits. This is delicately referred to in several passages in his letters, which have been considered as intentionally mysterious, and concealing some criminal meaning.* The following passage in one of his last letters,† is however too explicit, on this point, to admit of any misrepresentation. "Would to God you would quicken your haste *to settle,* by reflecting what a pleasure it would be to me just *to see it,* and to see you at ease; and then I could contentedly *leave you* to the providence of God in this life, and *resign myself to it in the other.*" How is the misconduct so unjustly imputed to Pope, reconcilable with the following lines, in an Epistle to this lady on her birth-day?

"Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the *gay conscience of a life well spent,*
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
Till death unfelt, that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream or extasy of joy;

* See particularly, letters to Martha and Teresa Blount, No. XLVI. vol. viii. p. 467. No. XLIX. p. 475. No. LI. p. 479, &c. On letter XLIX. in which Pope advises Martha Blount to change her residence, and try to live independent for two or three months, Mr. Bowles observes: "This obscure letter seems to imply a wish that she would *throw off the restraints of her family,* &c. and live with him."

† Vide Letter LX. vol. viii. p. 506.

Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!"

After these explanations we may perhaps be allowed to conclude, that the intimacy which subsisted between Pope and Miss Blount, which has been characterized as "an *indefinite connexion*, a strange mixture of *passion*, *gallantry*, *licentiousness*, and *kindness*;" was nothing more than a sincere and affectionate friendship, begun in early youth, and continuing with a mutual increase of esteem and attachment throughout life. Of all the friends of Pope, she was incomparably the dearest to him. In moments of affliction, she was the first person that occurred to his thoughts, and her happiness was to him a continual object of the most earnest solicitude. She adopted all his connexions and friendships; and was esteemed and treated by all his noble and accomplished visitors and correspondents, as a person of unimpeachable honour, respectable family, and eminent good sense. With several of them, she corresponded on terms of friendship and familiarity; and letters from her to Mrs. Nugent, and Dr. Swift, appear in the collection. Even after the death of Pope, she maintained an intercourse with persons of the highest character, rank, and fashion; with the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Temple, Lady Gerard, Mrs. Price, and others; and it was not till our own days, that an attempt has been made to defame the memory of an elegant and accomplished woman, who passed through life ho-

noured and respected, and who was distinguished by the invariable esteem and friendship of a man, who, in spite of her detractors, has rendered her name as immortal as his own.*

In fact, the thoughts and the desires of Pope were turned towards a very different object. His ruling passion was the love of fame. He has himself described the powerful effects of this feeling in others, under a variety of forms, but of all the instances he has given, there is not a stronger one than himself. This passion which was perceptible even in his infancy, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and it would scarcely be possible to point out a single incident in his life, which does not bear some relation, either immediate or remote, to this pursuit. This is the clue which guides us through all the variations and apparent inconsistencies of his character. To this we may attribute his incessant and laborious exertions, the partiality with which he regarded all those who contributed to extend his celebrity, and his irreconcilable animosity and resentment against those who presumed to ques-

* "Mr. Swinburne, the traveller, who was her relation, informs me that she died in 1762, at her house in Berkely Square, Piccadilly, where he frequently visited her, and much gratified him by promising to leave him all the MSS. she had in her possession; but she died without a will, and the MSS. were never recovered. He tells me she was a little, neat, fair, prim old woman, easy and gay in her manner and conversation, but seemed not to possess any extraordinary talents. Her eldest sister, Teresa, had uncommon wit and abilities." *Warton's Life of Pope*, p. lxv. note.

tion his talents, or depreciate his writings. As he advanced in life, his attention to his works increased; and for some time before his death, he devoted himself almost entirely to their correction and improvement, so that they might go down to future times with every advantage which he could either confer upon, or obtain for them; nor can it be doubted that the idea that he had secured to his name a literary immortality, consoled him in his latest moments, and gave him a foretaste of that fame which has attended his memory. Nor was this strong characteristic confined to his writings. It extended itself to all his other pursuits, occupations, and concerns. In whatever he did, he was ambitious of its being considered as praiseworthy, honourable, and commendable. He invariably insists upon the rectitude of his intentions, and the moral propriety of his conduct; he boasts that his associates and friends were selected only from amongst the wise and good; and whilst he admits the motive by which he is actuated, he refuses to receive the reward of his labours, unless it has been fairly obtained:

"O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

It must however, in justice to Pope, be admitted, that notwithstanding this strong propensity, he never suffered it to carry him so far as to render him inattentive to the main duties and charities of life; of which continual instances may be found in his correspondence; and that he was

aware that there were still greater objects to be attended to in this state of existence, than the building up a poetical reputation, is apparent from many passages in his Epistles and Satires, where he duly appreciates the value of posthumous fame, and recognizes the validity of still higher claims:

> "Have I no friend to serve? no soul to save?"
> Ep. to Arbuthnot, ver. 274.

Thereby marking the proper limits of his own pursuits, and saying to his strongest passion: "*Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.*"

The names of Pope and of Swift have now been united together for a century, as those of two of the most distinguished characters in English literature. The accomplished biographer of Swift has on one occasion instituted a comparison between these two eminent men,* and has, with equal justice and sagacity observed, that "Pope's whole hopes, wishes, and fears, were centered in his literary reputation. To extend his fame he laboured indirectly as well as directly, and to defend it from the slightest taint was his daily and nightly anxiety."

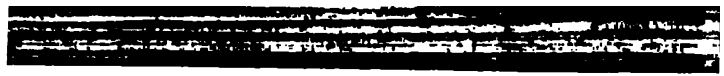
"Swift, on the other hand," he observes, "never assumed, and probably disdained the character of a mere man of letters, whose sufferings or enjoyments depended upon the public reception of his works. His writings he only valued in so far as they accomplished the purpose for which they

* Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift, in Swift's Works, vol. i. p. 316.

were written."—"His feelings were those of a statesman, not of an author, and had been exalted from the cause of a party, to be fixed upon the liberties of his country."

But although this estimate is perfectly correct as far as it extends, it by no means comprises the whole of the subject. Swift, in the prosecution of his views, launched forth into the turbulent ocean of party politics, where notwithstanding his utmost efforts, he could not reach the desired port; and when he found that further struggles were in vain, he turned his powerful talents to degrade and satirize those whom he could not render subservient to his wishes. Pope took a more general, and perhaps a more enlightened view of human nature. His object was not the approbation of a party, or the possession of political power, but the admiration of his own and future ages. All his subjects are of universal comprehension, and universal interest; and whilst Swift thought that he was "engaged in matters of much more momentous importance," Pope well knew for what superstructure he was laying the foundation, and disregarded the works of the passing day, in the contemplation of those which were to last through future times. Nor did he attempt to attain his purpose by the mere powers of eloquence, or the blandishments of style. There is scarcely an object connected with the interests and happiness of society, that has not been subjected to his inquiries, and illustrated by his genius. When we turn to the perusal of Swift,

we observe the workings of an original and vigorous mind, expending itself in objects of a temporary or local nature, or in dark and sombre pictures of the different relations of human life, in which we seldom sympathize, and from which we occasionally turn with disgust. Even his wit and his humour are often of so cynical a kind, as to prevent our indulging ourselves in them, without something like self-reproach at the nature of our own feelings; whilst the writings of Pope, on the other hand, contain an inexhaustible fund of the most magnanimous and generous sentiments, the love of virtue, the delights of friendship, the value of independence, the indispensable duty of submission to the divine will, the blessings derived from human society, and various other topics of the highest importance to our welfare, expressed in language, which, whilst it convinces the judgment, touches the heart, and whilst it never tires on repetition, is calculated, more perhaps than that of any other author, to impress similar ideas and sentiments on the minds of millions yet to come.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Curll's Preface to his First Volume of Pope's Correspondence.

We presume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: however he cannot think our offence so great as theirs, who first separately published what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they serve but to complete, explain, and sometimes set in a true light those others, which it was not in the writer's or our power to recal.

This collection hath been owing to several cabinets: some drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of those to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that sex we are beholden for the whole correspondence with H. C., Esq., which letters being lent her by that gentleman, she took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something curious, and as it may serve for an apology for ourselves.

To Henry Cromwell, Esq.

June 27, 1727.

After so long a silence, as the many and great oppressions I have sighed under has occasioned, one is at a loss how to begin a letter to so kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is as silently) as I could, so when I found myself plunged into unforeseen and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner

buried myself in a dismal place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull, unthinking way, I have protracted a lingering death, (for life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequestered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converse with but the letters of my dead, or absent friends, amongst which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's, in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen, that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the press, I must not say altogether with my consent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The public, viz. all persons of taste and judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an amusement: Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit to publish the solemn, and private professions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by so celebrated an author; and surely Mr. Pope ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been asked, common modesty would have obliged you to refuse, what you would not be displeased with, if done without your knowledge. And besides, to end all dispute, you had been pleased to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleased with them; and every one knows that the person to whom a letter is addressed, has the same right to dispose of it, as he has of goods purchased with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line, that I came honestly by them. I flatter myself, in a few months I shall again be visible to the world, and whenever, through good Providence, that turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged servant, than Sir,

Your faithful, and most humble servant,

E. Thomas.

P. S. A letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her, by Yours, &c.

E. Curll.

To Mr. Pope.

Epsom, July 6, 1727.

When these letters were first printed, I wondered how Curll could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title; since whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar raillery. As soon as I came from Epsom, I heard you had been to see me, and I writ you a short letter from Will's, that I longed to see you. Mr. D——s, about that time, charged me with giving them to a mistress, which I positively denied; not in the least at that time, thinking of it; but some time after, finding in the newspapers letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris, to the same Sappho, or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never seen these letters of Curll's, nor would go to his shop about them; I have not seen this Sappho, alias E. T. these seven years; —— her writing, that I gave her them, to do what she would with them, is straining the point too far: I thought not of it, nor do I think she did then; but severe necessity, which catches hold of a twig, has produced all this, which has lain hid, and forgot by me, so many years. Curll sent me a letter last week, desiring a positive answer about this matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a postscript, in her long romantic letter, to direct my answer to his house, but they not expecting an answer, sent a young man to me, whose name, it seems, is Pattison: I told him I should not write any thing, but I believed it might be so as she writ in her letter. I am extremely concerned, that my former indiscretion in putting them into the hands of this *pretieuse*, should have given you so much disturbance; for the last thing I should do would be to disoblige you, for whom I have ever preserved the greatest esteem, and shall ever be, Sir,

Your faithful friend, and most humble servant,

Henry Cromwell.

To Mr. Pope.

August 1, 1727.

Though I writ my long narrative from Epsom till I was tired, yet was I not satisfied, lest any doubt should rest upon your mind.

I could not make protestations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might send you those letters, as a clear evidence that I was a perfect stranger to all their proceeding. Should I have protested against it after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchase; and as the little exception you have taken, has served him to play his game upon us for these two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value she expresses for all you write, and her passion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at least, from her possession, to the time of printing them, it is manifest, that I had not the least ground to apprehend such a design: but as people in great straits bring forth their hoards of old gold, and most valued jewels, so Sappho had recourse to her hid treasure of letters, and played off, not only yours to me, but all those to herself (as the lady's last stake) into the press. As for me, I hope when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the females, since that great original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undesigning error of

Your faithful friend, and humble servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

Now, should our apology for this publication be as ill received as the lady's seems to have been by the gentlemen concerned, we shall at least have her comfort of being thanked by the rest of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himself any great cause to think it much offence to his modesty, or reflection on his judgment; when we take care to inform the public, that there are few letters of his in this collection which were not written under twenty years of age. On the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more surprised to find, at that early period, so much variety of style, affecting sentiment, and justness of criticism, in pieces which must have been writ in haste, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.

No. II.

A true Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published.

It has been judged, that to clear an affair which seemed at first sight a little mysterious, and which, though it concerned only one gentleman,* is of such a consequence, as justly to alarm every person in the nation, would not only be acceptable as a curiosity, but useful as a warning, and perhaps flagrant enough as an example, to induce the Legislature to prevent, for the future, an enormity so prejudicial to every private subject, and so destructive of society itself.

This will be made so plain by the ensuing papers, that it will scarce be needful to attend them with any reflections, more than what every reader may make.

In the year 1727, Edmund Curll, bookseller, published a collection of several private letters of Mr. Pope to Henry Cromwell, Esq. which he obtained in this manner.

Mr. Cromwell was acquainted with one Mrs. Thomas, to whom he had the indiscretion to lend these letters, and who falling into misfortunes seven years after, sold them to Mr. Curll, without the consent either of Mr. Pope or Mr. Cromwell.† [See the letters in this Appendix, No. I.]

This treatment being extremely disagreeable to Mr. Pope, he was advised to recal any letters which might happen to be preserved by any of his friends, particularly those written to persons deceased, which would be most subject to such an accident. Many of these were returned him.

Some of his friends advised him to print a collection himself, to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to.‡ How-

* Mr. Pope is the son of a trader, and so is Mr. Curll—*par nobile.*

† These letters were a free gift; so that there was not any occasion to ask the consent of either of those parties. Mr. Curll purchased them as justly as Mr. Lintot did the copy of Mr. Pope's Homer, &c.

‡ This is a notorious falsehood, for it will be proved that the books sold by R. S. to Mr. Curll, were printed at Mr. Pope's expense.

ever, as some of the letters served to revive several past scenes of friendship, and others to clear the truth of facts in which he ad been misrepresented by the common scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own letters, as well as of his friends. These, as I have been told, he inserted in two books, some originals, others copies, with a few notes and extracts here and there added. In the same books he caused to be copied some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own, or his correspondents; which, though not finished enough for the public, were such as the partiality of any friend would be sorry to be deprived of.

To this purpose, an amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. Pope, when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford, when they were in town.

It happened soon after, that the Posthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley were published, in such a manner, as could no way increase the reputation of that gentleman, who had been Mr. Pope's first correspondent and friend; and several of these letters so fully shewed the state of that case, that it was thought but a justice to Mr. Wycherley's memory to print a few, to discredit that imposition. These were accordingly transcribed for the press from the Manuscript-books above mentioned.

They were no sooner printed but Edmund Curll looked on these too as his property; for a copy is extant, which he corrected in order for another impression, interlined, and added marginal notes too, in his own hand.*

He then advertised a-new the letters to Mr. Cromwell, with Additions, and promised encouragement to all persons who should send him more.†

This is a practice frequent with booksellers, to swell an author's works, in which they have some property, with any trash that can be got from any hand; or where they have no such works, to procure some. Curll has in the same manner since ad-

* This is another falsehood, Mr. Curll only gave a copy of this pamphlet to R. S. to shew P. T. that he had reprinted those letters which came out in 1728, and corrected the Errata therein.

† Falsehood the third. Mr. Curll defies any man living to produce any such advertisement.

vertised the letters of Mr. Prior and Mr. Addison. A practice highly deserving some check from the legislature; since every such advertisement is really a watch-word to every scoundrel* in the nation, and to every domestic of a family, to get a penny by producing any scrap of a man's writing, (of what nature soever) or by picking his master's pocket of letters and papers.

A most flagrant instance of this kind was the advertisement of an intended book, called *Gulliveriana Secunda*; where it was promised, "that any thing, which any body should send as Mr. Pope's, or Dr. Swift's, should be printed and inserted as theirs."

By these honest means, Mr. Curll went on increasing his collection;† and finding (as will be seen hereafter) a farther prospect of doing so, he retarded his edition of Mr. Cromwell's letters till the 22d of March, 1734-5, and then sent Mr. Pope the following letter, the first he ever received from him.‡

Sir,

To convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the inclosed is a demonstration. You have, as he says, disobliged a gentleman, the initial letters of whose name are P. T. I have some other papers in the same hand relating to your family, which I will show you if you desire a sight of them. Your letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of print, and I intend to print them very beautifully in an octavo volume. I have more to say than is proper to write, and if you will give me a meeting, I will wait on you with pleasure, and close all differences betwixt you and your's,

Ross-street, 22nd March, 1735. E. Curll.

P. S. I expect the civility of an answer or message.

The inclosed were two scraps of paper, supposed to be P. T.'s (a feigned hand) the first containing this advertisement:

"Letters of Alexander Pope, Esq. and several eminent hands. From the year 1705 to 1727. Containing a Critical, Philo-

* None can be more a scoundrel than the writer of this narrative, as the many falsehoods detected in it will prove.

† Stupid impertinence! what has Mr. Curll to do with Dean Smedley's book called Gulliveriana? or with the conduct of any other person? nor was Mr. Curll any ways concerned in printing Gulliveriana.

‡ A greater favour than Mr. Pope deserved at his hands.

logical, and Historical Correspondence between him and Henry Cromwell, Esq.; William Wycherley, Esq.; William Walsh, Esq.; William Congreve, Esq.; Sir William Trumbull; Sir Richard Steele; E. O——; Mr. Addison; Mr. Craggs; Mr. Gay; Dean Swift, &c. with several Letters to Ladies; to the number of two hundred. N. B. The Originals will be shown at E. Curll's when the book is published."

The other paper was a scrap of some letter in the same hand, which expressed "a dissatisfaction at Curll for not having printed his advertisement."——What more cannot be seen, for the rest is cut off close to the writing.

Mr. Pope's friends imagined that the whole design of E. Curll was to get him but to look on the edition of Cromwell's Letters, and so to print it as revised by Mr. Pope,* in the same manner as he sent an obscene book to a Reverend Bishop, and then advertised it as corrected and revised by him.† Or if there was any such proposal from P. T., Curll would not fail to embrace it, perhaps pay for the copy with the very money he might draw from Mr. P. to suppress it, and say P. T. had kept another copy. He

* Doubtless that was Mr. Curll's intent, or he need not have acquainted Mr. Pope with his design of printing a new edition.

† Falsehood the fourth. One hundred guineas shall be paid to this narrative-writer if he can produce any such advertisement of Mr. Curll's. This is founded on a merry story, and the fact as follows, viz.

Mr. Henry Hoare, eldest son of Sir Richard Hoare, came to Mr. Curll and told him, that Dr. Robinson, then Bishop of London, heard he was concerned in printing an edition of the Earl of Rochester's poems. Mr. Curll told Mr. Hoare that he was, among other booksellers and printers, viz. Mr. Darby in Bartholomew Close, Mr. Bettesworth in Paternoster Row, Mr. Rivington in St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. Pemberton in Fleet Street, &c. concerned in an edition of that nobleman's works. But likewise told Mr. Hoare, that he would get a book interleaved for my Lord Bishop, and whatever his Lordship saw amiss, if he would be pleased to strike out any lines or poems therein, such leaves should be reprinted, and rendered conformable to his Lordship's opinion. Away goes Mr. Hoare, overjoyed with this message from Mr. Curll, with a tender of his duty to the bishop, and opens his credentials; upon hearing which the bishop smiled, and made the following reply to Mr. Hoare: Sir, I am told that Mr. Curll is a shrewd man, and should I revise the book you have brought me, he would publish it as approved by me. This no doubt Mr. Curll might justly have done, for whatever is not condemned is approved; a standing maxim this, in civil, canon, and common law.

therefore answered the only way he thought it safe to correspond with him, by a public advertisement in the Daily Post-boy, Daily Journal, and Grub-street Journal.

E. Curll returned an impertinent answer* in the same paper the next day, denying that he endeavoured to correspond with Mr. P., and affirming that he wrote by direction, but declaring that he would instantly print the said collection. In a few days more he published the advertisement of the book as above, with this addition, "E. C., as before in the like case, will be faithful."

He now talked of it everywhere; said "that P. T. was a lord,† or a person of consequence, who printed the book at a great expense, and sought no profit, but revenge on Mr. Pope, who had offended him:" particularly, "that some of the letters would be such as both church and state would take notice of; but that P. T. would by no means be known in it, that he never would once be seen by him, but treated in a very secret manner." He told some persons that sifted him in this affair, "that he had conversed only with his agent, a clergyman of the name of Smith, who came, as he said, from Southwark." With this person it was that Curll transacted the affair, who before all the letters of the book were delivered to Curll, insisted on the letters of P. T. being returned him, to secure him from all possibility of a discovery, as appears from a following letter.

Mr. Pope, on hearing of this Smith, and finding when the book came out that several of the letters could only have come from the manuscript book before-mentioned, published this advertisement.

"WHEREAS a person who signs himself P. T., and another who writes himself R. Smith, and passes for a clergyman, have transacted for some time past with Edmund Curll, and have in combination printed the private letters of Mr. Pope and his correspondents, (some of which could only be procured from his own library, or that of a noble lord, and which have given a pretence to the publishing others as his which are not so, as well as interpolating those which are): This is to advertise, that if either of the said persons will discover the whole of this affair, he shall re-

* It was universally allowed to be a very pertinent one.

† This is false: E. P. is a nobleman, P. T. is a scrub.

ceive a reward of Twenty Guineas; or if he can prove he hath acted by* direction of any other, and of what person, he shall receive double that sum."

Whether this advertisement, or the future quarrel of Curll and Smith about profits produced what followed, we cannot say, but in a few days the ensuing papers, being the whole† correspondence of P. T. and Edmund Curll, were sent to the publisher T. Cooper, which we shall here lay before the reader.

There appear but two letters from P. T., till one of April the 4th, which must be in 1735, as it relates plainly to Mr. Pope's advertisement in answer to Curll's letter to him of March 22nd.

I. *April* 4.

I SAW an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser, which I take to relate to me. I did not expect you of all men would have betrayed me to 'Squire Pope; but you and he both shall soon be convinced it was no forgery. For since you would not comply with my proposal to advertise, I have printed them at my own expense, being advised that I could safely do so. I would still give you the preference if you will pay the paper and print, and allow me handsomely for the copy. But I shall not trust you to meet and converse upon it (after the suspicion I have of your dealings with Master P.) unless I see my advertisement of the book printed first, within these four or five days. If you are afraid of Mr. P., and dare not set your name to it, as I proposed at first, I do not insist thereupon, so I be but concealed. By this I shall determine, and if you will not, another will. It makes a five shilling book. I am Your Servant,

P. T.

II.

Sir,

I SHOULD not deal thus cautiously, or in the dark with you, but that it is plain from your own advertisement, that you have been treating with Mr. Pope.

* For Curll had said in his advertisement, that he wrote to Mr. P. by direction, and another of his drawing up of Mr. Pope's life, began thus, By direction. N. B. This was true, E. Curll.

† False. It is not half; see the Initial Correspondence hereto subjoined.

III.

I STILL give you, Sir, the preference. If you will give me 3*l.* a score for 650 (each book containing 330 pages 8vo.) and pay down 75*l.* of the same, the whole impression shall be yours; and there are letters enough remaining (if you require) to make another 30 sheets 8vo. a five shillings book. You need only answer thus in the Daily Post, or Advertiser, in four days—[E. C. will meet P. T. at the Rose Tavern, by the play-house, at seven in the evening, April 22nd.] and one will come and show you the sheets.

MR. CURLL'S ANSWERS.

Sir, *April* 29, 1735.

I HAVE not ever met with any thing more inconsistent than the several proposals of your letters. The first bearing date Oct. 11, 1733, gives some particulars of Mr. Pope's life, which I shall shortly make a public use of, in his life now going to the press.

The second of your letters of Nov. 15, 1733, informs me, that if I would publish an advertisement of a collection of Mr. Pope's letters in your custody, the originals should be forthwith sent me, and for which you would expect no more than what would pay for a transcript of them.

In your third letter of the fourth instant you groundlessly imagine I have attempted to betray you to Mr. Pope; say, you have printed these letters yourself, and now want to be handsomely allowed for the copy, viz. 3*l.* a score, which is 2*l.* more than they cost printing; appoint a meeting at the Rose on the 22nd instant, where I was to see the sheets, dealing thus, as you truly call it, in the dark.

April 21, you put off this meeting, fearing a surprise from Mr. Pope. How should he know of this appointment unless you gave him notice? I fear no such besettings either of him or his agents. That the paying of seventy-five pounds would bring you to Town in a fortnight, would I be so silly as to declare it. By your last letter of last night, a gentleman is to be at my door at eight this evening, who has full commission from you.

You want seventy-five pounds for a person you would serve; that sum I can easily pay, if I think the purchase would be of any

service to me. But in one word, Sir, I am engaged all this evening, and shall not give myself any further trouble about such jealous, groundless, and dark negociations. An honourable and open dealing is what I have been always used to, and if you will come into such a method, I will meet you any where, or shall be glad to see you at my own house, otherwise apply to whom you please. Yours, E. C.

For P. T., or the gentleman who comes from him at eight this evening.

This appears to be the first time Curll had any personal conference with R. Smith the clergyman.

To the Rev. Mr. * * * (Smythe).

Sir,

I am ready to discharge the expense of paper, print, and copy-money, and make the copy my own, if we agree. But if I am to be your agent, then I insist to be solely so, and will punctually pay every week for what I sell, to you.

Answer to P. T.'s of May 3.

Sir,

You shall, as all I have ever had any dealings with have, find a just and honourable treatment from me. But consider, Sir, as the public by your means entirely have been led into an initial correspondence betwixt E. C. and P. T., and betwixt A. P. and E. C., the secret is still as recondite as that of the free-masons. P. T. are not, I dare say, the true initials of your name; or if they were, Mr. Pope has publicly declared that he knows no such person as P. T.; how then can any thing you have communicated to me, discover you, or expose you to his resentment?

I have had letters from another correspondent, who subscribes himself E. P., which I shall print as vouchers in Mr. Pope's life, as well as those from P. T., which as I take it, were all sent me for that purpose, or why were they sent at all?

Your friend was with me on Wednesday last, but I had not your last till this morning, Saturday, 3rd May. I am, Sir,

Yours, E. C.

P. S. What you say appears by my advertisement in relation to Mr. Pope, I faithfully told your friend the clergyman. I wrote to Mr. Pope, to acquaint him that I was going to print a new edition of his letters to Mr. Cromwell, and offered him the revisal of the sheets, hoping likewise that it was now time to close all resentments, which, on honourable terms, I was ready to do. I told him likewise I had a large collection of others of his letters, which, from your two years' silence on that head, I thought was neither unjust nor dishonourable.

I CANNOT send the letters* now, because I have them not all by me, but either this evening or to-morrow, you shall not fail of them, for some of them are in a scrutoire of mine out of Town, and I have sent a messenger for them, who will return about three or four this afternoon. Be not uneasy, I never break my word, and as honourable and just treatment shall be shown by me, I shall expect the same return.

The estimate and letters you shall have together, but I desire the bearer may bring me fifty more books. Pray come to night if you can. I am faithfully yours,

For the Rev. Mr. Smythe. E. CURLL.

(Half an hour past ten.)

Curll was now so elated with his success, the books in his hands, and as he thought, the men too, that he raised the style of his advertisement, which he published on the 12th of May, in these words, in the Daily Post-boy.

THIS day are published, and most beautifully printed, price five shillings, Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years; from 1704 to 1734. Being a collection of letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C., General * * * *, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq., Honourable Edward Blount, Esq., Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jarvas, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnelle, &c. Also letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many

* P. T.'s letters to Curll.

other ladies. With the respective answers of each correspondent. Printed for E. Curll, in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, and sold by all booksellers. N. B. The original manuscripts (of which affidavit is made) may be seen at Mr. Curll's house by all who desire it.

And immediately after he writes thus to Smith.

Sir, *May* 12, 1735.

Your letter, written at two afternoon on Saturday, I did not receive till past ten at night. The title will be done to-day, and according to your promise, I fully depend on the books and MSS. to-morrow. I hope you have seen the Post-boy, and* approve the manner of the advertisement. I shall think every hour a long period of time till I have more books, and see you, being, Sir,

Sincerely yours,

For the Rev. Mr. Smythe. E. Curll.

But the tables now begin to turn. It happened that the bookseller's bill (for so it was properly called, though intituled, An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning) came on this day in the House of Lords. Some of their lordships having seen an advertisement of so strange a nature, thought it very unfitting such a bill should pass without a clause to prevent such an enormous licence for the future. The Earl of J——y having read it to the House, observed further, that as it pretended to publish several letters to lords, with the respective answers of each correspondent, it was a breach of privilege, and contrary to a standing order of the House. Whereupon it was ordered that the gentleman-usher of the black rod do forthwith seize the impression of the said book, and that the said E. Curll, with J. Wilford, for whom the Daily Post-boy is printed, do attend the House to-morrow. And it was also ordered that the bill for the better encouragement of learning be read a second time on this day seven-night. By this incident the bookseller's bill was thrown out.†

* By this it appears, it was of Curll's own drawing up, which he denied before the Lords. This is false. Mr. Curll told the Lords he copied the advertisement, and returned the original. This R. S. knows to be true.

† This is likewise a flagrant falsehood.

May 13, 1725.

"The order made yesterday upon complaint of an advertisement in the Post-boy, of the publication of a book intituled Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty years past, being read, Mr. Wilford the publisher, and Mr. E. Curll, were severally called in and examined, and being withdrawn,

"Ordered, That the matter of the said complaint be referred to a committee to meet to-morrow, and that E. Curll do attend the said committee. And that the black rod do attend with some of the said books."

May 14. P. T. writes to Curll on the unexpected incident of the Lords, to instruct him in his answers to their examination, and with the utmost care to conceal himself, to this effect:

That he congratulates him on his victory over the Lords, the Pope, and the Devil; that the Lords could not touch a hair of his head, if he continued to behave boldly; that it would have a better air* in him to own the printing as well as the publishing, since he was no more punishable for one than for the other; that he should answer nothing more to their interrogatories, than that he received the letters from different hands; that some of them he bought, others were given him, and that some of the originals he had, and the rest he should shortly have. P. T. tells him further, That he shall soon take off the mask he complains of; that he is not a man of quality (as he imagined) but one conversant with such, and was concerned particularly with a noble friend of Mr. Pope, in preparing for the press the letters of Mr. Wycherley; that he caused a number over and above to be printed, having from that time conceived the thought of publishing a volume of P.'s letters, which he went on with, and ordered as nearly as possible, to resemble that impression. But this was only *in ordine ad*, to another more material volume of his correspondence with bishop Atterbury, and the late Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke. And he confesses he made some alterations in these letters, with a view to those, which Mr. Curll shall certainly have if he behaves as he directs, and every way conceals P. T.

* Mr. Curll was resolved not to put on that air of lying P. T. advised, but told the Lords strict truth; which occasioned the breach, not quarrel, between them.

We have not this original letter, but we hope Mr. Curll will print it;* if not, it can only be for this reason, that it preceded their quarrel but one day;† it proves the letters of Bishop Atterbury, Lord Bolingbroke, &c., cannot be in Curll's hands, though he has pretended to advertise them.‡

The next day Curll answers him thus:

FOR THE REV. MR. SMYTHE.

Dear Sir, *Thursday 9 mane, 15th May*, 1735.

I AM just again going to the Lords to finish Pope. I desire you to send me the sheets to perfect the first fifty books, and likewise the remaining three hundred books, and pray be at the Standard tavern this evening, and I will pay you twenty pounds more. My defence is right, I only told the Lords I did not know from whence the books came, and that my wife received them. This was strict truth, and prevented all further inquiry. The Lords declared they had been made Pope's tool. I put myself upon this single point, and insisted, as there was not any peer's letter in the book, I had not been guilty of any breach of privilege. Lord Delawar will be in the chair by ten this morning, and the house will be up before three. I depend that the books and the imperfections will be sent, and believe of P. T. what I hope he believes of me.

The book was this day produced, and it appearing that contrary to the advertisement,§ there were no letters of lords contained in it, and consequently not falling under the order of the House, the books were re-delivered.

At the same time Curll produced and showed to several of the Lords the foregoing letter of P. T.,‖ which seems extraordinary, unless they had begun to quarrel about profits before that day.

* Which he has done in the Initial Correspondence, with several others.

† Mr. Curll knows of no quarrel, but much roguery.

‡ Bishop Atterbury's letters, &c, are in Mr. Curll's hands, which he is ready to produce.

§ False. The advertisement did not say there were any Peers' letters in the book.

‖ False again. Mr. Curll showed the letter at large, not the extract herein recited.

But after it, it is evident from the next letter, that they had an information of his willingness to betray them, and so get the whole impression to himself.*

To the Rev. Mr. Smythe.

Rose-street, past three, *Friday*, 16 *May*, 1735.

Sir,

1. I am falsely accused. 2. I value not any man's change of temper; I will never change my veracity for falsehood, in owning a fact of which I am innocent. 3. I did not own the books came from across the water, nor ever named you; all I said was, that the books came by water. 4. When the books were seized I sent my son to convey a letter to you, and as you told me every body knew you in Southwark, I bid him make a strict inquiry, as I am sure you would have done in such an exigency. 5. Sir, I have acted justly in this affair, and that is what I shall always think wisely. 6. I will be kept no longer in the dark: P. T. is Will o' the Wisp; all the books I have had are imperfect; the first fifty had no titles nor prefaces, the last five bundles seized by the Lords contained but thirty-eight in each bundle, which amounts to one hundred and ninety, and fifty, is in all but two hundred and forty books. 7. As to the loss of a future copy, I despise it, nor will I be concerned with any more such dark suspicious dealers. But now, Sir, I will tell you what I will do; when I have the books perfected which I have already received, and the rest of the impression, I will pay you for them. But what do you call this usage? First take a note for a month, and then want it to be changed for one of Sir Richard Hoare's.——My note is as good, for any sum I give it, as the Bank, and shall be as punctually paid. I always say, gold is better than paper, and 20*l.* I will pay if the books are perfect to-morrow morning, and the rest sent; or to-night is the same thing to me. But if this dark converse goes on, I will instantly reprint the whole book, and as a supplement to it, all the letters of P. T. ever sent me, of which I have exact copies; together with all your originals, and give them in upon

* This is false; R. S. having before contracted with Mr. Curll for 600 books, and given him a receipt for 300, but delivered only 240, and those all imperfect,

oath to my Lord Chancellor. You talk of trust; P. T. has not reposed any in me, for he has my money and notes for imperfect books. Let me see, Sir, either P. T. or yourself, or you will find the Scots proverb verified:

Nemo me impune lacessit.

Your abused humble servant,

E. CURLL.

P. S. Lord O—— and Lord Delawar, I attend this day. I will sup with you to-night. Where Pope has one Lord, I have twenty.*

Mr. Curll just after, in the London Daily Post, or General Advertiser, printed an advertisement that he would publish all the letters sent him by E. P., P. T., and R. S.

To which in two days his correspondents returned the following answer:

To manifest to the world the insolence of E. Curll, we hereby declare that neither P. T. and much less R. S. his agent, ever did give, or could pretend to give any title whatever in Mr. Pope's letters to the said E. Curll, and he is hereby challenged to produce any pretence to the copy whatsoever. We helped the said E. Curll to the letters, and joined with him, on condition he should pay a certain sum for the books as he sold them; accordingly the said E. Curll received two hundred and fifty books, which he sold (perfect and imperfect) at five shillings each, and for all which he never paid more than ten guineas, and gave notes for the rest, which proved not negotiable. Besides which, P. T. was persuaded by R. S., at the instigation of E. Curll, to pay the expense of the whole impression, viz. 75*l.*, no part whereof was re-paid by the said Curll. Therefore every bookseller will be indemnified every way from any possible prosecution or molestation of the said E. Curll: and whereas the said E. Curll threatens to publish our correspondence, and as much as in him lies, to betray his benefactors, we shall also publish his letters to us, which will open a scene of baseness and

* This P.S., as Cooper printed it, contradicts itself. Mr. Curll called at Lord Delawar's house, and found him and Lord Cowper gone to Holland. And that evening Mr. Curll had the honour to spend with Lord Haversham. As to Lords, Mr. Curll might have double his number.

foul dealing, that will sufficiently show to mankind his character and conduct.* P. T.

May 23, 1735. R. S.

The effects of this quarrel has been the putting into our hands all the correspondence above; which having given the reader to make what reflections he pleases on, we have nothing to add but our hearty wishes, (in which we doubt not every honest man will concur) that the next sessions, when the Booksellers' Bill shall again be brought in, the legislature will be pleased not to extend the privileges, without at the same time restraining the licence of booksellers. Since in a case so notorious as the printing a gentleman's private letters, most eminent,† both printers and booksel-

* To this Mr. Curll replied in the Daily Post-boy of May 27, viz.—Gentlemen, the scurrility of your advertisement I despise; falsehood under your own hands I shall here prove upon you; and as to your scandal in affirming that my notes proved not negotiable, I will take proper measures. It is declared, that neither P. T., much less R. S. his agent, ever did give, or could pretend to give, any title whatever in Mr. Pope's letters to Mr. Curll, and he is challenged to produce any pretence to the copy whatsoever. P. T., in his first letter to Mr. Curll, writes thus: To show you my sincerity and determinate resolution, these letters shall be sent you, they will make a four or five shilling book; yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in your hands to vouch the truth of them. Yours, P. T. P. S. I would have you add to them what you formerly printed of those to Mr. Cromwell. In a letter from R. S. to Mr. Curll, he thus writes: Sir, my cousin (P. T.) desires you will get 600 of the titles printed with all expedition; and assures you, that no man whatsoever shall vend a book but yourself, for you shall have the whole impression to be sure. I shall leave it to your generosity to consider me for the copy. I am, your friend and servant, R. S. On Monday the 12th instant, Mr. Curll published these letters, though he had but 50 books, and those wanting titles and prefaces: but the same day at noon R. S. sent for Mr. Curll to the Standard tavern, in Leicester-fields, where Mr. Curll paid him 30*l.* (in cash 10*l.*, by a negotiable note, payable in a month, 15*l.*, and a conditional note for 5*l.*) for which R. S. gave a receipt to Mr. Curll in full for 300 books, delivering them by two porters five bundles of 38 books in each, making 190, which he said came by water, and they were sent to Mr. Curll's house, and his wife received them in his absence. Mr. Curll having had in all but 240 books, though a receipt given for 300, and the last 190 all delivered imperfect. I therefore desire to know if this does not open a scene of baseness and foul dealing, that sufficiently shew to mankind the characters and conduct of P. T. and R. S.? I shall say no more till I publish the whole of their transactions upon oath. E. Curll.

† Mr. Pope is no more a gentleman than Mr. Curll, nor more eminent as a poet, than he as a bookseller.

lers conspired to assist the piracy,* both in printing and vending the same.

P. S. We are informed, that notwithstanding the pretences of Edmund Curll,† the original letters of Mr. Pope, with the post-marks upon them, remain still in the books from whence they were copied, and that so many omissions and interpolations have been made in this publication, as to render it impossible for Mr. P. to own them in the condition they appear.‡

No. III.

The Initial Correspondence; or Anecdotes of the Life and Family of Mr. Pope.

" Who can shame P—? break all his cobwebs through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing threads anew:
Destroy his lies, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Throned in the centre of his base designs;
Proud of extending his vain-glorious lines."

EPIST. TO ARB.

" His own example strengthens all his laws,
He is that petulant, poor wretch he draws."

ESS. ON CRIT.

IT is a very just observation made by a late impartial biographer,§ that those persons who have been most industrious in handing down to posterity the memorials of other men, have generally had the misfortune to be neglected themselves. Unwilling that so hard a fate should befal a man who so little deserves it, I was glad to embrace any opportunity rather than trust a thing of

* T. Cooper's edition is the pirated one, and which all honest booksellers and the public have agreed to discourage.

† Mr. Curll never pretended to have any more letters of Mr. Pope's than he produced to the Lords in committee.

‡ Mr. Pope well knows that these letters now appear as he directed them to be printed; which will hereafter be made more fully appear.

§ The author of some anecdotes of the Life of Mr. Thomas Hearne of Edmund Hall, Oxon.

such consequence to hereafter; and I have this satisfaction (how uncommon soever it may be thought to give an account of a man in his lifetime) that I have preserved some memorials of an indefatigable gentleman now living, which an able pen may improve greatly to his honour, when dead.

With this view then I shall begin my labour with the account Mr. Pope has given us of himself; and proceed to other authorities to which I shall all along refer. E. CURLL.

Mr. Alexander Pope was born in Cheapside, London, on the 8th day of June, in the year 1688; so that one week produced both Pope and the Pretender. Memorable era!

His parents being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, educated him by a private tutor, of whom he learned Latin and Greek at one and the same time.

He passed through some seminaries with little improvement till twelve years of age, after which he perfected his studies by his own industry.*

So early a propensity had he to the Muses, that among several other pretty poetical productions, he sent his friend Mr. Cromwell *An Ode on Solitude*, written when he was not twelve years old.† And before this time, he had severely satirized his schoolmaster, as appears from the following original letter, viz.

To MR. CURLL.

SIR, *March* 27, 1733.

In pursuance to your advertisement desiring such accounts of Mr. Pope as his deserts demand, I send you these Anecdotes, the truth of which I can testify, (and will, if called upon,) as having been his schoolfellow myself at the time.

The fact is very remarkable, as it is a proof of that natural spleen which constitutes his temperament, and from which he has never deviated in the whole course of his life.

The last school he was put to, before the twelfth year of his age, was in Devonshire Street, near Bloomsbury; there I also was,

* See Jacob's Lives of the Poets, 8vo. p. 145.

† See his letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq.

and the late Duke of Norfolk, at the same time. It was kept by one Bromley, a Popish renegado, who had been a parson, and was one of King James's converts in Oxford, some years after that prince's abdication;* he kept a little seminary, till upon an advantageous offer made him, he went a travelling tutor to the present Lord Gage.

Mr. Alexander Pope, before he had been four months at this school (or was able to construe Tully's offices) employed his muse in satirizing his master. It was a libel of at least one hundred verses, which a fellow-student having given information of, was found in his pocket, and the young satirist was soundly whipped, and kept a prisoner to his room for seven days; whereupon his father fetched him away, and I have been told he never went to school more.

How much past correction has wrought upon him, the world is judge; and how much present correction might, may be collected from this sample. I thought it a curious fact, and therefore it is at your service, as one of the ornaments of this excellent person's life. Yours, &c. E. P.

MR. CURLL, *Thursday, Oct.* 11, 1733.

Understanding you propose to write the life of Mr. Pope, this is only to inform you I can send you divers memoirs which may be serviceable, if your design be really to do him neither injustice nor shew him favour.

I was well acquainted with his father, and with the first part of his own life, though since he hath treated me as a stranger.

It is certain some late pamphlets are not fair in respect to his father. He was of the younger branch of a family in good repute in Ireland, and related to the Lord Downe, formerly of the same name. He was, as he hath told me himself, (and he was very different from his son, a modest and plain honest man,) a posthumous son, and left little provided for, his elder brother having what small estate there was, who afterwards studied and died at

* His name was William Bromley, son of Henry Bromley, of Holt in Worcestershire, Esq. He was entered a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church College, Oxon. 1673. [See Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 1063. edit. ult.]

Oxford. He was put to a merchant in Flanders, and acquired a moderate fortune by merchandize, which he quitted at the Revolution, in very good circumstances, and retired to Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small estate, and took great delight in husbandry and gardens. His mother was one of the seventeen children of William Turnor, Esq. formerly of Burfit Hall in the * * * Riding of Yorkshire. Two of her brothers were killed in the civil wars.

This is a true account of Mr. Pope's family and parentage:* of his manners I cannot give so good a one: yet as I would not wrong any man, both ought to be true; and if such be your design, I may serve you in it, not entering into any thing in any wise libellous.

P. S. You may please to direct an answer in the Daily Advertiser, this day se'ennight, in these terms: E. C. hath received a letter, and will comply with P. T. Yours, P. T.

Notice was accordingly given at the time appointed in the Daily Advertiser, upon which was sent the following letter, viz.

To Mr. Curll.

Sir, *Nov.* 15, 1733.

I troubled you with a line some time since, concerning your design of the life of Mr. Pope, to which I desired your answer in the Daily Advertiser of Thursday the 18th inst. Oct. I do not intend myself any other profit in it than that of doing justice to and on that person, upon whom, Sir, you have constantly bestowed some care, as well as pains in the course of your life, and I intend him the like for his conduct towards me.

A propos to his life, there have lately fallen into my hands a

* The Oxford antiquary informs us, that Thomas Pope, the young Earl of Downe, died in St. Mary's parish in Oxford, 28th Dec. 1660, aged 38 years, leaving behind him one only daughter named Elizabeth, who was first married to Henry Francis Lee, of Dichley in Oxfordshire, and afterwards to Robert Earl of Lindsey. The earldom of Downe went to Thomas Pope, Esq., his uncle, who likewise leaving no male issue, the estate went away among three daughters, the second of whom was married to Sir Francis North, afterwards Lord North of Guilford. Both these Earls of Downe were buried at Wroxton, near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, with their ancestors. [See Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 543. edit. ult.]

large collection of his letters, from the former part of his days till the year 1727, which being more considerable than any yet seen, and opening very many scenes new to the world, will alone make a perfect and the most authentic life and memoirs of him that could be.

To show you my sincerity and determinate resolution of assisting you herein, I will give you an advertisement which you may publish, if you please, forthwith; and on your so doing, the letters shall be sent you. They will make a four or five shilling book; yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or your hands, to vouch the truth of them.

I am of opinion these alone will contain his whole history (if you add to them what you formerly printed of those to H. Cromwell, Esq.); but you must put out an advertisement, for otherwise I shall not be justified, to some people who have influence, and on whom I have some dependance; unless it seem to the public eye as no entire act of mine. But I may be justified and excused, if, after they see such a collection is made by you, I acknowledge I sent some letters to contribute thereto.

They who know what has passed betwixt Mr. Pope and me formerly, may otherwise think it dishonourable I should set such a thing a-foot. Therefore print the advertisement I here send you, and you shall instantly hear from or see me.

Adieu, P. T.

The old gentleman, P. T., not calling upon me, I did not put the advertisement into any newspaper, and this whole transaction lay dormant near two years. But upon regulating some papers in my scrutoire about the close of March, 1735, this advertisement came to my hands, and reflecting within myself that the resentment between Mr. Pope and me, though from the first ungenerously taken up by him, had continued much too long, being almost eight years, I was willing to lay hold of an opportunity for proposing an accommodation. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. Pope and inclosed the above-mentioned advertisement in the handwriting of P. T. and desired his answer, which he thought fit, in a very ungentleman-like manner, to return me in three papers

viz. the Grub-street Journal, the Daily Journal, and the Daily Post-boy; in the last of which I replied April 5th.

Upon this incident P. T. renewed his correspondence, and sent me word he had seen an advertisement of Mr. Pope which related to him, and that Mr. Pope should soon see the Collection of Letters published; for that, upon my not advertising them, he had been persuaded to print them himself, and offered me the refusal of the impression, his demands for which were seventy-five pounds; and added, that a person should meet me at the Rose tavern, in Bridges-street, and bring me, at a day appointed, one of the books in sheets. But on the day appointed I received a countermand that he thought he had lost his wits by making such an appointment, and seemed in a terrible panic, lest Mr. Pope should send some of his Twickenham bravoes to assault us; but how Mr. Pope was to know of this meeting, is the cream of the jest. I sent him word that I commiserated his fears, but as to my own part, I did not at all dread any assassination whatever from Mr. Pope, even though it were a poetical one. To this P. T. rejoined that a gentleman should call at my house precisely at eight in the evening in a week's time; but in the interim I received the following letter, viz.

To Mr. Curll.

Sir, *May* 3, 1735.

P. T. will send you fifty books, [all but the title, which you may order as you please, and therefore was not wrought] in five or six days time, and you may pay for them as you propose at the week's end: it will be left to your honour (to show you my intentions are honourable).

You may therefore advertise as you propose, five or six days together, that the book will be published by you the 12th inst.

Your servant, P. T.

Accordingly, on the 7th of May, R. S., a short squat man came to my house, not at eight but near 10 at night. He had on a clergyman's gown, and his neck was surrounded with a large lawn barrister's band. He showed me a book in sheets almost finished, and about a dozen original letters, and promised me the whole at

our next meeting; and the next day I received the following note from P. T., and a letter from R. S., viz.

To Mr. Curll.

Sir,

You see I leave all to your own prudence, and you now see I trust your honour as to price, &c., which settle with the bearer against the week's end; [for out they must come now forthwith]. I doubt not you will return my letters, and we must by no means seem to use Pope with disregard, but rather commend, &c., lest by any circumstances I writ to you, the publisher be detected.

Yours, P. T.

The clergyman you saw will bring you the books, to whom I insist you will deliver my former letters concerning Mr. Pope, whom I must be concealed from; and he tells me you had written an advertisement of Mr. Pope's Life, in which, if you insert any one circumstance of what I told you in a private letter, I shall be discovered and exposed to his resentment. I insist on your honour in returning them therefore.

You may do as you please yourself in relation to the references to Cromwell's letters, and therefore you may add any such advertisement to the title of the book itself, for I do not thoroughly understand you as to that. P. T.

To Mr. Curll.

Dear Sir, *May* 8, 1735.

Please to send by the bearer the title and the preface, and an estimate, and the papers you promised me last night, I mean the letters. The printer is drawing out the sheets, and you shall have the rest with expedition. If I should get off my engagement for this evening, leave word where I shall meet you. I am,

Your friend and servant,

R. Smythe.

P. S. The old gentleman is vastly pleased at our meeting last night; do not fail to send by the bearer the letters. I shall have great news, and good, to tell you on Friday, to both our advantage.

DEAR SIR, *Two o'clock, Saturday, May* 10, 1735.

MY cousin desires you will get 600 of the titles printed with all expedition; and assures you that no man whatsoever shall vend one book but yourself, for you shall have the whole impression to be sure. He says Tuesday. I am, Sir, Your friend and servant,

R. S.

P. S. Why do not you advertise.

SIR, 12 *May*, 1735.

You see how earnest P. T. is to have these books out, therefore you will receive by the bearer some titles. By one o'clock you shall have more books; but he must insist on some money to pay the printer. The number I shall bring you will be near two hundred; be at home at twelve, for I may get them before. I am, Your friend and servant, R. S.

According to the request herein, I staid at home; and about one o'clock R. S. sent for me to the Standard Tavern in Leicester Fields, where I paid him ten pounds, and gave him a negotiable note for fifteen pounds, payable in a month, as he desired.

We had not been together half an hour, before two porters brought to the tavern five bundles of books upon a horse, which R. S. told me came by water. He ordered the porters to carry them to my house, and my wife took them in. They contained but 38 books in each bundle, making in the 5 bundles 190 books (all wanting the letters to Messrs. Jervas, Digby, Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot's letter). But he said they contained 50 in each bundle, which with 50 I had before (without titles or prefaces,) made 300, and gave me the following receipts.

May 12, 1735.

"Then received of Mr. Curll ten pounds on account, by me,

"R. Smythe."

"Received at the same time a note of hand of fifteen pounds, one month after date, which when paid is in full for three hundred books, by me, R. Smythe."

N. B. He had a conditional note of mine besides, payable on demand, for five pounds. E. Curll.

About two o'clock, on the very day of publication, the 12th in-

stant, all the books that were in my custody were seized by a warrant from the House of Lords, and myself, and Mr. John Wilford, publisher of the Post-boy, were both ordered to attend their Lordships the next day, which we did accordingly. Mr. Wilford, and the printer of the Post-boy, whom he brought with him, were, upon examination discharged. But the Lords resolving themselves into a Committee, I was ordered to attend the next day.

At my return home I found the following letter from R. S.

To Mr. Curll.

Sir, 13 *May*, 1735.

As soon as I heard of our misfortune of the books being seized, I posted away to P. T. He said he found his great caution was but necessary; but though he knew Mr. Pope's interest with the Great, he apprehended only his personal revenge, or a Chancery suit (knowing he would spare no cost to gratify his revenge); he said if you had been more cautious than to name Lords in your advertisement, this could not have happened; but since it has happened, you shall not only find him punctual, but generous. He immediately sent me with money to pay off the printer, and I have the whole impression in my hands. I then found that the rogue had delivered your last parcel imperfect; but I will bring you both those sheets, and the whole impression, the very first day they can be safely delivered you.

P. T. says he never intended any more advantage, but merely not to be out of pocket (except you had been willing to gratify me a little); but now he will be just, and act handsomely to you, though ever so much to his own loss: provided you keep secret our whole transaction. As it is plain that Pope's whole point is only to suppress the books, and find out who gave the letters, you will entirely disappoint him in both, if whatever questions the Lords ask, you will answer no more than thus: that you had the letters from different hands, some of which you paid for, that you printed these as you did Mr. Cromwell's before, without Mr. Pope's ever gainsaying it; and that as to the originals, many you can show now, and the rest you can very speedily.

It is well that an accident hinders you at present from the ori-

ginals, which now, they would seize. P. T. thinks it was indiscreet to advertise the originals so very quick as the first day, until you actually had them, which by his own falling ill, he could not come at so soon in the place where they lay.

The Lords cannot stop the books above two or three days, if at all.

And P. T.'s wonderful caution, as it happens, will enable you to sell them, whatever orders they may make. For he, apprehending injunctions in Chancery might suppress the book, had already printed another title and preface, which throws the publication entirely off you, and might be safely vended even in that case.

In short, if you absolutely conceal all that has passed between P. T., me, and yourself, you win the old gentleman for ever. For his whole heart is set upon publishing the letters, not so much for this volume, as *in ordine ad* to much more important correspondence that will follow, viz. with Swift, late Lord Ox—d, Bishop Rochester, and Lord Bol.

You shall hear soon from me. I hope this will be quickly over. I remain, Your faithful servant, R. Smythe.

Sir, 14 *May*.

We heartily congratulate you on your victory over the Lords, the Pope, and the Devil: for we have sure information that the books will be restored to you either this day, or to-morrow. The old gentleman is charmed with your behaviour yesterday; only thinks it wrong that he hears you owned the books were sent to your wife by an unknown hand. This may induce inquiry and suspicion of some dark transaction, and be thought shuffling. The Lords will think you more sincere, and it will have a better air, to say you had the originals and copies from different hands, and that some you paid for, some were given you, and you printed them in your own right. You can suffer no more for printing than for publishing them, and the Lords cannot touch a hair of your head.

All that P. T. can apprehend is, that Pope may obtain an injunction in Chancery, against E. Curll by name, notwithstanding which, those books may be selling which have not your name, with the preface which he provided for that purpose.

And you cannot but observe when you read that preface, that at the same time that it makes you not publisher, it yet proves your right to Cromwell's Letters.

This is as lucky as can be, and Pope cannot obtain an injunction without owning himself, in the bill, author of the letters, which will serve you to prove the letters genuine.

If you observe all the old gentleman's directions you will soon be fully acquainted both with his person and designs; in the mean time, to shew you he will take off the mask, and clear the *mysterium magnum* you complain of, I have his leave to tell you these things, which he would have writ to you himself, but that his arm is now disabled by the rheumatism.

He is no man of quality, but conversant with many, and happening to be concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope's) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above. This incident put first into his head the thought of collecting more, and afterwards finding you did not comply in printing his advertisement, he went on with it by himself. Found Cromwell's answers in the same Lord's possession, with many others, which he printed as near as possible to correspond with the letter and paper, &c.

The observations he made in some paragraphs, &c. were necessary, the same things being repeated in other letters, either of this or the next volume, particularly the original of the letter to Mr. Walsh is in his hand.

I hope to have some of his originals when we meet. The books that rascal sent imperfect, you shall have perfected on your first desire, by a line to Dick's; in which you are desired to send us word of what you now think of the honour and candour of

Your faithful friend, P. T.

Sir, *15 May, Thursday, 5 o'clock.*

You are happily got off, to my extreme pleasure. I take the first minute I hear of your acquittal to tell you, from certain information, that * * * * * (Pope's friends) particularly * * * would have done any sort of illegal injustice to have come at you, even to imprisonment and confiscation of the books. It was wholly owing to * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *, that you are defended in

your rights; and it will be but common gratitude in you, (as well as may possibly, nay certainly, recommend you to their patronage) to take the first opportunity to return them your public thanks. The coach waits, and I am going with this joyful news to the old gentleman, and to have his orders for what he promised, is the reason I cannot possibly see you this night. I am,

Your's most sincerely, R. Smythe.

Sir, *May* 17.

I have seen P. T., from whom I hoped to have had the MSS. But I found him in a very different humour from what I left him. He says you did not follow the instructions he sent you, in not owning the printing; which though in your letter you seem to think nothing, yet joined to your having owned to others, that you had them from across the water, was almost all that you could discover. Yet further, we are certainly informed that you have named me as the hand that conveyed them. This you have said, that I was a clergyman belonging to C. Church in Southwark. Judge you whether we can think of you as you have reason to think of us, whether this be honourable usage, after you had known what P. T. had done, and what a sum he paid to get you the whole impression. P. T. had reason to think you would betray him as soon as you had it. Judge too if you have done wisely to hazard, by your blabbing, the loss of a future copy of immense value, which I much doubt he will ever let you have. He has positively enjoined me not to trust myself with you till better assurance: and the best way for my part that I know you can give any assurance is, to send the twenty pound first, to Dick's Coffee-house, in a note on Mr. Hoare, by ten to-morrow morning; and to shew P. T. that you trust him as absolutely in that small sum, as he has done you in a much greater. As soon as you do this (and not before) he will send all the things you desire, which I believe he would never have done after your naming me, and coming so near as Southwark, but for his being so earnest to have the book published.

In one word, he has put it upon this test.

I am sorry you have given him this occasion of distrust. I

would be glad to do you a good office with him; but I fear you have done me a bad one in naming me. I am, Yours,

R. S.

Your answer ought to be very satisfactory.

SIR, 19 *May*, 1735.

I will bring you the remainder of the impression Thursday evening. For I am really tired with this capricious temper of the old gentleman; he suspects his own shadow. I shall leave it to your generosity to consider me for the copy. I am just sent for to him, and am told he's in good humour. I have but just time to tell you, I am, your friend and servant,

R. S.

Appendix to Curll's Narrative.

No. I.

WHEREAS E. C. bookseller, has written to Mr. P——, pretending that a person, the initials of whose name are P. T., hath offered him to print a large collection of the said Mr. P—'s letters, to which E. C. requires an answer: This is to certify, that Mr. P— having never had, nor intending ever to have any private correspondence with E. C., gives his answer in this manner: That he knows no such person as P. T.; that he thinks no man has any such collection; that he believes the whole a forgery, and shall not trouble himself at all about it.

No. II.

WHEREAS A. P. poet, has certified in the *Daily Post-boy*, that he shall not trouble himself at all about the publication of a large collection of the said Mr. P—'s letters, which P. T. hath offered E. C. to print. This is to certify, that Mr. C. never had, nor intended ever to have, any private correspondence with A. P., but was directed to give him notice of these letters. Now to put all forgeries, even Popish ones, to flight, this is to give notice, that any person, (or A. P. himself) may see the originals, in Mr. P——'s own hand, when printed. Initials are a joke; names at length are real.

No longer now like suppliants we come,
E. C. makes war, and A. P. is the drum.

WHEREAS a person who signs himself P. T., and another who writes himself R. Smith, and passes for a clergyman, have transacted for some time past with Edm. Curll, and have in combination printed the private letters of Mr. Pope and his correspondents [some of which could only be procured from his own library, or that of a noble Lord, and which have given a pretence to the publishing others as his which are not so, as well as interpolating those which are]: This is to advertise, that if either of the said persons will apply to Mr. Pope, and discover the whole of this affair, he shall receive a reward of Twenty Guineas; or if he can prove he hath acted by direction of any other, and of what person, he shall receive double that sum.

WHEREAS it is promised in Mr. Pope's name (in the Daily Post-boy) that Twenty Guineas shall be paid to a person who signs himself P. T., to discover R. S., or Forty Guineas shall be paid to R. S. if he will discover P. T., or any body else who was in the confederacy of publishing Mr. Pope's Letters: This is to give notice, that another person who writes himself E. P. was likewise concerned with Edm. Curll in the said important confederacy, who have all jointly and severally agreed to oblige Mr. Pope, if he will make it better worth their while, and let E. Curll print his works for the future; who hereby promises, in justice to all the purchasers of the said Mr. Pope's Letters bought of him, to deliver this week, *gratis*, the letters to Mr. Jarvas, Mr. Digby, Mr. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot, which were wanting in all the copies seized. And in a month will be also published, Letters Political and Familiar, by Mr. Prior, Mr. Addison, Mr. Pope, Sir Richard Steele, &c., being the second volume of Literary Correspondence, &c. Printed for E. Curll.

Rose-street, Covent-garden, May 22, 1735.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND RIGHT HONOURABLE THE PEERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORDS,

THIS day se'ennight I was in the same jeopardy as Mr. Dryden's Hind:

Doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

But, till the hour of my death, I shall, with the most grateful acknowledgements always remember both the justice and honour your Lordships have done me on this occasion.

Prevarication, my Lords, is a noted finesse of the society of Jesus; Mr. Pope says in one of his letters, that an evasion is a lie guarded; but in another to Mr. Wycherley, he thus writes: pp. 24, 25. "I am sorry you told the great man whom you met in the Court of Requests, that your papers were in my hands; no man alive shall ever know any such thing from me, and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolved to deny it." An excellent proof this of the modesty of Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq.

Now, my Lords, to matter of fact, I shall this week publish a new edition of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, &c., wherein the letters to Mr. Jarvas, Mr. Digby, Mr. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot (which were wanting in all the copies seized by your Lordships' order) shall be by me delivered *gratis*. And as I am resolved to detect, if possible, the contrivers of this gross imposition upon your Lordships, I will, by way of Supplement, print all the letters I have received from E. P., P. T., and R. S., with some other correspondences, which as Mr. Bays says, shall both elevate and surprise the public.

I have engraven a new plate of Mr. Pope's head from Mr. Jarvas's painting; and likewise intend to hang him up in effigy for a sign to all spectators of his falsehood and my own veracity, which I will always maintain under the Scots motto:

Nemo me impune lacessit.

E. Curll.

To the Booksellers.

Gentlemen,

Being informed that there are clandestinely sent to Messrs. Innys and Manby some copies of Mr. Pope's letters, this is to give both them and you notice, that if they, or any person whatsoever, sell one copy of the said letters, but what comes from me, I will take reprisals on their copies. Farther, my new edition will have considerable additions never before printed, with cuts of

the most eminent persons, which I will sell you cheaper; therefore use me as you would be used yourselves. The person who complains of me shall be by me used as he deserves.

Rose-street, May 22, 1735. E. Curll.

Postscript.

The blanks in Smythe's letter of May 15th, I could not let pass; his reflections were so gross upon the Lords in general, and one noble peer in particular. But this whole transaction, with some others relating to Mr. Pope, I will lay before the House at their meeting. June 20, 1735. E. Curll.

No. IV.

Mr. George Arbuthnot to Miss Martha Blount.

Madam,

I am sorry I had not an opportunity of waiting on you before you went out of town, which the hurry I was in at the close of the Term prevented. Above, and on the other side, you receive a state of Mr. Pope's affairs. As 2,100*l.* and upwards, is to be raised on the securities on which the money now is, it is proper you and Mrs. Racket should agree on what should be called in or sold, and the remainder may be contrived for you to receive the interest of for your life. I believe there is but 700*l.* due on Mr. Bethel's bond, and as you are willing to take that in part of your 1,000*l.*, there will remain but 14 or 1,500*l.* to be raised, and still less if you stay till Wright and Bower's accounts are settled, which shall be done with all expedition, though there is not above 1,500*l.* now to be raised. If you and Mrs. Racket desire it, all the securities may be called in, and the produce vested in such other securities as you and Mrs. Racket shall agree on; but if you are both of opinion some of them should be continued, we need only call in what is sufficient to raise the money now wanted. As the executors are to act merely for your own, and Mrs.

Racket and her son's interest, it is proper I should have your directions. I hope you enjoy perfect health in the country, where I wish you all manner of diversion, and a pleasant season.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient servant,
GEO. ARBUTHNOT.

Castle Yard, 23 July, 1745.

STATE OF MR. POPE'S AFFAIRS MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE.

FOUR Bonds delivered by Mr. Pope to Mr. Murray, 27 May, 1744.

Allen, Lord Bathurst's bond, dated 25 March, 1738, for 2,000*l.*; of which, paid off, as appears by indorsement, 1,000*l.* and 500*l.*

Bond of William Pannett, sen., and William Pannett, the younger, citizen and grocer, of London, 12 Feb. 1714, for 200*l.* with interest at 4 *per cent.*

Bond of Slingsby Bethel, Esq. dated 27th March, 1744, for 1,000*l.*

Bond of Ralph Allen, Esq. dated 25 June, 1743, for 2,000*l.*

These bonds are now in Mr. Murray's hands.

It appears by a letter of Mrs. Watts, and a memorandum of Mr. Pope's, that he had 31 shares in the Sun Fire office, purchased at 1,011*l.* 7*s.*

Mr. Pope likewise mentions, in a memorandum of the effects that Wright and Bower, the printers, would be indebted to him when their accounts were settled, 200*l.* or 300*l.*; but their accounts are not yet settled.

There was 200*l.* in Mr. Drummond's hands at Mr. Pope's death; but it has been all drawn out of his hands, except 44*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to pay his debts and funeral expenses.

I have now in my hands 49*l.* 16*s.* and a bill of exchange from Mr. Allen, for 50*l.* which will be due in two or three days.

I believe all Mr. Pope's debts are paid, excepting 100*l.* and interest to Mr. Warburton, and Mr. and Mrs. Searle's wages, which the money in my hands and Mr. Drummond's, will probably discharge.

The legacies to be paid are:

£.1000 to Mrs. Blount.
300 to Mrs. Racket.
200 to her sons Henry and Robert.
100 to John Searle, and a year's wages to him and Mrs. Searle.
20 to the poor of Twickenham.

1620 and the year's wages to Searle and his wife.
150 to Mr. Allen, or the Bath Hospital.

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300 and interest, to be paid for the house Mrs. Blount now lives in.

So that there must be above 2,100*l.* raised out of these four bonds, and the Sun Fire Office shares.

The last Will and Testament of Alexander Pope, Esq.

In the name of God, Amen. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last will and testament. I resign my soul to its Creator, in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents, at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi: Qui obiit anno* 17—, *ætatis* ——; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen, Lord Bathurst, Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray, his majesty's Solicitor General, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Exchequer, Esq. the survivors or survivor of them, executors of this my last will and testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble friend Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. Those who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship; only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborough, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq., and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I

order my executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath-hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also release and give to her all my right and interest in and upon a bond of five hundred pounds due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my father, mother, and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs., and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my servant John Searle, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of one hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham, twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searle; and it is my will, if the said John Searle die before me, that the said sum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the sum of one thousand pounds immediately on my decease: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household-goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government or other securities, according to their best judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount during her

natural life: and, after her decease, I give the sum of one thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the survivors or survivor of them; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West: two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my servant, John Searle, to which soever of these shall be then living: And all the residue and remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my last will and testament, written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, sealed, and declared by the testator, as his last will and testament, in presence of us,

RADNOR.

STEPHEN HALES, Minister of Teddington.

JOSEPH SPENCE, Professor of History in the University of Oxford.

END OF VOL. I.

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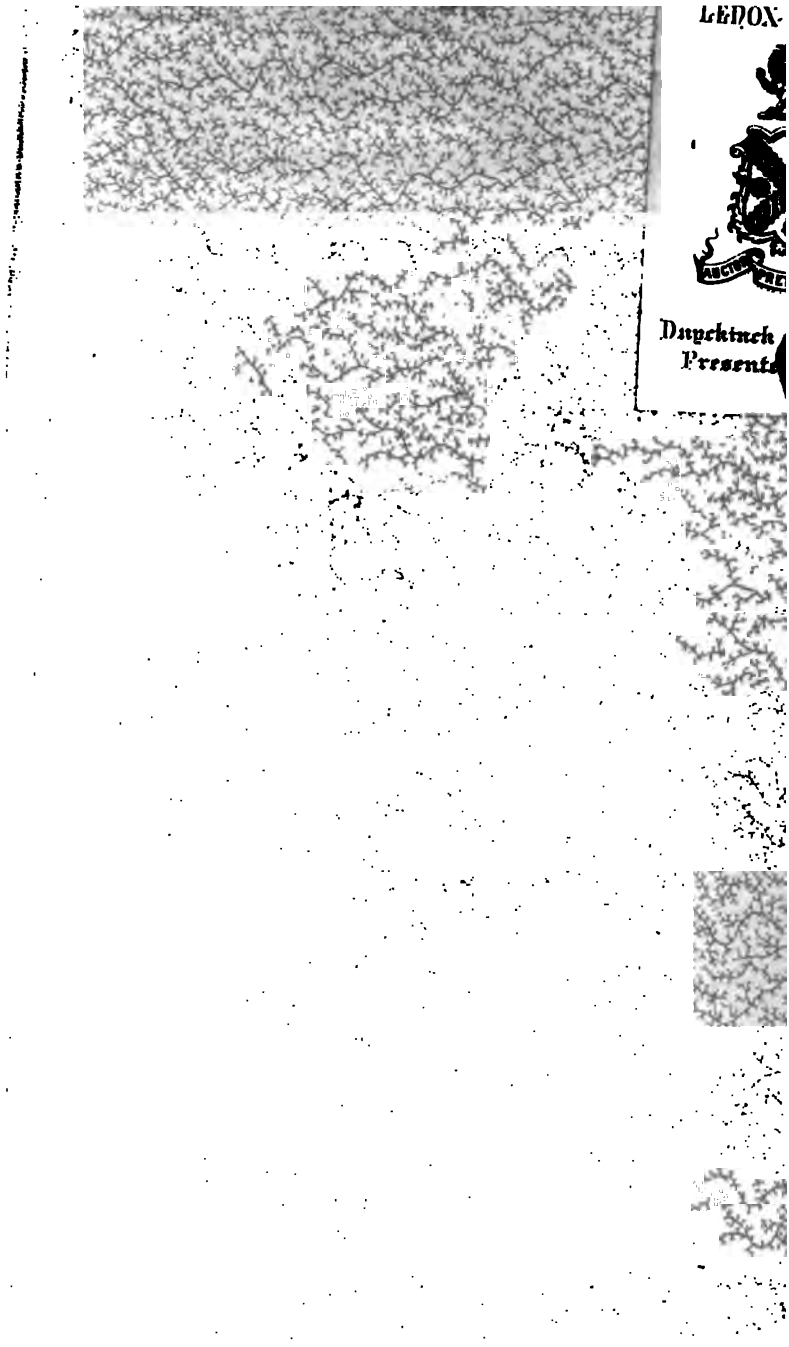
LENOX
Dupchtnch
Present